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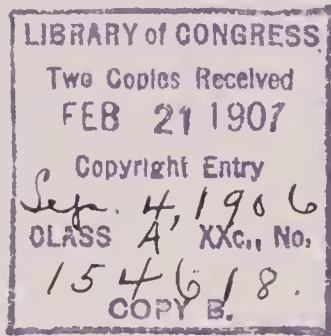
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## MAKING A LIFE

“BETTER be born blind than not to see the true glory of life.”

I WOULD not waste my spring of youth in idle dalliance: I would plant rich seeds, to blossom in my manhood and bear fruit when I am old.

—HILLHOUSE.

CHILDHOOD may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

LIFE, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

PURPOSE directs energy, and makes energy; it is what gives life a meaning.

—C. H. PARKHURST.

I MADE as much of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more.

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

So SHOULD we live that every hour

May die as dies the natural flower,

A self-reviving thing of power.

—LORD HOUGHTON.

“WHAT is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast, no more:

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To rust in us unused.”

“FEW of us,” says Sir John Lubbock, “realize the wonderful privilege of living; the blessings we inherit, the glories and beauties of the universe, which is our own if we choose to have it so; the extent to which we can make ourselves what we wish to be; or the power we possess of securing peace, of triumphing over pain and sorrow.”

How many of us resemble the young man who one day picked up a sovereign in the road, and ever afterward kept his eyes on the ground, in hope of finding more coins. He did, in the course of a long life, find a few bits of gold and silver. But all these days he saw not the bright sky above, and fair nature about. He died an old man, to whom earth was only a dirty road where one could now and then pick up money.

We go through life with our eyes steadfastly fixed on a distant goal, straining every nerve to reach it. We pass on our way indescribable beauties of earth and sky, opportunities innumerable of helping others over rough places, of brightening and beautifying the



commonplace life of every day. But we see them not. Heedless of all that does not point toward what we consider the winning post, we finally arrive at our destination, to find—what? We have, indeed, gained what we sought: great wealth, the secrets of science, fame, glory on the battlefield or in the forum; we have satisfied our ambition, it may be, but at the cost of all that sweetens and beautifies, all that ennobles and enriches life.

We all have a lively consciousness of the fact that, in order to sustain life, we must make a living. This is a duty forced upon us by necessity. We must have food, clothing, and shelter, or the body will perish. But the higher duty of making a life, of supplying the food that nourishes the soul, is too often crowded out of sight. The student intent on excelling in his class; the merchant bent on outdoing all competitors in his business; the farmer engrossed in making the soil yield the most it can; the doctor, the lawyer,—professional men and women in general,—strenuous in climbing to the top of their different professions; the politician seeking the highest office; the scientist trying to wrest from the universe its secrets; men and women on every plane of life, absorbed in their ambitions, or in the mere sordid struggle for existence, lose altogether the joy of living, the happiness that is theirs by right of God, who created the universe for their enjoyment. He did not hang the sun and moon and stars in the heavens only to give us light. He did not plan this wonderful world, with its infinite variety of mountain and ocean, forest, lake, and waterfall; its valleys clothed with verdure, decked with flowers, and gladdened with songs of birds, merely that we might burrow on its surface like moles, for a brief space, with eyes shut and hearts closed against the beauty and harmony around us. Added to the delights of nature, the works of artists, musicians, poets, writers, sculptors,—the products of the genius of all the ages,—have been preserved for the cultivation and enrichment of our esthetic nature. Art and Nature have united in preparing such a wealth of enjoyment for the toilers of earth that there is no one, however poor in what the world calls riches, who may not feast his soul to satiety on the infinite variety provided for its sustenance.

In planning for the future, when we shall have attained our ambition, when we shall come into full enjoyment of the beauties of life, we are too apt to neglect the “now and here,”—all that is really ours. We spurn the treasures within the grasp of to-day for the dream-treasures of to-morrow.

“There is an Eastern legend,” says the author of “The Way to Win,” “of a powerful genius, who promised a beautiful maiden a gift of rare value if she would pass through a field of corn, and, without pausing, going backward, or wandering hither and thither, select the largest and



ripest ear,—the value of the gift to be in proportion to the size and perfection of the ear she should choose. She passed through the field, seeing a great many well worth gathering, but always hoping to find a larger and more perfect one. She passed them all by, when, coming to a part of the field where the stalks grew more stunted, she disdained to take one from these, and so went through to the other side without having selected any.

“This little fable is a faithful picture of many lives which are rejecting the good things in their way and within their reach, for something before them for which they vainly hope, but which they will never secure. On a dark night, and in a dangerous place, where the footing is insecure, a lantern in the hand is worth a dozen stars.”

Now is the only time of which we are sure. We should use it, not “with a prodigal’s waste or a miser’s stint,” but with a determination to make every day yield something to the sum of our happiness and highest welfare.

“Nobody,” says Miss Mulock, “will see his own blessings or open his heart to enjoy them till the golden hour has gone by forever, and he finds out, too late, all that he might have had and made and done.”

Most of us never appropriate; do not, indeed, seem to see or think of a great part of the things which are ours—very many of them merely for the taking, others at little cost.

In the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a gentleman encountered a French priest, his locks completely white with age, traveling apparently for pleasure. Astonished at the sight, he ventured to inquire what had induced him, at his time of life, to go so far from home. “’Tis very easily explained,” replied the priest. “Six months ago, I was apparently about to die. One night I dreamed that I was already in God’s presence, and that he spoke to me these words: ‘My child, how did you like the beautiful world I gave you to dwell in?’ I answered nothing. In fact, I was too mortified to answer. For, think of it!—I, who had preached for fifty years continually of a ‘better world,’ had never examined this at all. Awakening from my dream, I made a vow to God that, if he would give me back my health, I would devote some months at least to seeing and admiring his work. So here I am, making a tour of the world.”

“All of us,” said Stoddard, the traveler, “cannot, it is true, pursue the plan of the French priest in actually traveling around the world; but, thanks to modern art, even those whom circumstances keep at home may make that tour in imagination.”

How easily men and women delude themselves with the idea that they must get rich, must reach the goal of their desires before they begin to enjoy. They do not realize that, while they are getting ready to

enjoy, they are neglecting the cultivation of the esthetic faculties implanted in them by nature for the appreciation of the beautiful, the enjoyment of those things that lift man above the animal.

Speaking of looking forward to happiness, a recent writer says:—

“I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons, the apprentice while he is learning his trade, the merchant while he is making his fortune, or they will be sure to miss their enjoyment when they have gained what they have sighed for.”

Many men who think they are succeeding by amassing fortunes are really failing to secure the very things for which they strive! While they are struggling to get that which they think will purchase nearly everything desirable, the true riches, without which all the money in the universe is but a mockery, elude their grasp and evaporate. It is true that they make the millions, but at what a fearful cost!

“I do not know a more melancholy example of the human race,” says F. Hopkinson Smith, “than what is known as the highly successful American business man; the sort of man who ‘opens his daily life with his office key, and closes it with a letter for the late mail.’ He has, of course, secured what nine-tenths of the young men of this country wish they had,—business success, a large amount of securities, ample provision for his family, and a certain power in the commercial world. If he has escaped pitfalls and thus saved his character, he has certainly incurred the envy of a large proportion of his fellow-men differently situated. To regain the good feeling of his fellows, he has one thing left, and that is to turn philanthropist. In doing this, he can recover, to a certain extent, that portion of the respect of his fellow human beings which is worth having; but, as far as he is concerned, there is no other course left for him in life except either to keep on in the same treadmill, accumulating and perhaps dispensing, or accumulating and becoming a miser, or to give all up and begin to learn to live anew.

“If his life permits,—that is, if it has not been worn out by too close application to work,—he may, probably, before he is sixty, go to the school of common sense, and learn the joys of outdoor life,—of flowers, art, music, literature, sympathy with his kind, a tender appreciation of everything there is in the world that makes life worth living. If he learns that successfully, the last ten years of his life—between sixty and seventy—may be passed in comparative comfort; but how much wiser it would have been, after he had accumulated enough money to pay his bills and keep his family,—not in luxury, which, ten chances to one, would ruin his sons, and injure the future of his daughters,—he



had packed away both in his heart and theirs, the love of the things which would have made, not only the last ten years, but all the years of his life, lovely and happy! In other words, to sum it all up, I would rather have my little piece of pie every day I live, than wait until I am so old my teeth won't chew it."

A New England man, who had amassed a fortune in trade, retired from business to enjoy the fruits of his labor. He had a city mansion and a country home. He filled them with every luxury. "Whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not from them, and he withheld not his heart from any joy." But he knew nothing of life save the trade in which he had been engaged. Art, music, literature, the service of his fellow-man,—all the higher things of life,—had absolutely no meaning for him. His narrow world had been bounded by the rise and fall in prices. Whatever affected his business had touched him, but that was all. When, with leisure, he had no business, nothing to do, life became a burden which he could not bear. One morning he was found floating in the dock in front of his island home.

A great king, it is said, gave to Solomon a precious vase containing an elixir of life which would destroy disease and restore youth. Many people in distress begged the monarch for a little of the precious elixir, but he did not dare to remove the cover until he was compelled to use it himself, lest it should escape. At length, when the king became ill, he went to the wondrous jar, and to his amazement, all the magic liquid had evaporated. So, many men and women have failed to use the gifts which would have blessed other lives as well as their own, until they awoke to the fact that the elixir of their powers had vanished,—had evaporated from long disuse.

Oh, the waste of life, the precious years lost getting ready to enjoy! Oh, the delusion of always putting the time of enjoyment in the future, forever deferring good things until the tissues have hardened and the nerves have lost their power to carry agreeable sensations! How many destroy their capacity for enjoyment and make slaves of themselves in trying to hoard up that which they might have enjoyed in their younger days, and which will be but a mockery to them late in life!

Of what use are books and pictures and statues to him who has robbed his intellect of all that deepens and enhances life's value? There is no greater self-deception than that which impels one to give the best part of himself and the best years of his life for something which he hopes to enjoy when the fires of youth have departed and there is nothing left but the embers and ashes of a burnt-out life.

Every day should add a new layer of beauty and joy to life before it gives place to the morrow. It was not intended that one part of life should be filled with joy and the remainder left barren.

John Wanamaker says that one of the most beautiful sights he ever saw was in the Museum of Arts. "When the twelve o'clock signal for dinner sounded," he says, "two hod-carriers came through the galleries and stood awed and fascinated as they studied the pictures; and, as those men stood there, I felt they were being lifted up nearer to the angels."

Ruskin, and many other great souls, made it a rule never to allow an opportunity for seeing anything really beautiful, inspiring, or uplifting, to pass without improving it. Almost every one, even the man whose daily routine is filled with drudgery and prosy details, can manage to see something beautiful every day, something that will bring a gleam of light and sunshine, an uplifting influence into his dull life.

One should never go past any beautiful object, whether a park, a tree, or the flowers in the show-window of a florist, without pausing to enjoy a glimpse of the loveliness and harmony which nature is constantly holding out to us. These passing gleams of beauty become stratified in our lives, and are more powerful influences in character-forming than we appreciate.

A plant which a poor city girl brought to a flower-show took a prize, and people who knew in what a wretched, sunless attic she lived, expressed surprise that she could grow so beautiful a plant in such a place.

"Oh," she replied, "a little sunlight comes into the alley every day, and I kept changing my plant to get as much of it as possible. That is what made it beautiful."

There is a great lesson for us in this little story. We may be surrounded by the most forbidding environment, and yet we can manage, in some way, to get sunlight enough to brighten life.

"There is dew in one flower and not in another," says Beecher, "because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off."

"Walking in my garden," says a writer in the New York "Observer," "I observed that the stock of corn growing there had its cup turned upward to catch the dew and rain. Did you ever look down into that cup and see the glittering drops of water collected there? Slowly they are let down to the roots, giving them the moisture needed for the growth of the plant.

"I have seen many men who never seem to see anything good in life. To them, all is gloom and wretchedness. Life is one great graveyard for hopes which have died before their time. There is no bright side to anything,—the cup is turned downward; the eyes seek the earth; there





is no growth,—no reaching after better things. Turn up your cup, brother. Let the pure crystal of God's love, goodness, and mercy come flooding down from above and distil through all your being, refreshing you, building you up, and helping you to reach the station of the perfect man. The happiest man, the most helpful man, the best man, is he who gathers up the little blessings which come into every life, and turns them into account in the rearing of the wonderful temple of the soul. The dewdrops are very small as they come gently down at eventide; but in the morning they lie so thick everywhere that all nature is made fresher and brighter by their presence.

"It is God's plan to give to every one that asketh. Sometimes the gifts seem small. Store them up,—for they grow as we gather. Keep the cup turned upward; for no blessing ever comes to the heart which spends itself in looking downward. Suppose the corn-plant should draw its leaves so tightly together that no drop of dew or rain could trickle into its tiny cup. Soon the stalk would be dry and dead. Upward, ever upward, turn thy gaze, and he who watches for and heeds thy every act will surely let fall the life-giving treasure of his love."

To inhale and exhale, to eat and drink, to attend to the necessary routine of every day, is but a small part of living. Until we have learned to absorb, as it were, the essential beauties of life, the things that are ours without even the asking; until we have cultivated our perceptive and receptive faculties to their utmost; enlarged our horizon by reading, thinking, studying, and observing; made ourselves, as far as lies in our power, broad-minded, cultured men and women, who can appreciate the best in art and literature; and until we have added to all this a love of doing good, for its own sake,—of helping and uplifting to the extent of our ability, lives less fortunate than our own,—we have not yet learned how to live.

To realize that the faculties are expanding, the powers unfolding; to be conscious of growing wider and deeper in mental and moral power; to preserve the soul open and free; to feel the living truth permeating the whole being; to keep the affections warm, the sympathies alive, the heart responsive to the myriad voices and multiform beauties of nature,—this is to live in the broad sense of the word.

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;  
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.  
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Dignifying one's occupation is a great step in making the most of life,—not merely elevating oneself through it, as one makes a fortune



selling rags,—“clean money by dirty work,”—nor elevating himself in it, through degrees of skill, from the bottom to the top of the ladder; but man also elevates himself by ennobling his employment itself. It is nobler to be a farmer, because Washington was one; to be a lens-grinder, because Spinoza was one; to be a reporter, because Dickens was one; to be a tanner, because Grant was a tanner.

“I am fond of imagining,” said Dr. Blagden, “that every occupation of human life, not excepting the humblest among men, is capable of being elevated into the dignity of a science. Let the wood-sawyer, who labors in our streets, hopefully and diligently use and combine all the facts that he may gather,—by reading, observation, and experience,—respecting the kinds of wood, the metal, and the other materials he may use in his humble calling; and will any one say that, in process of time, he may not, humble though he be, elevate his occupation into a scientific dignity; which, by that common *vinculum* that binds all the parts of human knowledge together, may shed its own unpretending but not useless ray, into the glories of the highest human attainments, and help in contributing to their advancement?”

“‘I never wanted to be anything but a mechanic,’ said a blacksmith. He determined to make himself respectable and honorable, not in spite of his business, but by means of it. He entered with heart and soul and ambition into it. Little by little he improved it. Selecting a single line of articles, he began manufacturing them. ‘When I first entered the market,’ said he, ‘I found everybody trying to sell cheaper than his neighbor, and so making poorer and poorer articles, and running down the trade. I determined that I would not undersell, but excel.’

“In this spirit he entered heartily into his work, was proud of it, nursed and nourished it, and is now, in his own department, without a competitor in the market. He has gathered riches, which he employs benevolently, and is respected and honored by his townsmen. The good which this mechanic has done will not stop with himself. A man can impart to a business a flavor of honor by his own conduct, which shall make it thereafter more creditable to any one who enters it. Franklin left upon the printing office an impress which has benefited the profession of printers ever since. Blacksmiths love to speak of the yet uncanonized St. Elihu Burritt.”

God himself is powerless to help us make our lives beautiful if we refuse to avail ourselves of the infinite treasures He has placed at our disposal for that purpose.

George Macdonald tells of a castle in which lived an old man and his son. Although they owned the castle, they were so poor they could scarcely get bread to keep from starving. Yet there were concealed within the castle, by remote ancestors, for future necessity, very costly

jewels. Although close to abundance, they were in a starving condition because they did not know of their wealth. So man, in the very midst of the wealth of the universe, is starving from a lack of cultivated observation, or the power to see and enjoy the riches innumerable which surround him.

Watch the typical business man in the early morning, as he crosses park, or common, or public garden, all radiant with beauty, which bids for his attention on every hand, while he walks rapidly along unconscious of it all. Masses of loveliness smile from flower-bed, or blossom, or shrub and tree, without attracting even a passing glance. He passes through the country, when bird and brook and wild flower are vying with one another to arouse him from his absorption in business problems, with the same careless indifference. People are so taken up with putting money into their purses that they have no time to put beauty into their lives. They are so absorbed in making a living that they have not time to make a life.

It is just as important to set apart time for the development of our esthetic faculties as for cultivating the money-getting instinct. Man cannot live by bread alone. His higher life demands an impalpable food. It takes a large bill of fare to feed an immortal being. The mind and soul in a well-developed man or woman are ever more imperious in their demand for the true and the beautiful than is the body for material food.

Fortunate indeed is the child who is trained to see beauty in everything and everywhere. An eye so trained is a perpetual magnifying glass, revealing beauties invisible to the uncultivated eye. This self-culture, if properly conducted, will open up a thousand new avenues of enjoyment, beyond the reach of the ignorant. Ruskin's eye could see in common clay the radiance of the future opal. His acute mind could evolve from a lump of mud the finest porcelain, the dazzling sapphire. His analytic sense could follow the molecules of carbon from their bed of earth until they flashed as diamonds in a monarch's crown; could trace the foul water of a gutter through its evaporation to its deposit as a radiant dewdrop. His eyes could see exquisite beauty and progress where the uncultured eye could see only ugliness and deformity.

Let youth be taught to look for beauty in all they see, and to embody beauty in all they do, and the imagination will then be both active and healthy. Life will be neither a drudgery nor a dream, but will become full of God's life and love.

Infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, the sense of beauty, pleasure, and harmony, and you are transformed at once from an artisan to an artist. The discontent you feel with the work you



are compelled to do comes from your doing it in the spirit of a drudge. Do it in the spirit of a master, with a perception of the beauty which inheres in all honest work, and the drudgery will disappear in delight. It is the spirit in which we work, not the work itself, which lends dignity to labor; and many a field has been plowed, many a house built, in a grander spirit than has sometimes attended the government of empires or the creation of epics.

"God has made man a little lower than the angels, and has crowned him with glory and honor."

It is a small soul that thinks it cannot make life what God intended it to be, that it cannot attain "glory and honor" unless it can occupy some particular niche in the gallery of humanity.

"The man with the 'muck-rake' is one of Bunyan's most striking pictures. 'There was a man that could look no way but downward with a muck-rake in his hand; there stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up, nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.'"

We may make the most of life, or the least, just as we choose. If we prefer the muck-rake to the celestial crown, misery to joy, none will dispute our right to choose. We may cherish lofty ideals, and work toward them from the lowliest nook on God's earth, or we may grovel in the mire of low ideals and perpetual discontent.

"How will you endure life in that stupid little place?" asked a young lady about to be graduated from college, of a classmate whose family ties made it necessary for her to settle down in a small village; "you will not have one companion of your own age." "Oh," said the other, serenely, "I have plenty of old friends there, and it would be a pity if my education were of no use to them. I mean to start a reading circle, and a natural history club, and a class for art study, and one thing and another."

Only the few seem to realize that —

"A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet."

If we would make the most of our possible opportunities and pleasures, instead of longing for the impossible, life would be a joy, a perpetual growth.

The large-souled man or woman, bent on making the most of life, with its inevitable care and sorrow, as well as its peace and joy, will extract pleasure from sources that excite only envy in lower natures.

"I know few men as rich as I am," said Henry Ward Beecher, who spent his life in trying to ennoble other lives.



"I have but a few things at home and they are very precious, animate and inanimate. But, dear me, if you suppose that that is all I own, you never were more mistaken in your life.

"I have every ship that comes into New York harbor, but without any of the gross trouble which those deluded men have who think they own them. I have certain men who look after these things, while I am left to the pure enjoyment of their beauty, their coming and going, the singing of the anchor-hoisting crew.

"Then, how much have I to thank the enterprising shopkeepers, who dress out their windows with such beautiful things, changing them every few days lest I should tire. It is a question of duty and delicacy whether I ought not to go in often, and say something by way of appreciation, as thus, 'I am greatly obliged to you for those fine goods in the window. I have enjoyed them amazingly. If your kindness insists upon it, I shall be but too happy to come and look every day at such rare productions of the loom.'

"And then, how many men build handsome houses for me to look at, and fill their yards with flowers for me to nod to, and place the most beautiful faces of the family in the window to cheer me as I pass! Surely this is a kind-hearted world!"

Phillips Brooks, Thoreau, Garrison, Emerson, Beecher, Agassiz, were rich without money. They saw the splendor in the flower, the glory in the grass, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. They knew that the man who owns the landscape is seldom the one who pays the taxes on the estate. They drew in power and wealth at first hand, from the meadows, fields, and flowers, birds, brooks, mountains, and forests, as the bee draws honey from the flowers. Every natural object seemed to bring them a special message from the great Author of the beautiful.

Maria Mitchell, Lydia Maria Child, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucretia Mott, Frances E. Willard, Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton,—the host of noble women who have enriched humanity by their lives and work,—owned little money, or houses, or lands. Would such possessions have enabled them to bequeath a richer legacy to the world?

It is an honorable ambition to seek to better one's fortunes. We may become millionaires and lead an ideal life; but, so far, modern life has produced few such millionaires of helpfulness and inspiration as George W. Childs, Peter Cooper, or George Peabody.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, makes frequent mention of his hero's philanthropy or good-nature, which he tells us he brought into the world with him,—and gives many remarkable instances of it in his child-

hood, as well as in the several parts of his life. Nay, he describes him as being pleased, on his deathbed, that, while his soul would return to him who made it, his body would incorporate with the great mother of all things, and, by that means, become beneficial to all mankind. For this reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as life should depart.

We must look at life from a long range, if we are to get the most out of it as a whole. It will not do to ask the question, every morning, "How can I accomplish most in my business to-day?" or, "How can I scrape together the most dollars?" The great question to ask is, "How can I get the most possible out of this day, considered from the standpoint of my best welfare throughout life here and hereafter?"

The problem of making the most of life is not, after all, very difficult. To gather, each day, all of education, of culture, of love, of beauty, of nobleness, from every source within our reach, "to put the most into life of generous and outgoing sympathies and interest" that our duties will permit, to put the spirit of Christ into each day of life, is not a task beyond the strength of the feeblest or the humblest of God's children.

"What hast thou wrought for right and truth,  
For God and man,  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth  
To Life's mid span?"

queries our beautiful-souled Quaker poet.

The man or woman who would answer that query aright must begin, in "bright-eyed youth," the making of that finished life which has been described as "a life that has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its pattern clear or clouded, can be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer."

THERE is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and be so done as to help it much.

—RUSKIN.

NO LIFE

Can be pure in its purpose, or strong in its strife,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

## NO CHANCE

THERE is no education like adversity.—DISRAELI.

FOR gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.  
—SIRACH.

THOUGH losses and crosses be lessons right severe,  
There's wit there ye'll get there, ye'll find no other where.

—BURNS.

NECESSITY, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention.

—WALTER SCOTT.

POSSESSION pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.

—HAZLITT.

MANHOOD begins when we have, in a way, made truce with necessity; begins, at all events, when we have surrendered to necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity, and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in necessity we are free.

—CARLYLE.

POVERTY sits by the cradle of all our great men, and rocks them up to manhood; and this meager foster-mother remains their faithful companion throughout life.

—HEINE.

SPIRIT of Nature! all-sufficing Power!  
Necessity, thou mother of the world!

—SHELLEY.

AS SURE as ever God puts His children in the furnace, He will be in the furnace with them.

—SPURGEON.

MY STEPS have pressed the flowers  
That to the Muses's bowers  
The eternal dews of Helicon have given;  
And trod the mountain-height  
Where Science, young and bright,  
Scans with poetic gaze the midnight-heaven:  
Yet have I found no power to vie  
With thine, severe necessity.

—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

MARCHING through a wintry mist on the retreat from Moscow, at the head of the rear guard of but five thousand men, Ney once found himself directly in front of a powerful Russian battery. A hostile officer was sent to demand his sword, but with an apology for such a summons, so conscious were the Russians of his wonderful valor.

"Field-marshal Kutusoff," said the officer, "would not have presumed to make so cruel a proposal to so great a general, to a warrior so renowned, if there remained a single chance of safety for him. But there are eighty thousand Russians surrounding Marshal Ney. If the marshal doubts this, General Kutusoff will permit him to send a man to pass through his ranks and count his forces."



"A marshal of France never surrenders," was Ney's only reply. But, even as he spoke, whether from mistake or treachery, forty cannon heavily loaded with grape-shot were discharged point-blank at the French soldiers standing but a few feet away. Battery after battery followed, until all the hills around seemed ablaze. Yet not for a moment did Ney hesitate. At the head of a column he charged and fought until night fell. Then, unable to break through the serried ranks that blocked the path to the main army, he led his astonished men through the pitiless cold and the crunching snow of that merciless Russian winter, *back on the road toward Moscow*. Coming to a small river, he coolly broke the ice to see which way the current moved. "This stream," said he, "flows into the Dnieper; it shall be our guide!" They followed it to the junction with the main stream; and there Ney wrapped his cloak around his exhausted body, and slept upon the snow while his men crossed single file on the thin ice. Two days later, with but fifteen hundred men left, and guided by the sound of cannon discharged as a signal, he found and rejoined the army.

With the forward path blocked by an enemy outnumbering the rear guard sixteen to one, with only muskets to oppose to bristling cannon, well posted, and with a biting Russian night settling slowly down, most generals would have seen no chance except to surrender and share the warmth of the Cossack camp-fires; but, where Ney saw no chance, he hunted for one along the corpse-strewn backward trail toward Moscow—a journey at which friend and foe alike shuddered. But that road was open, for no one had dreamed of any necessity for closing it, and the man of iron found the chance he sought. Such men usually do.

Plutarch said, long ago, that "some of the generals who have been the greatest warriors and have exercised their capacity for stratagem in the most successful manner have had but one eye." So some of the most successful people, in all ages of the world's history, have been handicapped in life by physical disabilities or impediments which, to the ordinary mind, would seem to shut them out altogether from participation in the throbbing human activities around them.

On the contrary, those very things which might have excused them from exertion of any kind appear to have had the effect of spurring them to superhuman effort. Cut off by what seemed cruel misfortune, or the blind spite of Fate, from most, or, in some instances, all of the advantages and opportunities of the average man and woman, those heroic souls have fought their way, inch by inch, to eminences from which they



will shine as beacon lights for the encouragement and inspiration of generations yet unborn.

Compared with their fortitude and persistence, in spite of well-nigh hopeless limitations, how pitiably weak and spiritless are the excuses of boys and girls, young men and young women, blessed with all their senses and abounding health!

Given a sound mind in a sound body, to start with, under ordinary conditions there is nothing to prevent any young man or woman of average intelligence from growing to the fullest limit of his or her possibilities.

In a country where schools and the best literature are accessible to the poorest and humblest boy and girl as well as the richest, the excuses offered by so many, that they have no chance, that life is so hard for them, that they have no opportunity to grow, no advantages of wealth or environment to enable them to develop the talents they possess, to become broad-minded, cultured men and women, serve only to expose their weakness or indolence.

Bernard of Clairvaux, the renowned abbot who uttered "words which, in great emergencies, were the pivots of history," was so frail, physically, that his voice was said to resemble that of a disembodied spirit. Often, for days at a time, he was unable to take food. Yet this man, whom any unusual exertion seemed to bring to almost the point of death, became the spiritual and intellectual giant who, as Dr. Mathews says, "ruled Europe from his cell."

What chance had Galileo to win renown in physics or astronomy, when his parents compelled him to go to a medical school? Yet, while Venice slept, he stood in the tower of St. Mark's Cathedral and discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus, through a telescope made with his own hands, because he was too poor to buy one. When compelled on bended knee to renounce publicly his heretical doctrine that the earth moves around the sun, all the terrors of the inquisition could not keep this feeble man of threescore years and ten from muttering to himself, "Yet it does move." When thrown into prison, so great was his eagerness for scientific research that he proved by a straw in his cell that a hollow tube is relatively much stronger than a solid rod of the same size. Even when totally blind, he kept constantly at work.

Was the man who gave to England the Habeas Corpus Act, the corner stone of her liberties, a physical giant? On the contrary, Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, a famous politician, was born a cripple, and through all the years of his busy life could not move without a crutch. Nor was this his only disability. He was a constant sufferer from epileptic fits, and was never free from pain.



Unlike his noble descendant, the great philanthropist, whose name is a household word in the homes of the English poor and working classes,—indeed, all over the civilized world,—the framer of the Habeas Corpus Act has not left a blameless record. But the man who secured the passage of this act, which Blackstone described as “another Magna Charta of this kingdom” (Great Britain and Ireland), is entitled to the gratitude of lovers of justice and liberty, the world over. Is not the ceaseless mental activity of so grievous a sufferer also a precious heritage of incentive to all who would exploit the almost boundless resources of the human soul?

An invalid-warrior would seem a misnomer in terms, and an impossibility in fact; but it is even true that men with defective or weak bodies have fought great battles. “Agesilaus, the Spartan,” says Plutarch, “was lame in one leg; but this defect, during his youth, was covered by the agreeableness of the rest of his person, and by the easy and cheerful manner in which he bore it; and as he was the first to rally himself upon it, he made it less regarded. Nay, it rendered his spirit of enterprise the more remarkable; for he never made his weakness an excuse for declining any undertaking, however laborious. He was a little man, perpetually vivacious and cheerful.”

Cæsar made his soldiers invincible, Plutarch tell us, because he always took his share of danger and never desired any exemption from labor or fatigue. Yet he was not by any means a specimen of robustness.

“His soldiers,” says Plutarch, “were not astonished at his exposing his person to danger, but they were astonished at his patience under toil, so far in all appearance above his bodily powers; for he was of slender make, fair, of a delicate constitution, and subject to violent headaches and epileptic fits. He had the first attack of the falling disease at Cordova. He did not, however, make these disorders, a pretense for indulging himself. On the contrary, he sought in war a remedy for these disorders.” That he did not give way to his want of health is seen from an anecdote that one day a violent storm forced him to seek shelter in a poor man’s hut, where there was only one room, scarcely big enough for a man to sleep in. Turning to his friends he said, “Honors for the great, and necessities for the infirm,” and immediately gave up the room to Oppius, while he himself and the rest of the company slept under a shed at the door. Yet this epileptic was Cæsar, “the foremost man of the world.”

Macaulay says that, in an age of brute force, “bodily vigor is the most indispensable quality in a warrior.” Against that he puts the extraordinary picture of William of Orange and Luxembourg. “Two poor, sickly beings, who, in a rude state of society, would have been regarded

as too puny to bear any part in its combats, were the souls of the two great armies. In some heathen countries, they would have been exposed while infants. In Christendom, six hundred years earlier, they would have been sent to some quiet cloister. But their lot had fallen on a time when men had discovered that the strength of the muscles is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind. It is probable that, among one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshaled round near Neerwinden, under all the standards of western Europe, the feeblest in body were the hunchback dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.

Luxembourg had it said of him that, "if he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. His features were frightfully harsh; his stature was diminutive; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back. His constitution was sickly." Yet he could joke about his hump. William spoke of him once as "that hunchback."

"How does he know I am a hunchback?" retorted Luxembourg, when he heard of it; "he never saw my back!"

As to William of Orange, "his lungs were weak. His constitutional asthma made rapid progress. His physician, even in 1689, pronounced it impossible that he should live to the end of the year. His face was so ghastly that he could hardly be recognized. Those who had to transact business with him were shocked to hear him gasping for breath, and coughing till the tears ran down his cheeks." Yet this indomitable man sat his horse at the Boyne for nineteen hours, and was wounded. It was here, on July 12, 1690, that he won that famous battle of the Boyne, after which James II. gave up the struggle and fled to France.

Philosopher of the pessimistic though he was, Schopenhauer uttered a truth when he said that "pain, suffering, and failure, are as needful to man as is ballast to a ship, without which it does not draw water enough, becomes a plaything for the winds and waves, and travels no certain course."

"Poverty," says Ouida, "is very terrible, and sometimes kills the very soul within us, but it is the north wind that lashes men into Vikings; it is the soft, luscious, south wind which lulls them to lotus dreams."

Under the spur of want, and tortured all his life with a loathsome scrofula which weakened his constitution and greatly impaired his eyesight, Samuel Johnson, the son of a poor Lichfield bookseller, became one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century; a man "great in all the branches of literature to which he devoted his attention."



An ungainly presence and a naturally indolent disposition, both, no doubt, largely owing to his infirmities, added not a little to the fearful odds against which this man, to whom nature seemed but a cruel step-mother, had to struggle. Yet such vast stores of knowledge had he acquired as a youth that, when he was given the entrance examinations at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728, he was pronounced by one of the examining professors to be "the best prepared among all those who had entered since his remembrance."

His "English Dictionary," upon which, as a critic says, "he bestowed vast labor for several years," is probably the most remarkable work of the kind ever produced by a single person. Of his poems, "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," Walter Scott said: "I have had more pleasure in reading them than any other poetical composition that I can mention." Of the latter production, Byron remarked: "'Tis a grand poem, with all the examples and the mode of giving them sublime."

Johnson, amid all his trials and sufferings, was not unmindful of the hardships of others. Even with his limited means, as Mrs. Thrale tells us, "he nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful, found a sure retreat. He loved the poor," she exclaims, "as I never saw anybody else love them."

It has been well said that from the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect makes them something else. The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the resolute. The difficulties which dishearten one man only stiffen the sinews of another, who looks on them as a sort of mental spring-board by which to vault across the gulf of failure on to the sure, solid ground of full success.

"Observe yon tree in your neighbor's garden," says Zanoni to Viola, in Bulwer's novel. "Look how it grows up, crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the germ, from which it sprung, in the clefts of the rock. Choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and man, its life has been one struggle for the light. You see how it has writhed and twisted,—how, meeting the barrier in one spot, it has labored and worked, stem and branch, toward the clear skies at last. What has preserved it through each disfavor of birth and circumstances?—why are its leaves as green and fair as those of the vine behind you, which with all its arms can embrace the open sunshine? My child, because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle,—because the labor for the light won to the light at length. So, with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow, and of fate, to turn to the sun,

to strive for the heaven; this it is that gives knowledge to the strong and happiness to the weak."

Those who complain that they have "no chance" should study those grand lives whose very grandeur is a result of the superhuman efforts they were obliged to put forth in order to conquer the seemingly unconquerable difficulties over which they had to climb to the hill of victory.

The Indians have a half belief that when one slays an enemy the strength of the slain enters the slayer. Certain it is that a man who slays a seeming impossibility is stronger in proportion to the difficulty overcome. The great men in every calling prove this statement true.

Milton wrote his best works when he was blind, poor, and sick. "Who best can suffer," he said, "best can do."

Bunyan said, if it were lawful, he could even pray for greater trouble for the greater comfort's sake. Homer wrote the "Odyssey" after he was old and blind.

Helmholtz dated his start in science to an attack of typhoid fever. While recovering, he purchased a microscope, and, being a pupil, was nursed in the hospital without expense. This proved to be the great opportunity of his life.

Alexander Pope was so diligent a student that his tutor feared he would injure his health. "I have a weight to carry different from other men," said the boy, indicating his deformed back, "and I must stiffen my muscles for it."

"A celebrated philosopher used to observe," declares the author of "The Way to Win," "that 'the favors of fortune are like steep rocks; only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit.' The first, with daring pinions, mount to the heights with a few vigorous wing-strokes, but they only reach it, after all; and the slow, creeping things do as much; and, although their way is infinitely more tiresome, yet the same goal is gained at last."

The "doldrums," the region of the dead calms near the equator, is the hatefulest part of the ocean to the enterprising mariner. More than the Arctic ice-floes or the monsoon's blast, he detests the place where no winds blow, where vessels must stand still for weeks,—

"As idle as a painted ship,  
Upon a painted ocean."

Christian, in "Pilgrim's Progress," comes to the Hill of Difficulty, over which the path goes. He does not flinch, but drinks from the spring and sings as he climbs:—

"The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,  
The difficulty will not me offend;



For I perceive the way of life lies here;  
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear;  
Better, though difficult, the right way to go  
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

"Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, and spied two lions in the way. Then he was afraid, and wished to go back; for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter of the House Beautiful cried out, 'Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained.'"

He passed the lions, and entered the House Beautiful.

"Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties," says Smiles. "If there were no difficulties, there would be no success. In this necessity for exertion we find the chief source of human advancement,—the advancement of individuals as of nations. It has led to most of the mechanical inventions and improvements of the age."

Take two acorns from the same tree, as nearly alike as possible; plant one on a hill by itself, and the other in the dense forest, and watch them

grow. The oak standing alone is exposed to every storm. Its roots reach out in every direction, clutching the rocks and piercing deep into the earth. Every rootlet lends itself to steady the growing giant, as if in anticipation of fierce conflict with the elements. Sometimes its upward growth seems checked for years, but all the while it has been expending its energy in pushing a root across a large rock to gain a firmer anchorage. Then it shoots proudly aloft again, prepared to defy the hurricane. The gales which sport so rudely with its wide branches find more than their match, and serve only still further to toughen every fiber from pith to bark.

The acorn planted in the deep forest shoots up a weak, slender sapling. Shielded by its neighbors, it feels no need to spread its roots far and wide for support.

"Young men need to be taught not to expect a perfectly smooth and easy way to the objects of their endeavor or ambition," says Dr. Peabody. "Seldom does one reach a position with which he has reason to be satisfied, without encountering difficulties and what might seem to be discouragements. But if they are properly met, they are not what they seem, and may prove to be helps, not hindrances."

It is rough seas and fierce storms that make sailors. Men and women who sail smoothly along the sea of life, seldom develop their possibili-



ties. Instead of grumbling that you have "no chance," rejoice rather that a loving, guiding Power has ordered your life, so that all of your dormant possibilities shall be called into being.

"The gods in bounty work up storms about us," says Addison, "that give mankind occasion to exert their hidden strength, and throw out into practice virtues that shun the day, and that lie concealed in the smooth seasons and the calms of life."

The hothouse plant may tempt a pampered appetite or shed a languid odor, but the working world gets its food from fields of grain and from orchards waving in the sun and free air, from cattle that wrestle on the plains, from fishes that struggle with the currents of a river or an ocean; its choicest perfumes from flowers that bloom unheeded; and in wind-tossed forests it finds its timber for temples and for ships.

"I do not see," says Emerson, "how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action passed by as a loss of power."

Kossuth called himself "a tempest-tossed soul, whose eyes have been sharpened by affliction."

"If I had not been so great an invalid, I should not have done nearly so much," said Darwin, the author of "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," perhaps the greatest work of the nineteenth century. Owing to continual ill health, the famous naturalist was unable to work long at any time. "No one except my mother," writes his son, "knows the full amount of suffering he endured, or the full amount of his wonderful patience. For all the latter years of his life she never left him for a night; and her days were so planned that all his resting hours might be shared with her. She shielded him from every possible annoyance, and omitted nothing that might save him trouble, or prevent him becoming overtired, or that might alleviate any of the discomforts of his ill health. I hesitate to speak thus freely of a thing so sacred as the lifelong devotion which prompted all this constant and tender care. But it is a principal feature of his life that, for nearly forty years, he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, and that thus his life was one long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness."

Yet what a mine of scientific wealth this man opened up to his own and all future ages! Think of the research, the infinite labor involved in the writing of even lesser works than "The Origin of Species"; for instance, "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication," "The Descent of Man," or any other of his monumental volumes. He was a



member of more than seventy learned societies in the leading countries of the world, including America, Austria, India, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland.

God knows where the richest melodies of our lives are, and what drill and what discipline are necessary to bring them out. The frost, the snows, the tempests, the lightnings, are the rough teachers that bring the tiny acorn to the sturdy oak. Fierce winters are as necessary to it as long summers. It is its half-century's struggle with the elements for existence, wrestling with the storm, fighting for its life from the moment that it leaves the acorn until it goes into the ship, that gives it value. Without this struggle it would have been nerveless and lacking in character and stamina; its grain would never have been susceptible of high polish. The most beautiful as well as the strongest woods are found not in tropical countries, but in the severe climates, where they have to fight the frosts and the winter's cold.

Many a man has never found himself until he has lost his all. Adversity stripped him only to discover him. Obstacles, hardships, are the chisel and the mallet which shape the strong life into beauty. The rough ledge on the hillside complains of the drill, of the blasting powder which disturbs its peace of centuries. But look again: behold the magnificent statue, the monument, chiseled into grace and beauty, telling its grand story of valor, in the public square, for centuries.

The statue would have slept in the marble forever but for the blasting, the chiseling, and the polishing. The angel of our higher and nobler selves would remain forever unknown in the rough quarries of our lives but for the blastings of affliction, the chiseling of obstacles, and the sandpapering of a thousand annoyances.

Who has not observed the patience, the sweet loveliness produced in some rough life by a reversal of fortune or by some terrible affliction.

"The witty and tender Hood," as Landor called him, was an invalid. "The brightness of his wit, the geniality of his never-flagging humor," would seem to require the buoyancy which comes from good health. "He was a tender plant, requiring sunshine and freedom; and his sensitive, fragile constitution soon became affected by the close atmosphere of the countinghouse." It seems almost incredible that some of the most humorous things ever printed should have been produced by a man struggling with pain and sorrow. "Your husband," wrote his physician to his wife, before Hood's death, "is suffering from organic disease of the heart, with hemorrhage of the lungs, or spitting of blood, occurring very frequently. There is also disorder of the liver and stomach. These diseases have been greatly aggravated, of late years, by the necessity which, I understand, has existed, that he should at all times

continue his literary labors. You have seen him break down under the struggle, and reduced to the brink of the grave by repeated attacks of bleeding from the lungs, attended by palpitation of the heart." He died at the age of forty-seven,— "a hero, with pale cheek and feeble frame, yet of vigorous mind, high thoughts, and a brave heart withal."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the sweet singer, who has been described as "one of the most gifted female poets that have ever lived," made her name famous from the shadows of a sick-room. The pain and suffering which racked the frail body of the famous author of "Aurora Leigh" and the "Portuguese Sonnets" seemed to give added strength to the soaring mind. Although she was a daughter of wealthy parents, with all the advantages that rank and wealth bestow, who can tell whether her genius would have developed so grandly had it not been for the accident which made of the sweet young girl, a life-long invalid.

When physicians told Charlotte Cushman, the celebrated actress, that she had a terrible, incurable disease, she flinched not a particle, but quietly said: "I have learned to live with my trouble."

Molière, when importuned to desist from his work, magnanimously replied: "Then these fifty people of my troupe would be thrown out of employment," — and he played till he fell on the stage, a mortal fall, even as he was playing his "Le Malade Imaginaire," or "The Imaginary Invalid."

General Grant at Mount McGregor furnished one of the most conspicuous instances of the success of invalids. With fatal and painful disease drawing surer, nearer, deadlier lines about his life, he sat facing death, writing on the tablet before him, that he might relieve his shattered fortune and leave his dear ones a legacy of comfort.

His fall, the cancer which made it difficult to swallow, and his business troubles, all were against him; but "the dying man seemed to summon back his powers; and expression, memory, will, all revived and returned at his command." When his biography was finished, he dropped his hand in death.

Who would think it possible that an invalid should choose discovery — Arctic discovery, above all else — for his lifework? Yet this was what Elisha Kent Kane did. He had acute rheumatism and cardiac disease, in his college days, and was told, "You may fall as suddenly as from a musket shot." But he entered on a career of daring voyages, explorations, and discoveries. "Small in body, with frail health, he never went





to sea without suffering from seasickness; and he suffered, also, from heart disease and chronic rheumatism, yet he climbed the Himalayas, ascended the Nile to a great distance, traversed Greece on foot, visited Dahomey, descended the crater of Teal in the Philippines, fought like a hero in the Mexican War, and triumphed over sufferings in the Arctic Seas, under which the strongest men, especially trained to endure such hardships, sickened and died."

Mrs. Hemans uttered a great truth, which we see emphasized in every phase of human life, when she sang,—

"There is a strength  
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck  
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced  
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent  
Before her gems are found?"

Have not some of the grandest conceptions in art, literature, music; some of the noblest inventions that have advanced the tide of human progress by centuries, and some of the discoveries that have opened new worlds to our wondering eyes, and rehabilitated old ones, been wrung from agonized human hearts?

The best tools receive their temper from fire, their edge from grinding; the noblest characters are developed in a similar way. The harder the diamond, the more brilliant the luster, and the greater the friction necessary to bring it out. Only its own dust is hard enough to make this most precious stone reveal its full beauty.

The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude, of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security. A man upon whom continuous sunshine falls is like the earth in August; he becomes parched and dry, and hard and close-grained. Men have drawn from adversity the elements of greatness.

Beethoven was almost totally deaf and burdened with sorrow when he produced his grandest works. Schiller wrote his best books in great bodily suffering. He was not free from pain for fifteen years.

John Calvin, who made a theology for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was tortured with disease for many years, and so was Robert Hall. The great men who have lifted the world to a higher level were not developed in easy circumstances, but were rocked in the cradle of difficulties and pillowed on hardships.

"Life," says a philosopher, "refuses to be so adjusted as to eliminate from it all strife and conflict and pain. There are a thousand tasks that, in larger interests than ours, must be done, whether we want them or not. The world refuses to walk upon tiptoe, so that we may be able to

sleep. It gets up very early and stays up very late, and all the while there is a conflict of myriads of hammers and saws and axes with the stubborn material that in no other way can be made to serve its use and do its work for man. And then, too, these hammers and axes are not wielded without strain or pang, but swung by the millions of toilers who labor with their cries and groans and tears." Yet the joy of achievement, the consciousness of fulfilling a high purpose, of being an indispensable factor in the onward march of the great army of humanity, no matter how humble the post we occupy, compensates for the strife.

But it were a gloomy, pessimistic philosophy, indeed, to consider only the travail of life. It yields more than "cries and groans and tears." In spite of pain and sorrow, and afflictions that might well crush hope, ambition, life itself, man proves the immortality of the soul within him by rising superior to everything that would hold it tied to earth. Where sorrow is sown, he reaps joy; out of darkness he brings light; out of discord, harmony; out of the mantle of despair he fashions a bright-hued garment of hope; endowed with godlike powers, he shows again and again the limitless possibilities of the soul, the innate grandeur of the spirit that dares to say "I will," in spite of all handicaps.

The wonders accomplished by the blind alone, would fill volumes.

Henry Fawcett, whose noble character is unconsciously revealed in the following extracts from a letter to a friend, furnishes a splendid example of indomitable courage:—

"I started life as a boy with an ambition some day to enter the House of Commons. Every effort, every endeavor which I have ever put forth, has had this object in view. I have constantly tried, and shall, I trust, still try, not only honorably to gratify my desire, but also to fit myself for such an important trust.

"And now the realization of these hopes has become something even more than the gratification of ambition. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labor, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the powerful conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow-men, and that I could in the House of Commons exert an influence in removing the social evils of our country, and especially the paramount one, —the degradation of millions.

"I have tried myself severely, but in vain, to discover whether this desire has not some worldly source. I could, therefore, never be happy unless I were to do everything to secure and fit myself for this position; for I should be racked with remorse through life, if any selfishness checked such efforts. For I must regard it as a high privilege from God if I have such aspirations, and if He has endowed me with powers which will enable me to assist in such a work of philanthropy. This is the career which, perhaps, the too bright hopes of youth have induced me to hope for."



Two years after this letter was written, at the age of twenty-five, the hopeful, ambitious student was, by an unhappy accident, in one brief moment made blind for life. The career of brilliant promise, which was to have been devoted to the service of humanity, appeared totally eclipsed in the very morningtide of its power. But was it really eclipsed? Not so. This brave soul might never again see the light of day, but the spirit within would not sit in darkness. With returning consciousness, and the realization of the awful blow that had fallen upon him, he resolved, as his biographer, Leslie Stephen, says, "to stick to his old ambition. Blind, poor, unknown, he would force his way into the House of Commons." Seven years later, after being defeated three times, the blind Henry Fawcett realized the dream of the bright-eyed, ambitious boy. Two years previously, he had been appointed, at the age of thirty, in spite of much opposition, purely on his merits, as professor of political economy in the University of Cambridge, one of the leading universities of the world. His ability, earnestness, and untiring zeal, which were all enlisted in the cause whose champion, he vowed in youthful ardor, he would be, soon made him one of the ablest and most prominent members of the British parliament; and in 1880 he received the appointment of postmaster-general under Gladstone's administration.

Never, through all the years of his too brief life, did he forget the purpose for which he entered the House of Commons. Amid the arduous duties of his office, his labors as a professor of political economy, the writing of his valuable works, he continued, in parliament and out, to exert his influence in removing the social evils of his country, and especially the paramount one,—“the mental degradation of millions.”

Securing the blessings of education for the poor, better conditions for laborers, parks and inclosures for city toilers; promulgating the idea that women should have the same opportunity as men to follow any profession, trade, or employment, to which they wish to devote themselves; advocating higher education for women, and justice for all classes of society, in distant India, as well as in his own England,—these are but a few of the things that will cause the memory of this philanthropic statesman to be revered while time endures.

Was it any wonder that honors crowded upon this blind Atlas; that the University of Oxford made him Doctor of Civil Law; the University of Würzburg, Doctor of Political Economy; the Institute of France, Corresponding Member of the Section of Political Economy; the Royal Society, a Fellow; the University of Glasgow, Doctor of Laws, and Lord Rector of that proud institution?

Similar to Fawcett's, in some respects, is the case of our own eminent historian, William Hickling Prescott.

One day in his junior year, as he was passing out of the college dining-hall he turned his head quickly to learn the cause of a disturbance among those he had left, and was struck in one eye by a large, hard piece of bread, which destroyed the sight. On his return to college, after the resulting illness, he "determined to acquire more respectable rank in his class than he had earlier deemed worth the trouble." A year and a half later, the other eye became inflamed and affected with rheumatism. For weeks at a time he was compelled to remain in a room so dark that he could not see the furniture; and there he walked hundreds of miles from corner to corner, thrusting out his elbows so as to get warning through them of his approach to the angles of the wall, from which he wore away the plaster by the constant blows thus inflicted on it. He was compelled to abandon his chosen profession of law. *At the age of twenty-five, he found himself with greatly impaired eyesight, and with no accurate knowledge of the modern languages.* Yet he chose, as his life-work, history, which, more than any other line of literary work, requires eyesight; and a branch of history which required the constant use of the languages of southern Europe. He at once set about the training of his memory; and persisted until he could prepare, work over, revise, correct, and retain in his mind, the equivalent of sixty pages of printed matter, which he would then dictate to his amanuensis. In the face of these difficulties he produced the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," the "Conquest of Mexico," and the "Conquest of Peru." Later, when he could use his remaining eye only one hour a day, and that hour divided into intervals, he prepared his "History of Philip II." As President Walker, of Harvard University, said: "We lamented the impairment of his sight as a great calamity; yet it helped, at least, to induce that earnestness and concentration of life and pursuit which have won for him world-wide influence and fame."

Thomas Blacklock, D.D., one of the most learned men of the eighteenth century, was blind from the age of three months.

Francis Huber, the Swiss naturalist, lost his sight at an early age, became an eminent entomologist, and wrote on bees, ants, and other insects.

Nicholas Sanderson, although blind from the age of three years, became learned in two of the most difficult branches of knowledge,—astronomy and mathematics.

Herman Torrentius, a blind Swiss, born in 1520, became one of the principals of the University of Berne, and author of a poetical dictionary, besides works on history and botany.

David Macbeth, the inventor of the string alphabet for the blind, was born blind. He was an accomplished musician, a prodigy in mathematics, and an inventor of no mean order of merit.



Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his twenty-first year. By slowly passing his hands over an object, he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise.

Any reference to the achievements of the blind would be incomplete without mention of the marvelous work accomplished by Dr. Francis Joseph Campbell, a native of Tennessee and founder of that ideal institution for the education of the sightless,—the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood, England.

Although deprived of sight by an accident, when only four years old, and afflicted soon after by family misfortunes, which made him the son of poor, instead of wealthy parents, the life of this man reads like a romance.

His own words give us a touching glimpse of the poor, sightless child, before he was sent to the newly-opened school for the blind at Nashville.

"There were times," he says, "when I was very dull, especially during the season when all the other children went to school. Oh, the anguish of those dreary, lonely, idle days! Long before evening I would wander off on the road to school, and sit listening to the far-off voices of those happy boys and girls coming back from their lessons."

One illustration of the mettle of the boy gives a clue to the secret of his success in after years in founding the institution which practically gives eyes to the sightless; and which has brought, and continues to bring, sunshine and joy into thousands of darkened lives.

"When he took his first singing lesson," says William T. Stead, in his admirable character sketch of Dr. Campbell, "he failed grotesquely in his attempt to sound the notes, and showed such an absolute incapacity to hum a tune that his teacher summarily decided that the boy had no ear for music, and that it was as idle to try to teach him to sing as to attempt to weave a silk purse from a sow's ear. He was relegated to brush and basket-making, and was positively forbidden to touch the piano. Instead of discouraging him, this put him on his mettle. He determined that, ear or no ear, music he would learn."

"I hired one of the boys to give me, secretly, lessons in music," he said, "and practised whenever I could. Three months later, the music master, also blind, accidentally entered the room, and said, 'Who is that playing the new lesson so well?' 'I, sir!' 'You, Josie, you cannot play! Come here; what have you learned?' 'All that you have taught the other boys.' The teacher laughed. 'Well, then, sit



down and play the instruction book through from beginning to end. Fifteen months later I gained the prize for pianoforte playing."

But how did he manage to gain the prize, and to become, at the age of eighteen, a teacher of music in the very institution in which he had first been told that he could never learn music?

"It was no holiday work," says Mr. Stead. "As there were only two pianos in the place, he had to get up at four and practise until seven in order to get his turn. In the second winter the cold was intense. The coal gave out, but he kept up his practice. He would play for half an hour, then, rushing into the playground, would run a mile at top speed by way of thawing his freezing limbs, and resume practice. By this means, by running ten miles a day, he was able to generate the bodily warmth needed to carry him through five hours' practice at the piano."

This was only a beginning of the hardships he endured, and of the apparently insuperable difficulties he conquered in educating himself and preparing for his great work. How he entered Harvard University, and later returned to Tennessee, only to be persecuted and threatened with death for his anti-slavery views; the story of his love and marriage; how he reformed the method of teaching music at the Perkins Institute at Boston; how he visited all the blind institutions in Europe in order that he might cull the best from each, and apply his knowledge to the amelioration of the condition of his afflicted brothers and sisters; and how all his wanderings and trials and sufferings culminated in the founding of what may be truthfully called a palace of delights for the blind,—all this would fill a large volume.

Not merely one, but many volumes might be filled with the almost marvelous achievements of men, women, and even children in this country alone, whose afflictions would seem to preclude the possibility of their engaging in any active work.

These heroic sufferers—some blind, some crippled, some armless, others legless, others, again, paralyzed, not having the use of either hands or feet—have, with patience and fortitude equal to that of the martyrs of old, trained themselves to do their life-work. Like a mountain torrent, which gains force and momentum from the effort demanded to overcome the obstacles in its path, their struggles seem to develop new powers, new senses, as it were, unknown to the physically perfect.

"My body must walk the earth," said an ancient poet, "but I can put wings on my soul, and plumes to my hardest thought."

So it is that we find a paralyzed invalid like Fannie Tunison, whose head alone is free, making pretty crayon sketches with a pencil held between her teeth, and doing fine sewing and delicate embroidery by means



of her tongue. "Impossible!" you exclaim. No, not so; this is the method:—

Upon a shelf or wooden table fastened to her chair, she receives a canvas or linen tidy. Sometimes it is stamped, but, if not, she herself will stitch the design which she wants for it. In commencing this work, Miss Tunison threads her needle, taking it up with her tongue and fastening it upright in the cloth. The thread is taken up in the same manner, and the end deftly inserted in the eye of the needle, which, at the time, is not visible to her eye, owing to the position of her face. Then, with a pair of silver scissors manipulated in the same way, she cuts off the thread to the required length. When she wishes to tie a knot in the thread or silk, the ends are taken into her mouth for an inch or more, her lips are closed, and, with a few extraordinary tongue-touches, a perfect knot is tied. In embroidery and doily-making she makes use of a small block of wood as a sort of mouthpiece, while, as a matter of course, the cloth or ribbon has to be stretched for her in such a position as will enable her to ply her needle. Among her fancy work are stamp-holders, crayon blotters, ribbon bookmarks, and booklets. She has also several crazy-quilts which she has pieced after her own patterns, the blocks being about ten inches square. Another favorite diversion is playing on the metallophone. The instrument is placed on her table, and, taking the mallet between her teeth, she strikes the keys, producing many of the popular airs of the day. Yet this young girl, who may truly cry, "I can put wings on my soul, and plumes to my hardest thought," says to a friend, "I find life is really worth living, for I have so many diversions that I should be ungrateful to Fate if I complained."

John Carter, the helpless paralytic, who made marvelous drawings with a pen or pencil held between his teeth, was not less wonderful than Fanny Tunison.

But the tale of human triumphs over suffering and woe will never be finished, while man walks the earth. His sorrows are the rounds of the ladder by which he climbs.

"Adversity is a severe instructor," says Edmund Burke, "set over us by One who knows us better than we do ourselves, as He loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This conflict with difficulty makes us acquainted with our object, and compels us to consider it in all of its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial."

Men and women who have the right kind of material in them will assert their personality, and rise in spite of a thousand adverse circumstances.

Since the world began, the spirit has asserted and will continue to assert itself over the limitations of the imperfect even as the perfect body,

in works noble and manifold; sometimes in deeds great and heroic as those of Paul the Apostle, "in bodily presence weak," and again in a sublime patience and fortitude under overwhelming calamities which unquestionably prove man's kinship with God.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

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CHANCE will not do the work: Chance sends the breeze;  
But, if the pilot slumber at the helm,  
The very wind that wafts us toward the port  
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part  
Is vigilance, blow it or rough or smooth.

—WALTER SCOTT.

I SHALL show the cinders of my spirit  
Through the ashes of my chance.

—SHAKESPEARE.



## HOW POOR BOYS AND GIRLS GO TO COLLEGE

IF YOU want learning, you must work for it.—J. G. HOLLAND.

WHENCE is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?  
—GAY.

LEARN to live, and live to learn,  
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,  
Little tasks make large return.  
—BAYARD TAYLOR.

WHEN Lincoln was on his way to Washington before his first inauguration, Rutgers College was pointed out to him as they passed it, and he exclaimed: "Ah! that is what I have always regretted, —the want of a college education. Those who have it should thank God for it."

"Can I afford to go to college?" asks many an American youth who has hardly a dollar to his name and who knows that a college course means years of sacrifice and struggle.

It seems a great hardship, indeed, for a young man with an ambition to do something in the world to be compelled to pay his own way through school and college by hard work. But history shows us that the men who have led in the van of human progress have been, as a rule, self-educated, self-made.

The average boy of to-day who wishes to obtain a liberal education has a better chance by a hundredfold than had Daniel Webster or James A. Garfield. There is scarcely one in good health who reads these lines but can be assured that if he will he may. Here, as elsewhere, the will can usually make the way, and never before were there so many avenues of resource open to the strong will, the inflexible purpose, as there are to-day,—at this hour and this moment.

If your parents are so situated that they can dispense with your help for four years, and give you a little pecuniary aid; if your health is good enough to endure the strain; if your previous education has fitted you to pass the entrance examination, you owe it to yourself and to those who may some day be dependent upon you to enter upon a college career; for, if you improve all your opportunities both for study and for earning money, you can probably complete the course with credit.

Circumstances have rarely favored great men. A lowly beginning is no bar to a great career. The boy who works his way through college may have a hard time of it, but he will learn how to work his way

in life, and will often take higher rank in school, and in after life, than his classmate who is the son of a millionaire. It is the son and daughter of the farmer, the mechanic, and the operative, the great average class of our country, whose funds are small and whose opportunities are few, that the republic will most depend upon in the future for good citizenship and brains. The problem of securing a good education, where means are limited and time is short, is of great importance both to the individual and to the nation. Encouragement and useful hints are offered by the experience of many bright young people who have worked their way to diplomas worthily bestowed.

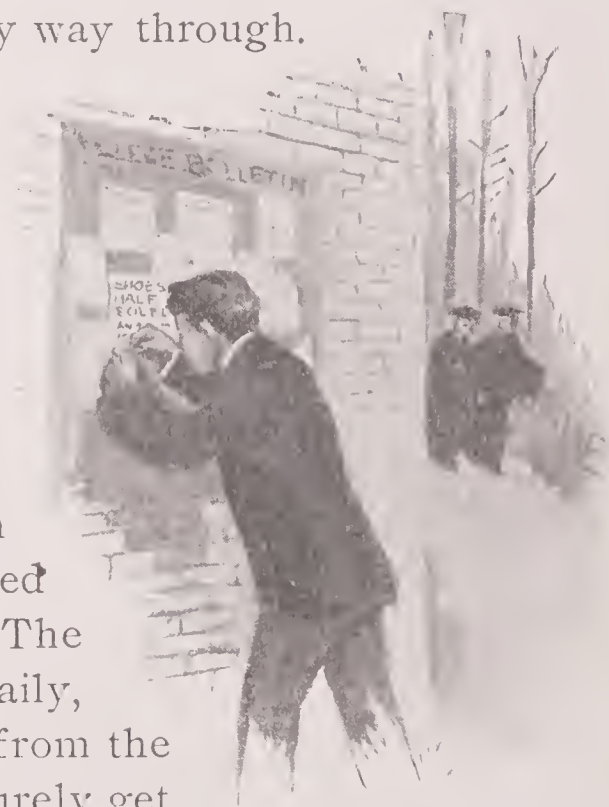
"During my senior year," says a successful man, "I managed the 'varsity football team, and, through that connection, came in contact with quite a large number of oddities in the way of college men, but there was one in particular who commanded my attention and admiration from the start. I had returned to the university a few days in advance of most of the college people, as I had several things to attend to in the way of training-robcs and quarters, and in this way first met Bardolph Oldheim.

"I was in the 'gym,' talking with Doctor Bell, our trainer, when Oldheim introduced himself, and inquired if I was the 'varsity manager. I replied in the affirmative, and he at once told me his business. 'I am here as a student,' he said, 'and will have to work my way through. I am a shoemaker by trade, and, knowing that the football team will need more or less work of that kind, I would be under obligations to you if you will let me have it. I am satisfied that my work will please you and the members of the team, and I will do all within my power to further its interests.'

"I promised to take the matter under advisement, and report to him.

"The next morning, Oldheim had placed a card on every bulletin board on the campus, in which he solicited the work and support of the students and faculty. The next, and every subsequent number of the college daily, called our attention to him and his work. I was sure, from the start, that such a hustling and earnest worker would surely get all that he could do, and I watched him through the remainder of the year with a great deal of interest.

"I gave him all the work for the team, and as much as I could besides, and I soon found him to be a workman of no mean ability. He seemed to have the custom of all the people connected with the university, and to be fairly busy. At the close of the year I went to see him, and out of curiosity inquired how he had succeeded. He told me that





he had paid all the expenses of the year and had eighty-three dollars over and above what he had on hand when he undertook what had been considered a doubtful venture.

"I learned from other sources that he was third in standing in the freshman class. His success in securing an education solely by his own exertions interested me greatly, and the result shows that a college education is within the reach of many who now think otherwise."

"In a certain district in Boston," said Hezekiah Butterworth, "there are ten thousand students. Many of them come from the country and from factory towns. A large number come from the farms of the West. Many of these students are paying for their education by money earned by their own hands. It is said that unearned money does not enrich. The money that a student earns for his own education does enrich his life. It is true gold.

"These students, as a rule, are Christians, and come to the city from country churches. The character that has influence turns to faith early in life. They spend their first Sabbath in the church. They do not turn aside into what are called the 'temptations of the city.' Their lives are too busy, too earnest, too consecrated, to divide with anything that is not profitable to the whole of life, and so they build character for the best work of their calling.

"To prepare for the best service in life, they live in simple rooms which cost them only two dollars per week. They live on nutritious but simple food. Some of them cook their food in their own rooms. They do not seek society outside of the church and the lecture-room. They live in their purpose, and pursue that end steadily.

"Do such students keep their health? They do. It is dissipation and worry that kill.

"Do they stand well in their classes? They do. It is character that makes scholarship.

"Do they succeed in life? Go, ask all the professions into which they enter everywhere.

"Students who are graduated on money that they themselves have earned have an honest advantage over those whose needs have been too easily supplied. The country student who has earned the money for his own education goes, as a rule, to the front of life."

A great many students have worked their way through Boston University by doing all sorts of work, such as canvassing, working as brakemen on trains in summer, tutoring, teaching in night schools, working in offices, and by keeping books in the evening for various firms, waiting on table in summer hotels, working on farms, etc. Many girls, also, have worked their way through the various departments with scarcely any assistance. When I was at the University, there was a poor colored

boy working his way without assistance through the law school. So poor was he that he could not afford a room, and he slept on the benches in the law library.

"Of the five thousand persons — students, professors and others — directly connected with Harvard University," writes a graduate, "five hundred are students entirely or almost entirely dependent upon their own resources. They are not a poverty-stricken lot, however, for half of them make an income above the average allowance of boys in smaller colleges. From \$700 to \$1,000 are by no means exceptional yearly earnings of a student who is capable of doing newspaper work or tutoring, — branches of employment that pay well at Harvard.

"There are some men that make much more. A classmate of the writer entered college with about twenty-five dollars. As a freshman he had a hard struggle. In his junior year, however, he prospered and in the last ten months of undergraduate work he cleared above his college expenses, which were none too low, upward of \$3,000. He made his money by advertising schemes and other publishing ventures. A few months after graduation he married. He is now living comfortably in Cambridge.

"Another student known to the writer made a fair living by barnstorming ventures during the vacation months. Another student has been clearing a sum estimated at \$2,000 a year, for the last five or six years. He runs a news bureau in Cambridge. The writer himself had less than twenty dollars when he started at Harvard, one thousand miles from home; and, before the close of his course, he made a comfortable living. Instances might be recited to an indefinite number."

"I spent four years at Harvard College, — and what do you think it cost me?" asks a graduate. "Just two hundred dollars. Fifty-six dollars of that sum was spent for clothing, and the rest — one hundred and forty-four dollars — was spent for books, food, and medicines, at the rate of just fifty cents a week.

"When I went to Harvard, I had been in America four years, and was twenty-two years old. I had received a good education in my own country, Germany; but when I landed in America, penniless and friendless, an outcast because I would not join the German army, I did not know where to turn. My education was comparatively useless, because I could not speak English. I was impressed with America and her methods before I had been here an hour, and resolved, on the spot, that there I would take my stand, battle with all that opposed me, and win if it lay in my power. I said that I would go to an American college, and become a true American citizen.

"Money! I must have it, and, having none, I was in poor condition to get any. For two days I wandered all over the great city of New



York, and finally I was rewarded by securing a position to fill casks in a pickle factory operated by a man who spoke my tongue. I never went at anything else so eagerly, and I clung to that job for four years, going to evening school to learn English, until I had sufficient money to take me to Harvard.

"I had saved just four hundred dollars, and wanted that to keep me for four years, and I made it accomplish that purpose. I foresaw that, if I rented a room, I should be several hundred dollars short before my term was over, so I rented a small attic. I also figured out that, if I subsisted on even the cheap meals of Randall Hall, I should come out a loser. I could have given up some of my time for work, but I determined to spend those four years in Harvard in study, study, study.. I had gone there to study, and I intended to study, every possible moment of my time.

"I found it necessary to cook my own food. I had never done such a thing before. I purchased an oil stove and placed it in my room. My chief diet was beans. Heaven bless the famous Boston beans! They are the most wholesome, most nutritious, most satisfying commodity in the fare of the world. Many a poor student has been able to pursue his course at Harvard, and keep his body in a healthy state and his mind clear, because he could get his beans. Many a night have I sought the seclusion of my attic, and sat in a dream, as the little brown pot in my rude oven sent forth a flavor more dainty, at such a moment, than the breath of roses. My beans were baking, and I knew that I should have a good meal. I also knew that there were dozens of other poor, struggling students, whose stomachs and minds would be appeased that night, because they, too, had baked beans.

"I found that two quarts of beans, at ten cents a quart, lasted a week. Added to these, I used fifteen cents' worth of brown bread, ten cents' worth of vegetables, and five cents' worth of meat, and that comprised the weekly larder.

"To those who have been accustomed to scanning a long *menu*, and then finding nothing pleasing to the palate, this diet may seem monotonous, and far from tempting, and especially when one has to subsist on it for four years. But that is all a mistake. The mind trains itself to like certain conditions, especially when it knows that the great future will bring a reward that will pay a thousandfold for the sacrifice of the present.

"By exercising ingenuity, the monotonous fare of the struggling student can always have a pleasant variety, even when the student cannot spend more than fifty cents a week. Some weeks he can substitute fruit for vegetables; and a bottle of ketchup, or some good spirited sauce, never fails to add a piquancy to the most tiresome dish. But the chief

appetizer, and the most piquant sauce, must be one's own mind. Just say to yourself, when you spring from bed to greet the sparrows, 'Ah! my beans; my ever tempting dish!' Warm them up while you are dressing. Throw open the windows and let the new air and the birds' notes come in; and, when you sit down to breakfast, and begin to think of the big thesis of the day, that breakfast will taste just as good as if served with a dozen other courses in a glittering restaurant.

"It is only the contented man who can serve four years of abject poverty to secure the world's greatest blessing, a good education. I have known many young men who have gone into the fray, but, for lack of determination, have given up the struggle. But to all young men who wish to attempt a college course on fifty cents a week, I say, 'Go ahead!' with all my heart. You can do it, perhaps not easily; but you will find, when you shall have finished, that the best part of your education will be your great reward for the economy you mastered while trying to live within that fifty cents a week. You will find that by 'sticking to your beans,' and letting the fancy roasts and grills of the more fortunate become unknown quantities, you will have no trouble."

Professor L. T. Townsend, the famous author of "Credo," is another triumph of grit over environment. He had a hard struggle as a boy, but succeeded in working his way through Amherst College, living on forty-five cents a week.

"I entered college with \$8.42 in my pocket," writes a graduate of Amherst. "During the year I earned \$60; received from the college a scholarship of \$60, and an additional gift of \$20; borrowed \$190. My current expenses during my freshman year were \$4.50 per week. Besides this I spent \$10.55 for books; \$23.45 for clothing; \$10.57 for voluntary subscriptions; \$15 for railroad fares; \$8.24 for sundries.

"During the next summer I earned \$100. I waited on table at a \$4 boarding-house all of my sophomore year, and earned half board, retaining my old room at \$1 per week. The expenses of the sophomore year were \$394.50. I earned during the year, including board, \$87.20; received a scholarship of \$70, and gifts amounting to \$12.50, and borrowed \$150, with all of which I just covered expenses.

"In my junior year I engaged a nice furnished room at \$60 per year, which I agreed to pay for by work about the house. By clerical work, etc., I earned \$37; also earned full board waiting upon table; received \$70 for a scholarship; \$55 from gifts; borrowed \$70, which squared my accounts for the year, excepting \$40 due on tuition. The expenses for the year, including, of course, the full value of board, room, and tuition, were \$478.76.

"During the following summer I earned \$40. Throughout the senior year I retained the same room, under the same conditions as the previous



year. I waited on table all the year, and received full board; earned by clerical work, tutoring, etc., \$40; borrowed \$40; secured a scholarship of \$70; took a prize of \$25; received a gift of \$35. The expenses of the senior year, \$496.64, were necessarily heavier than those of previous years. But having secured a good position as teacher for the coming year, I was permitted to give my note for the amount I could not raise, and so was enabled to graduate without financial embarrassment.

"The total expense for the course was about \$1,708; of which (counting scholarships as earnings) I earned \$1,157."

At Chicago University, according to recent investigations of the Chicago "Chronicle," many plucky young men are working their way. The ways of earning money are various, depending upon the opportunities for work, and the student's ability and adaptability. To be a correspondent of city daily papers is the most coveted occupation, but only a few can obtain such positions. Some dozen or more teach night school. Several teach in the public schools in the daytime, and do their university work in the afternoons and evenings, so as to take their degrees. About a score carry daily papers, by which they earn two and one-half to three and one-half dollars a week; but, as this does not pay expenses, they add other employments. A few find evening work in the city library. Some attend to lawns in summer and furnaces in winter; by having several of each to care for, they earn from five to ten dollars a week. Some are waiters at clubs and restaurants. Some solicit advertisements. The divinity students, after the first year, preach in small towns. Several are tutors. Two young men made twelve hundred dollars apiece, in this way, in one year. One student is a member of a city orchestra, earning twelve dollars a week. A few serve in the university post-office, and receive twenty cents an hour. A messenger system employs a few, and some do clerical work for professors.

Opportunities for women to earn money are less frequent, yet several teach in the evening schools, and several are housekeepers for professors and small student clubs. Some obtain employment in church work, and some in library work. Some find work in the city telephone exchanges, which is extremely hard.

These working students are said to be the best, as a rule, ranking highest in classes and highest in athletics. One associate professor lighted street lamps for eight years.

The president of the class of 1896 at Columbia University earned the money to pay for his course by selling agricultural implements. One of his classmates, by the savings of two years' work as a farm laborer, and money earned by tutoring, writing, and copying done after study hours, not only paid his way through college, but helped to support his aged parents. He believed that he could afford a college training and he got it.

"I'm very glad to see you, for I claim you as an old acquaintance," said Professor Morris, head of the Mechanical Department at Cornell University, greeting Chauncey M. Depew, a visitor there.

"How's that?" asked Mr. Depew.

"I used to work for the New York Central Railroad," was the professor's answer.

"Indeed! In what department?"

"Oh, just in the ranks."

"How did you get on there?" asked Depew.

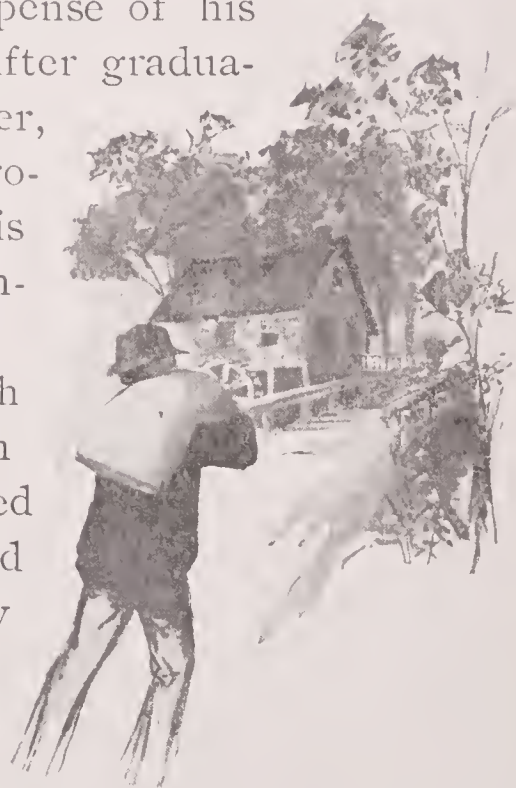
"I was first a fireman on an engine. That was a tough job, but it led up to a position as an engineer. I made up my mind to get an education. I studied at night and fitted myself for Union College, running all the time with my locomotive. I procured books and attended, as far as possible, the lectures and recitations. I kept up with my class, and on the day of graduation I left my locomotive, washed, put on the gown and cap, delivered my thesis, and received my diploma, put the gown and cap in the closet, put on my working shirt, got on my engine, and made my usual run that day."

"Then," said Depew, "I knew how he became Professor Morris. It was simply by doing each duty faithfully as he came to it, and preparing for the next."

A son of poor parents, living in Springfield, New York, worked his way through an academy. This only whetted his appetite for knowledge, and he determined to advance, relying wholly on himself for success. Accordingly, he proceeded to Schenectady, and arranged with a professor of Union College to pay for his tuition by working. He rented a small room, which served for study and home, the expense of his bread-and-milk diet never exceeding fifty cents a week. After graduation, he turned his attention to civil engineering, and, later, to the construction of iron bridges of his own design. He procured many valuable patents, and amassed a fortune. His life was a success, the foundation being self-reliance and integrity.

Orange Judd was a remarkable example of success through grit. He earned corn by working for farmers, carried it on his back to mill, brought back the meal to his room, cooked it himself, milked cows for his pint of milk per day, and lived on mush and milk for months together. He worked his way through Wesleyan University, and took a three years' post-graduate course at Yale.

Twenty-five of the young men graduated at Yale in 1896 paid their way entirely throughout their courses. It seemed as if they left untried no avenue for earning money. Tutoring, copying,





newspaper work, and positions as clerks were well-occupied fields; and painters, drummers, founders, machinists, bicycle agents, and mail carriers were numbered among the twenty-five.

A Lancashire mill boy came to mature years before learning to read. When he set out to fit for college, he showed an astonishing aptitude for the work, and at once earned a prize giving him four hundred dollars a year for four years.

Albert J. Beveridge, the junior United States Senator from Indiana, entered college with no other capital than fifty dollars loaned to him by a friend. He served as steward of a college club, and added to his original fund of fifty dollars by taking the freshman essay prize of twenty-five dollars. In the summer, he returned to work in the Moultrie County harvest fields and broke the wheat-cutting records of the county. He carried his books with him morning, noon, and night, and studied persistently. When he returned to college he began to be recognized as an exceptional man. He had shaped his course and worked to it.

While he attended to the duties which fell to him as steward of a club, he lost no time. He tried to win every prize offered for competitive effort, and won enough money-prizes to pay his college expenses for two years. He won in the state oratorical contest in 1884, and also in the interstate competition at Columbus, Ohio, where he met the champions of all the Mississippi Valley state associations.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, at ten years of age, was a country lad on a backwoods farm on Prince Edward Island.

At thirteen, he had become a clerk in a country store, at a salary of thirty dollars a year.

At eighteen, he was a college student, supporting himself by working in the evenings as a bookkeeper.

At twenty, he had won a scholarship in the University of London in competition with all other Canadian students.

At twenty-five, he was professor of philosophy at Acadia College, Nova Scotia.

At thirty-eight, he was appointed president of Cornell University.

At forty-four, he was chairman of President McKinley's special commission to the Philippines.

President Schurman says of his early life: —

"It is impossible for the boy of to-day, no matter in what part of the country he is brought up, to appreciate the life of Prince Edward Island as it was forty years ago. At that time, it had neither railroads nor daily newspapers, nor any of the dozen other things that are the merest commonplaces nowadays, even to the boys of the country districts. I did not see a railway until late in my teens. I was never inside of a theater until after I was twenty. The only newspaper that came to my

father's house was a little provincial weekly. The only books the house contained were a few standard works,—such as the Bible, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' and a few others of that class. Remember, too, that this was not back at the beginning of the century, but little more than a generation ago, for I was born in the year 1854.

"My father had cleared away the land on which our house stood. He was a poor man, but no poorer than his neighbors. No amount of land, and no amount of work could yield much more than the necessities of life in that time and place. There were eight children in our family, and there was work for all of us.

"Our parents were anxious to have their children acquire at least an elementary education; and so, summer and winter, we tramped the mile and a half that lay between our house and the district school. The snow often fell to the depth of five or six feet on the island, and sometimes, when it was at its worst, our father would drive us all to school in a big sleigh. But no weather was bad enough to keep us away.

"That would be looked upon as a poor kind of school, nowadays, I suppose. The scholars were of all ages; and everything, from A—B—C, to the Rule of Three, was taught by the one teacher. But, whatever may have been its deficiencies, the work of the school was thorough. The teacher was an old-fashioned drillmaster, and whatever he drove into our heads he put there to stay. I went to this school, summer and winter, until I was thirteen, and by that time I had learned to read and write and spell and figure with considerable accuracy.

"At the age of thirteen, I left home. I hadn't formed any definite plans as to my future. I merely wanted to get into a village, and to earn some money.

"My father got me a place in the nearest town,—Summerside,—a village of about one thousand inhabitants. For my first year's work I was to receive thirty dollars and my board. Think of that, young men of to-day! Thirty dollars a year for working from seven in the morning until ten at night! But I was glad to get the place. It was a start in the world, and the little village was like a city to my country eyes.

"From the time I began working in the store until to-day, I have always supported myself, and during all the years of my boyhood I never received a penny that I did not earn myself. At the end of my first year, I went to a larger store in the same town, where I was to receive sixty dollars a year and my board. My salary was doubled; I was getting on swimmingly.

"I kept this place for two years, and then I gave it up, against the wishes of my employer, because I had made up my mind that I wanted to get a better education. I determined to go to college.



"I did not know how I was going to do this, except that it must be by my own efforts. I had saved about eighty dollars from my store-keeping, and that was all the money I had in the world.

"When I told my employer of my plan, he tried to dissuade me from it. He pointed out the difficulties in the way of my going to college, and offered to double my pay if I would stay in the store.

"That was the turning-point in my life. On one side was the certainty of one hundred and twenty dollars a year, and the prospect of promotion as fast as I deserved it. Remember what one hundred and twenty dollars meant on Prince Edward Island, and to me, a poor boy who had never possessed such a sum in his life. On the other side was my hope of obtaining an education. I knew that it involved hard work and self-denial, and there was the possibility of failure in the end. But my mind was made up. I would not turn back. I need not say that I do not regret that early decision, although I think that I should have made a successful storekeeper.

"With my capital of eighty dollars, I began to attend the village high school, to get my preparation for college. I had only one year to do it in. My money would not last longer than that. I recited in Latin, Greek, and algebra, all on the same day, and for the next forty weeks I studied harder than I ever had before or have since. At the end of the year I entered the competitive examination for a scholarship in Prince of Wales College, at Charlottetown, on the Island. I had small hope of winning it, my preparation had been so hasty and incomplete. But when the result was announced, I found that I had not only won the scholarship from my county, but stood first of all the competitors on the Island.

"The scholarship I had won amounted to only sixty dollars a year. It seems little enough, but I can say now, after nearly thirty years, that the winning of it was the greatest success I have ever had. I have had other rewards, which, to most persons, would seem immeasurably greater, but with this difference: that first success was essential; without it I could not have gone on. The others I could have done without, if it had been necessary."

For two years young Schurman attended Prince of Wales College. He lived on his scholarship and what he could earn by keeping books for one of the town storekeepers, spending less than one hundred dollars during the entire college year. Afterward, he taught a country school for a year, and then went to Acadia College in Nova Scotia to complete his course.

One of Mr. Schurman's fellow-students in Acadia says that he was remarkable chiefly for taking every prize to which he was eligible. In his senior year, he learned of a scholarship in the University of London

offered for competition by the students of Canadian colleges. The scholarship paid five hundred dollars a year for three years. The young student in Acadia was ambitious to continue his studies in England, and saw in this offer his opportunity. He tried the examination and won the prize, in competition with the brightest students in the larger Canadian colleges.

During the three years in the University of London, Mr. Schurman became deeply interested in the study of philosophy, and decided that he had found in it his life-work. He was eager to go to Germany to study under the great leaders of philosophic thought. A way was opened for him, through the offer of the Hibbard Society in London, of a traveling fellowship with two thousand dollars a year. The honor men of the great English universities like Oxford and Cambridge were among the competitors, but the poor country boy from Prince Edward Island was again successful, greatly to the surprise of the others.

At the end of his course in Germany, Mr. Schurman, then a Doctor of Philosophy, returned to Acadia College to become a teacher there. Soon afterward, he was called to Dalhousie University, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. In 1886, when a chair of philosophy was established at Cornell, President White, who had once met the brilliant young Canadian, called him to that position. Two years later, Dr. Schurman became dean of the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell; and, in 1892, when the president's chair became vacant, he was placed at the head of the great university. At that time he was only thirty-eight years of age.

President Schurman is a man of great intellectual power, and an inspiring presence. Though one of the youngest college presidents in the country, he is one of the most successful, and under his leadership Cornell has been very prosperous. He is deeply interested in all the affairs of young men, and especially those who, as he did, must make their own way in the world. He said, the other day:—

“Though I am no longer engaged directly in teaching, I should think my work a failure if I did not feel that my influence on the young men with whom I come in contact is as direct and helpful as that of a teacher could be.”

“Can I afford to go to college?” you ask. I have told you the stories of certain bright and well-trained young men who have been graduated from the colleges and universities of the country, and who believed—sincerely, doggedly believed—that a college training was something that they must have. The question of whether or not they could afford it does not appear to have occasioned much hesitancy on their part. It is evident that they did not for one instant think that they could not afford to go to college.



It is but fair to say, however, and to make the statement emphatic, that some students who pay their way through college neglect their studies.

"I have not much faith in the methods of the boys who try to work their way through college by engaging in some occupation during the college year," says a leading college president. "I have known of boys who endeavored to do typewriting and other kinds of work for their fellow-students or for outsiders, after hours, and I found that they were bound to neglect either their work or their study. A man cannot serve two masters, you know. Understand, however, my remarks apply simply to the school year. I believe heartily in every young man working during the vacation period."

The "Saturday Evening Post" sent out questions on this point to the presidents of many American colleges. Twenty representative colleges, with hardly an exception, agree in their replies. The following are fair examples:—

"I do not believe the student can earn his own living and get the best results from the course."

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"It requires a man to do the work of two men; still, some are able to do this each year."

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"In my opinion, the student who pays his way is not necessarily, by means of his money, prevented from attaining the best results, but in nine cases out of ten, fails of those results."

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"In some cases the student paying his own way is prevented from accomplishing the best results; in others he is not."

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"In my opinion, the student who pays his own way is somewhat seriously handicapped in accomplishing the best results. At the same time, I ought to add that many of the best men this institution has graduated have been men who have worked their own way through."

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"Many do well, but they seldom accomplish the *best* results. They get a valuable discipline, however, outside of books."

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"I regard it as, on the whole, a distinct advantage that a student should have to pay his own way in part as a condition of obtaining a college education. It gives a reality and vigor to one's work which is less likely to be obtained by those who are carried through college. I do not regard it, however, as desirable that one should have to work his own way entirely, as the tax upon strength and time is likely to be such as to interfere with scholarship and to undermine health."

"The student who works his way may do it with ease and profit; or he may be seriously handicapped, both by his necessities and the time he is obliged to bestow on outside matters. I have seen the sons of rich men lead in scholarship, and the sons of poor men. Poverty under most of the conditions in which we find it in colleges is a spur. Dartmouth College, I think, furnishes a good example. The greater part of its patronage is from poor men. Without examining the statistics, I should say, from facts that have fallen under my observation, that a larger percentage of Dartmouth men have risen to distinction than those of almost any other American college."

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"If you mean working at some remunerative occupation during his course, we can only say that, as university courses are now arranged, he would not only not get the best results, but would be unable to keep up at all. We give our students very little time for other things than their studies."

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"The student who can come to us with a hundred and seventy-five or two hundred dollars, for the necessary *annual* expenses, seems to me to have the best financial conditions for successful work."

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"Fifty-four per cent of our young men (in Kansas University) are entirely self-supporting, and fifteen per cent of our young women. The minimum expense per year is as low as seventy-five dollars; the average expense is about two hundred."

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"Some of the best men I know worked their way through college. Other first-class men whom I know have broken down by having to work their way. If a man has the physical and intellectual strength, and the grit to make his way alone, he will get as good results as anybody. On the other hand, so far as my observation goes, if a man has a choice between working his own way through college and having his way paid, he would be very unwise not to accept the latter course."

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"The student wholly paying his own way, unless he drops out of college for a year of money-making, is apt to injure his scholarship or his health."

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The danger always is that a student trying to pay his way may impair his health by overwork and lack of good food. The health and temperament of the student have much to do with his college expenses. While one person is so full of vitality, so robustly healthy, that any quality of food and any surroundings are sufficient for him, and satisfactory, another is so delicate or so sensitive that entirely different food and surroundings are, for him, essential, that he may possess and preserve that health and mind poise necessary to good results.

The usual cost of a college education is not so great but that it can be met.



The "Evening Post" reporter, already cited, says: "Information was requested as to the average minimum and maximum expense of students. Selecting forty-five representative colleges and universities, having a student population of somewhat over forty thousand, it appears that the average expense per year is three hundred and four dollars; the average minimum expense, two hundred and seven dollars; the average maximum expense, five hundred and twenty-nine dollars. In some of the smaller colleges the minimum expense per year is from seventy-five dollars to one hundred and ten dollars. There are many who get along on an expenditure of from one hundred and fifty dollars to two hundred dollars per year, while the maximum expense rises in but few instances above one thousand dollars.

"In Western and Southern colleges the averages are lower. For example, eighteen well-known Western colleges and universities have a general average expense of two hundred and forty-two dollars per year, while fourteen as well-known Eastern institutions give an average expense of four hundred and forty-four dollars."

I have arranged in alphabetical order certain representative colleges, giving statistics of expense. Some of these I have gathered from the New York "Tribune." If you write to any college, you will receive detailed information in printed form.

Amherst makes a free gift of the tuition to prospective ministers; has one hundred tuition scholarships for other students of good character, habits, and standing; has some free rooms; makes loans at low rates; students have chances to earn money at tutoring, table-waiting, shorthand, care of buildings, newspaper correspondence, agencies for laundries, sale of books, etc. Five hundred dollars a year will defray all necessary expenses.

Bowdoin has eighty scholarships, fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars a year; "no limits placed on habits or social privileges of recipients"; students getting employment in the library or laboratories can earn about one-fourth of their expenses; these will be, for the college year, three hundred dollars to four hundred dollars.

Brown University has a hundred tuition scholarships and a loan fund; often remits room rent in return for services about the college buildings; requires studiousness and economy in the case of assisted students. Some students earn money in various ways. The average yearly expenditure is five hundred dollars.

The cost at Columbia University averages five hundred and forty-seven dollars, the lowest being three hundred and eighty-seven dollars. The college year is thirty-two weeks, and twelve dollars a week is needed. A great many students who know how to get on in a great city work their way through Columbia.

Cornell University gives free tuition and free rooms to seniors and juniors of good standing in their studies and of good habits. It has thirty-six two-year scholarships (two hundred dollars), for freshmen, won by success in competitive examination. It has also five hundred and twelve state tuition scholarships. Many students support themselves in part by waiting on table, by shorthand, newspaper work, etc. A few pay their way entirely. The average yearly expenditure per student is five hundred dollars.

Dartmouth has nearly three hundred scholarships; those above fifty dollars conditioned on class rank; some rooms at nominal rents; requirements, economy and total abstinence; work of one sort or another to be had by needy students; a few get through on less than two hundred and fifty dollars a year; several extravagant fellows spend more than five hundred dollars; average expenditure, about four hundred dollars.

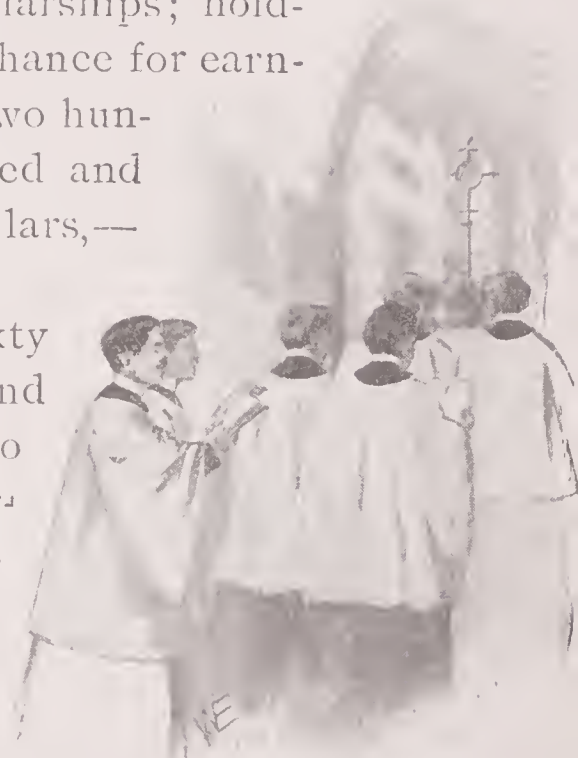
Hamilton College has no loan fund; fifty tuition scholarships; holders of these must be "faithful and orderly"; hardly any chance for earning money while in college; some boys get through on two hundred dollars a year; it costs the majority from two hundred and seventy-three dollars to three hundred and eighty dollars,—clothes extra.

Harvard has two hundred and sixty scholarships, sixty dollars to four hundred dollars apiece; large beneficiary and loan funds, distributed or loaned in sums of forty dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars to needy and promising undergraduates; freshmen (usually) barred; a faculty employment committee; some students earning money as stenographers, typewriters, reporters, private tutors, clerks, canvassers, and singers; yearly expenditure (exclusive of clothes, washing, books, and stationery, laboratory charges, membership in societies, subscriptions and service), three hundred and fifty-eight dollars to one thousand and thirty-five dollars.

The University of Michigan reports small tuition fees, thirty dollars to forty-five dollars; a few free scholarships, "no requirements"; many students at work for themselves in the city; yearly expenditures, three hundred dollars to six hundred dollars.

The University of Pennsylvania last year gave three hundred and fifteen students forty-three thousand, two hundred and forty-two dollars in free scholarships and fellowships; no requirement except good standing. No money loaned, no free rooms. Many students support themselves in part, and a few wholly. The average expenditure per year, exclusive of clothes, railway fares, etc., is four hundred and fifty dollars.

The average yearly expenses of the class of 1896, at Princeton, were \$698.78. The minimum expenditure was one hundred and ninety-five





dollars. Seventeen men of the class supported themselves entirely during their course, and forty-six partially.

Rochester University has free tuition scholarships, and makes loans (without interest) to needy students of good standing; abundant opportunities for earning money by collecting bills, waiting on table, taking care of furnaces, etc.; a total yearly expenditure of three hundred dollars to four hundred dollars, covering everything.

Leland Stanford, Junior, University reports a nominal yearly tuition fee, twenty dollars; average yearly expenditure of students, exclusive of clothing and railway fare, two hundred and twenty-five dollars to three hundred dollars; no loan funds, no free rooms, no free scholarships; a faculty committee to assist students in getting work to do; "very many make their own way."

Syracuse University has many tuition scholarships; makes loans; "no special exactions"; one professor helps needy students to get work; yearly expenditure (clothes not included), two hundred and fifty dollars to four hundred dollars.

Union College reports many tuition scholarships and ten fifty dollars to one hundred dollars prize scholarships; beneficiaries required to maintain high rank in their classes; students who have employment just about earn their board. Besides clothes and railway fares, their college year costs them two hundred and eighty dollars to four hundred dollars.

Wesleyan University remits tuition wholly or in part to two-thirds of its undergraduates. Loan funds are available. "Beneficiaries must be frugal in habits, total abstainers, and maintain good standing and conduct." Many students are self-supporting, thirty-five per cent of the whole undergraduate body earning money. The yearly expenditure is three hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Yale is pretty well off now for fellowships and prizes; remits all but forty dollars of term bills, in case of worthy students, regular in attendance and studious; many such students earning money for themselves; average yearly expenditure, about six hundred dollars.

"I suppose that a fourth of the girls in Oberlin College to-day are doing something to pay their own way or are using money which they earned before coming," says President Barrows, and, though he adds that "It is usually funds obtained by teaching before entering the institution or during vacations that help the college girl," yet self-supporting students have come to be so common at Oberlin that the town has become to some extent dependent upon them for the performance of many classes of duties. Many of the girls pay for room and board by domestic service in the boarding-houses and in Oberlin homes. For the girl who seeks to economize by boarding herself, provision is made in Keep Hall, where rooms are to be had at fifty cents a week, and

where, with careful planning, weekly expenses, including room rent, light, fuel, and food, can be brought down to about a dollar and a half, or even a dollar. The price of board, both in the college houses and in the town, ranges but from three to six dollars a week.

The number of girls in the University of Michigan who are paying their own way is large. "Most of them," says Dr. Eliza M. Mosher, woman's dean of the college, "have earned the money by teaching. It is not unusual for students to come here for two years and go away for a time, in order to earn money to complete the course. Some of our most worthy graduates have done this. Some lighten their expenses by waiting on tables in boarding-houses, thus paying for their board. Others get room and board in the homes of professors by giving, daily, three hours of service about the house. A few take care of children, two or three hours a day, in the families of the faculty. One young woman, who is especially brave and in good earnest, worked as a chambermaid on a lake steamer last year and hurried away this year to do the same. It is her aim to earn one hundred dollars. With this sum, and a chance to pay for room and board by giving service, she will pay the coming year's expenses. Because it is especially difficult to obtain good servants in this inland town, there are a few people who are glad to give the college girls such employment."

Housework is also a favorite means of self-help among the girl students of the University of California.

"It is my opinion," says Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College, "that, if a girl with average intelligence and energy wishes a college education, she can obtain it. As far as I know, the girls who have earned money to pay their way through college, at least in part, have accomplished it by tutoring, typewriting or stenography. Some of them earn pin-money while in college by tutoring, typewriting, sewing, summer work in libraries and offices, and in various little ways such as putting up lunches, taking care of rooms, executing commissions, and newspaper work. There are not many opportunities at Mount Holyoke to earn large amounts of money, but pin-money may be acquired in many little ways by a girl of ingenuity."

The system of compulsory domestic service obtaining now at Mount Holyoke — whereby, in return for thirty, or at the most, fifty minutes a day of light household labor, every student reduces her college expenses by a hundred dollars or a hundred and fifty,— was formerly in use at Wellesley: now, however, it is confined there to two cottages. It has no foothold at Bryn Mawr, Smith, and Vassar, or at the affiliated colleges, Barnard and Radcliffe.

At city colleges, like the two last mentioned, board and lodging cost more than in the country; and in general it is more difficult for a girl to



pay any large part of her expenses through her own efforts and carry on her college work at the same time.

A number of girls in Barnard are, however, paying for their clothes, books, car fares, etc., by doing what work they can find. Tutoring in Barnard is seldom available for the undergraduates, because the lists are always full of experienced teachers, who can be engaged by the hour. Typewriting is one of the favorite resources. One student has done particularly well as agent for a firm that makes college caps and gowns. Another girl, a Russian Jewess, from the lower East Side, New York City, runs a little "sweat shop," where she keeps a number of women busy making women's wrappers and children's dresses. She has paid all the expenses of her education in this way.

In Radcliffe, the employment bureau existing, in one form or another, in almost all of our colleges, does not limit its efforts to finding employment for the girls simply among their fellow-students, but tries also to secure it among families in Cambridge and Boston.

"Do any of your students work their way through?" was asked of a Bryn Mawr authority.

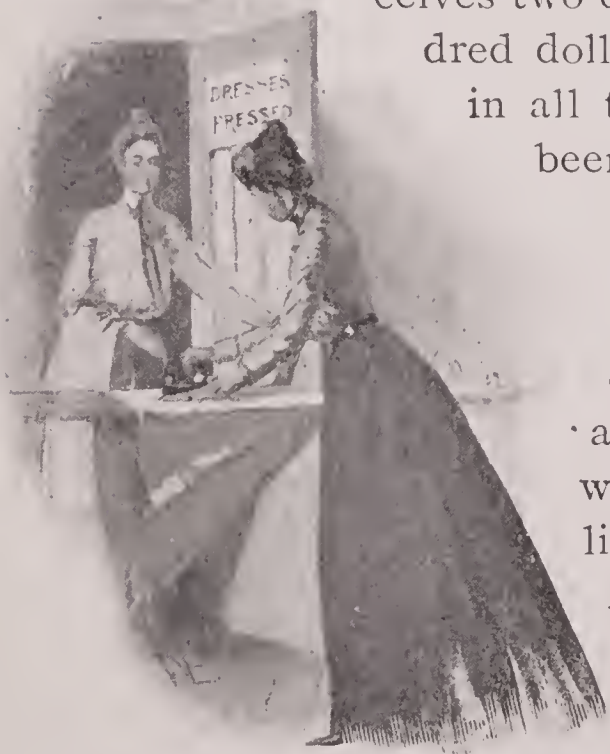
"Some,—to a certain extent," was the reply; "but not many. The lowest entire expenses of a year, are four hundred dollars, and that may be raised to five hundred and fifty dollars. This amount includes positively everything. Two girls may pay part of their expenses by taking charge of the library, and by selling stationery; another, by distributing the mail, and others by 'tutoring.' Those who 'tutor' receive a dollar, a dollar and a half, and sometimes a very good one receives two dollars and a half, a lesson. But to make up four hundred dollars in a college year, and at the same time to keep up in all the studies, is almost impossible, and so far, has not been done. Yet several are able to pay half their way."

A similar question put to a Vassar student brought the following response:—

"Why, yes, I know a girl who has a sign on the door of her room,—'dresses pressed,'—and she earns a good deal of money, too. Of course, there are many wealthy girls here who are always having something like that done, and who are willing to pay well for it. And so this girl makes a large sum of money, evenings and on Saturdays. I think there are two or three other girls here who do that, too."

"There are two girls who are agents for two of the great manufacturers of chocolate creams.

"The girl that plays the piano for the exercises in the gymnasium is paid for that, and some of the girls paint and make fancy articles,



which they sell here, or send to the stores in New York, to be sold. Some of them write for the newspapers and magazines, too, and still others have pupils in music, etc., in Poughkeepsie. Yes, there are a great many girls who manage to pay most of their expenses."

Typewriting, tutoring, assistance rendered in library or laboratory or office, furnish help to many a girl who wishes to help herself, in nearly every college. Beside these standard employments, teaching in evening schools occasionally offers a good opportunity for steady eking out of means.

In many colleges there is opportunity for a girl with taste and cunning fingers to act as a dressmaker, repairer, and general refurnisher to students with generous allowances. Orders for gymnasium suits and swimming suits mean good profits. The reign of the shirt-waist has been a boon to many, for the well-dressed girl was never known to have enough pretty ones, and by a judicious display of attractive samples she is easily tempted to enlarge her supply. Then, too, any girl who is at all deft in the art of sewing can make a shirt-waist without a professional knowledge of cutting and fitting.

A unique department in the University of California is the Hearst Domestic Industry, a sewing-school for college women. The excellent work done by the girls enrolled finds its way even into Eastern markets.

One bright girl, as she was studying the problem of how to go to college, with her gaze fixed on the toe of her boot, discovered the answer right there; and a room, furnished with all the appurtenances for cleansing and blackening ladies' boots and shoes, is putting into her purse the money for her first year at Vassar.

An amateur dancing class at Smith and at Vassar turns the loved accomplishment of a few blithe girls into silver, welcome to their pocket-books.

Girls who paint and embroider prettily, and especially those with some inventive genius, sometimes find their spare hours filled with orders for Christmas, birthday, and holiday gifts, and "favors" for many occasions. In the Smith College gymnasium is a bulletin board devoted to advertisements of such work—comprising everything from bedroom slippers to blue-prints, from college calendars to sofa-cushions; from burnt-work knickknacks to ridiculous nothings.

Concerning a girl who does a thriving trade in shirt-waists, Miss Alice K. Fallows says:—

"This is only one of her many devices for turning an honest penny. Before Christmas she displayed a novelty which tickled the fancy of the students immensely. The foundation was a simple pecan nut, but out of it she made every known variety of man, from a Hottentot to a Yale student. She was kept as busy as a bee supplying orders, and as a



result of her labors was able to face with equanimity an idle Christmas vacation.

"During the first years of her college course this enterprising young woman was supplied with a liberal income of her own, and, being clever and original as well, she soon became one of the most popular girls in college. Then her father failed and she came back to college almost penniless, but determined to have her A. B. in any case. She developed a wonderful sense of knowing what was needed at a given moment and of supplying it if it lay in her power. Her commercial career has proved as interesting to watch as the development of a good detective story. Her friends never knew what to expect of her next, and, far from deserting her, they have flocked about her in greater numbers than ever. The faculty approves of her heartily, and the most exclusive literary society has testified to her value by opening its doors wide to her.

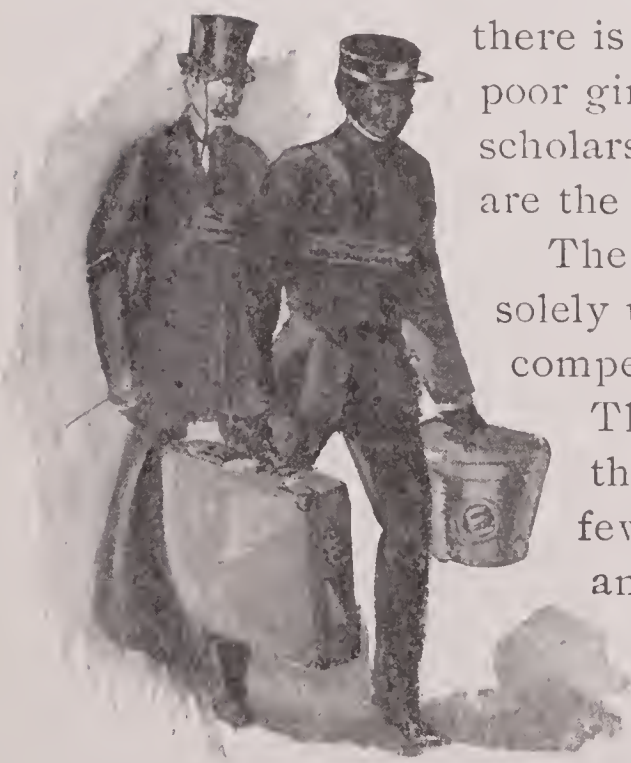
"This particular girl, in her successful attempt to earn money, is only one of a much larger population of college students, partially self-supporting, at least, than people outside of college walls have any idea of. Every year clever girls are finding some unexpected way of earning money, and in many colleges the students themselves have a lending fund to help out the efforts of their meritorious college-mates. These organizations also often do excellent work by forming a link between supply and demand and bringing to the notice of girls who need certain work done the students who will do it, making of themselves, as it were, a kind of benevolent intelligence office."

It may be added that these self-helping young women are not thought any less of than their richer companions. In college democracy, favoritism on the score of wealth is frowned on. Given brains and character, there is no limit but her own capacity to the college status the poor girl may aspire to. Her brains may or may not win her scholarships; at all events, her character and native talents are the gauge of her success.

The colored young women of the South, who must depend solely upon their own exertions to obtain an education, are compelled to overcome almost insurmountable difficulties.

These people have made much material progress since the war, but they are yet very poor, and comparatively few parents can help their children through academies and universities.

President Meserve, of Shaw University, founded in 1865 for the education of the freedmen, says: "The majority of the young men in our college and professional departments pay their way by their own exertions. They go North during the long summer vacation, and find steady and



remunerative employment as porters on parlor and sleeping cars, on steamers, and as waiters in summer hotels. But during the summer months, the colored young women have no opportunities for self-help. Those living in the country help their parents to raise a crop. After they have gained sufficient education to pass the county examinations, they obtain positions to teach school. The salary paid, however, is low, and, as the country school is usually open only during the winter months, the teacher is thrown out of employment during the summer. There are examples of heroic self-sacrifice among our young women, many of whom have endured numerous hardships to spend even a year at Shaw. Some of these come one year, and are, perhaps, out for two succeeding ones before resuming their studies."

At the Normal College in New York City, a number of girls are entirely self-supporting. One of them, a girl who ranked among the highest in the city superintendent's examination last year, earned more than necessary expenses by private tutoring. An admirable student in all respects, she prepared her lessons for the following day in two and a half hours, and spent three and a half hours five days a week, besides all day Saturday, in helping backward schoolmates at one dollar an hour. Two other girls, Russian Jewesses, work every afternoon from three until seven o'clock making men's neckties, and give the remaining part of the evening to their studies. Regarding these self-supporting students, Dr. Hunter says: "The college work of these girls is sometimes better done than by others who are favored in every way by having educated parents, libraries, and their own quiet rooms in which to study."

Dr. Hunter stated that the health of girls who are doing double work is watched anxiously, but that it is most unusual for girls to break down, those who are unable to bear the strain seldom undertaking it.

The matter of physical strength is, of course, one of vital importance, and one which puts a grave aspect upon the whole question of a girl's attempting to pay her way while pursuing her studies. The advisability of such a course, from several points of view, has been variously discussed.

"I should not be prepared," said President Schurman, of Cornell, "to say that any girl with average intelligence and energy can obtain a college education for herself if she really wants it. Women's work is so poorly paid that it is hard for her to save. Besides, it is difficult for a girl to find work while she is studying. At the same time, many women do wholly or partly depend on themselves to pay their way. Usually, however, they have friends by whom funds are loaned to pay the first year's expenses. Then the students leave to teach for one, two or more years, saving what they can, and returning from year to year, as it is possible. I have known one of these women to take ten years to complete a four years' course."



"It is not easy," says the women's dean at the University of Michigan, "to carry full college work and earn a living besides. More than one who has attempted it has failed in her college work from lack of time and physical endurance. We advise girls to earn their money before coming here, rather than take college time for it. Men are better able than they to do both."

"The student paying her own way at Vassar College, taking all things into consideration, is not prevented thereby from accomplishing the best results. It depends upon the student whether an unlimited supply of money is a handicap. There is no difference between students of equal abilities, the one with much, the other with little money, both having temptations."

"We have never had a student who has earned her entire way through Bryn Mawr, and at the same time maintained our usual high standard of work, but we have had students who have been able to earn part of their expenses."

"A student who pays her own way is generally prevented from accomplishing at Smith College the best results, as she is apt, thereby, to impoverish her mental and physical force."

"Most of the students at Barnard College who are obliged to depend on themselves were teachers for several years before entering, and find their studies all that they are physically able to endure."

"In my opinion, the student at Radcliffe who pays her own way while studying cannot accomplish the best results."

Looked at upon all sides, probably the most satisfactory way of self-help in getting an education—leaving out the question of scholarships, which, helpful as they are, fall of course far below the number of applicants—is to earn while you earn, and study while you study. Still, let the girl with ambition and pluck and perseverance and a good supply of health and the wisdom to preserve it, in the face of all odds, take heart, and earn and study together, if she sees no other way. To such a girl, the struggle will carry its own lessons of permanent worth.

West of the Alleghanies a college education is accessible to all classes. In most of the state universities tuition is almost free. In Kansas, for example, board and a room can be had for twelve dollars a month; the college fees are five dollars a year, while the average expenditure of the students does not exceed two hundred dollars per annum. In Ohio, the State University has abolished all tuition fees; and most of the denominational colleges demand fees even lower than were customary in New England half a century ago. Partly by reason of the cheapness of a college education in Ohio, that state now sends more students to college than all of New England. Yet if the total cost is less in the West, on the other hand, the opportunities for self-help are correspondingly more

in the East. Every young man or woman should weigh the matter well before concluding that a college education is out of the question.

"Self-help, self-reliance, and self-denial in gaining educational advantages, go far to strengthen a young man for the struggle of life, which is becoming more intense for each generation," says a writer in a Virginia college paper. "More and more will men realize the force of the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest; and the young man who learns to help himself at college will thereby be all the better fitted for the competitions of active life."

"If a man empties his purse into his head," says Franklin, "no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

A DESIRE of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.



## GETTING AN EDUCATION IN SPITE OF DIFFICULTIES

BUT try, I urge,—the trying shall suffice;  
The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

LIFE is a leaf of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.  
Greatly begin! Though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime,—  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—J. R. LOWELL.

MORALITY, when vigorously alive, sees farther than intellect, and provides  
unconsciously for intellectual difficulties.

—J. H. FROUDE.

WE EXCUSE our sloth under the pretext of difficulty.—QUINTILIAN.

I ATTEMPT a different work; but there is no excellence without difficulty.

—OVID.

TO THE stars through difficulties.—MOTTO OF KANSAS.

OUR doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we 'oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Duke of Argyll, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and, thinking that it had been brought from his library, called some one to take it back.

“It belongs to me, your Grace,” said the gardener’s son, stepping up.

“You!” cried the duke, “do you understand geometry and Latin?”

“I know a little of them,” answered the boy, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the sciences, began to talk to the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

“But how came you to know so much?” asked the duke.

“One of the servants taught me to read,” answered the lad. “One does not need to know anything more than the twenty-six letters in order to learn everything else one wishes.”

But the nobleman wished to know more about the matter.

“After I learned to read,” said the boy, “the mason came to work on your house. I noticed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations. What were the meaning and use of these? I asked, and they told me of a science called arith-

metic. I bought an arithmetic, and studied it well. Then they told me there was another science called geometry. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are content to waste their time on the first two or three rounds, without pluck or perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up! if you wish to know more, and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in this world. If you are a poor boy, and need a little encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, that you will find the way, just as the gardener's son did afterward by the aid of the Duke of Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his studies, and became a distinguished mathematician.

"I stand before you a self-educated man," said William Chambers, of Edinburgh, the well-known author and publisher, speaking before an assemblage of young men in that city. "My education was that which is supplied at the humble parish schools of Scotland; and it was only when I went to Edinburgh, a poor boy, that I devoted my evenings, after the labors of the day, to the cultivation of that intellect which the Almighty has given me. From seven or eight in the morning till nine or ten at night I was at my business as a bookseller's apprentice, and it was only during hours after these, stolen from sleep, that I could devote myself to study. I assure you that I did not read novels; my attention was devoted to physical science, and other useful matters. During that period, I taught myself French. I look back to those times with great pleasure, and am almost sorry I have not to go through the same troubles again. I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amidst all the elegancies and comforts of a parlor."

The power of a resolute purpose was illustrated in the Hebrew professor at Cambridge, England, Dr. Lee. Educated at a charity school, he was so dull that the master could scarcely endure the sight of him. He was apprenticed to a carpenter, but spent every leisure hour in reading. He was so curious to know the meaning of the Latin quotations which he met that he bought a Latin grammar, rose early, and sat up late, that he might learn the language.

Once, while working in a church, he noticed a Greek Testament, which he was so curious to learn to read that he sold his Latin books and bought a Greek grammar and lexicon. After he learned Greek, he sold his Greek books and bought Hebrew. After he learned Hebrew, he sold those books and bought books in the Chaldee and Syriac languages. But the strain of his overwork nearly ruined his health and his eyes. His chest of carpenter's tools was burned, and want stared his



family in the face. He sold his books to buy bread. Too poor to buy more carpenter's tools, the great linguist began to teach children their letters; but he was so deficient in elementary branches that he had to learn them as he went along.

His reputation as the learned carpenter soon attracted attention, and he got the mastership of a charity school. From this he went onward and upward. No obstacle could daunt him, no opposition stop him. He was elected professor of Hebrew and Arabic in Queen's College, Cambridge. He became a very noted scholar, and translated the Bible into several Asiatic dialects.

"A young man," observes Sir Robert Kane, "wanting to sell spectacles in London, petitions the corporation to allow him to open a little shop without paying the fees of freedom, and is refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the corporation refuses him there. He makes the acquaintance of some members of the University, who find him very intelligent, and permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he busies himself at intervals in taking apart and remaking all the machines he can obtain. He finds there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages; he borrows a dictionary, and in his leisure hours learns those languages to read those books. The professors, as well as the students of the University, wonder at him, and are fond of dropping into his little room in the evenings to tell him what they are doing, and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the University collection wants repairing and he is employed. He makes it a new machine. The steam-engine is constructed later, and the giant mind of Watt stands out before the world,—the author of the industrial supremacy of his country, the herald of a new force in civilization. But Watt was educated! Where was he educated? At his own workshop and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans as he used lathes and levers.

"All the inventions and improvements of recent times, if measured by their effects upon the condition of society, sink into insignificance when compared with the extraordinary results which have followed the employment of steam as a mechanical agent. To one individual, the illustrious James Watt, the merit and honor of having first rendered it extensively available for that purpose are preeminently due."

Michael Faraday was a poor boy, son of a blacksmith, who apprenticed him at the age of thirteen to a bookbinder in London. When binding the "Encyclopedia Britannica," his eyes caught the article on electricity, and he could not rest until he had read it. He procured a

glass vial, an old pan, and a few simple articles, and began to experiment. A customer became interested in the boy, and took him to hear Sir Humphry Davy lecture on chemistry. He summoned courage to write the great scientist and sent the notes he had taken of his lecture. One night, not long after, just as Michael was about to retire, Sir Humphry Davy's carriage stopped at his humble lodging, and a servant handed him a written invitation to call upon the great lecturer the next morning. Michael could scarcely trust his eyes as he read the note from the great Davy. In the morning he called as requested, and was engaged to clean instruments and take them to and from the lecture-room. He watched eagerly every movement of Davy, as he developed his safety-lamp and experimented with dangerous explosives, with a glass mask over his face. Michael studied and experimented, too, and it was not long before this poor boy, with no opportunities, was invited to lecture before the great philosophical society. He was appointed professor at the Royal Academy at Woolwich, and became the wonder of the age in science. Tyndall said of him, "He is the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen." When Sir Humphry Davy was asked what was his greatest discovery, he replied, "Michael Faraday."

If you wished to learn to write, would you have the patience shown by Murray, the linguist, who made a pen for himself out of a stem of heather, sharpening it in the fire, and for a copy-book used a worn-out wool-card? If you wished to learn English grammar, would you pay the price Cobbett paid, who learned it while he was making a sixpence a day, sometimes with no light but the winter fire, from which he was often crowded away, and who was reduced almost to starvation if he but spent a penny for pens or paper?

Self-help has accomplished about all the great things of the world. How many young men falter, faint, and dally with their purpose, because they have no capital to start with, and wait and wait for some good luck to give them a lift. But success is the child of drudgery and perseverance. It cannot be coaxed or bribed; pay the price and it is yours.

Where is the boy to-day who has less chance to rise in the world than Elihu Burritt, apprenticed at sixteen to a blacksmith, in whose shop he had to work at the forge all the daylight, and often by candle light? Yet, he managed, by studying with a book before him at his meals, carrying it in his pocket that he might utilize every spare moment, and studying nights and holidays, to pick up an excellent education in the odds and ends of time which most boys throw away. While the rich boy and the idler were yawning and stretching and getting their eyes open, young Burritt had seized the opportunity and improved it.

He had a thirst for knowledge and a desire for self-improvement, which overcame every obstacle in his pathway. A wealthy gentleman



offered to pay his expenses at Harvard. But no, Elihu said he could get his education himself, even though he had to work twelve or fourteen hours a day at the forge. Here was a determined boy. He snatched every spare moment at the anvil and forge as if it were gold. He believed, with Gladstone, that thrift of time would repay him in after years with usury, and that waste of it would make him dwindle. Think of a boy working nearly all the daylight in a blacksmith shop, and yet finding time to study seven languages in a single year.

"The proudest moment of my life," said he, "was when I had first gained the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of Homer's 'Iliad.' I took a short triumphal walk, in favor of that exploit."

In a diary kept at Worcester, whither he went some ten years later to enjoy its library privileges, are such entries as these: "Monday, June 18, headache, 40 pages Cuvier's 'Theory of the Earth,' 64 pages French, 11 hours' forging. Tuesday, June 19, 60 lines Hebrew, 30 Danish, 10 lines Bohemian, 9 lines Polish, 15 names of stars, 10 hours' forging. Wednesday, June 20, 25 lines Hebrew, 8 lines Syriac, 11 hours' forging." He mastered eighteen languages and thirty-two dialects. At thirty years of age he was master of every important language in Europe and was studying those of Asia. He became eminent as the "Learned Blacksmith," and for his noble work in the service of humanity. Edward Everett said of the manner in which this boy with no chance acquired great learning: "It is enough to make one who has good opportunities for education hang his head in shame."

"I was born in poverty," said Vice-president Henry Wilson. "Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and, at the end of eleven years of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. I never spent the sum of one dollar for pleasure, counting every penny from the time I was born till I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. . . . In the first month after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove a team, and cut mill-logs. I rose in the morning before daylight and worked hard until after dark, and received the magnificent sum of six dollars for the month's work! Each of these dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks to-night."

Mr. Wilson determined to never lose an opportunity for self-culture or self-advancement. Few men knew so well the value of spare moments. He seized them as if they were gold and would not let one pass until he had wrung from it every possibility. He managed to read a thousand good books before he was twenty-one — what a lesson for boys

on a farm! When he left the farm he started on foot for Natick, Massachusetts, over one hundred miles distant, to learn the cobbler's trade. He went through Boston that he might see Bunker Hill monument and other historical landmarks. The whole trip cost him but one dollar and six cents. In a year he was at the head of a debating club at Natick. Before eight years had passed, he made his great speech against slavery, in the Massachusetts Legislature. Twelve years later he stood shoulder to shoulder with the polished Sumner in Congress. With him, every occasion was a great occasion. He ground every circumstance of his life into material for success.

Lincoln is probably the most remarkable example on the pages of history, showing the possibilities of our country. From the poverty in which he was born, through the rowdyism of a frontier town, the rudeness of frontier society, the discouragement of early bankruptcy and the fluctuations of popular politics, he rose to the championship of union and freedom.

He was born, February 12, 1809, in a rude hut near the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in what is now La Rue County, Kentucky. His father was Thomas Lincoln, a carpenter, and his mother, Nancy Hanks. The cabin had but one room, a large outside chimney at one end, no windows, and only a rough door, yet it was as good as most of the Kentucky homes of that day.

When Abraham was seven years old, his father moved to Indiana, where for a long time the family lived in another cabin of one room, which, although it had a loft above, had no window, door or floor, no deerskin before the entrance, no oiled paper over the opening for light. The table and chairs were rude slabs of wood with holes bored in them for the sticks which did duty as legs. The bedstead consisted of two poles held up by posts at one end, and driven into holes bored into a log of the cabin wall at the other.

"Mr. Lincoln spoke of his childhood as a happy one," said Leonard Swett. "There was nothing of sadness, or pinching, nothing of want and no allusion to want in any part of his story. His own description of his youth was that of a joyous, happy boyhood. He told the story with mirth and glee, and illustrated it by pointed anecdotes, often interrupted by his jocund laugh."

"And he was right," says Ida M. Tarbell in "McClure's Magazine." "There was nothing ignoble or mean in this Indiana pioneer life. It was rude, but with only the rudeness which the ambitious are willing to endure in order to push on to a better condition than they otherwise could know. These people did not accept their hardships apathetically. They did not regard them as permanent. They were only temporary deprivations necessary in order to accomplish what they had come into the



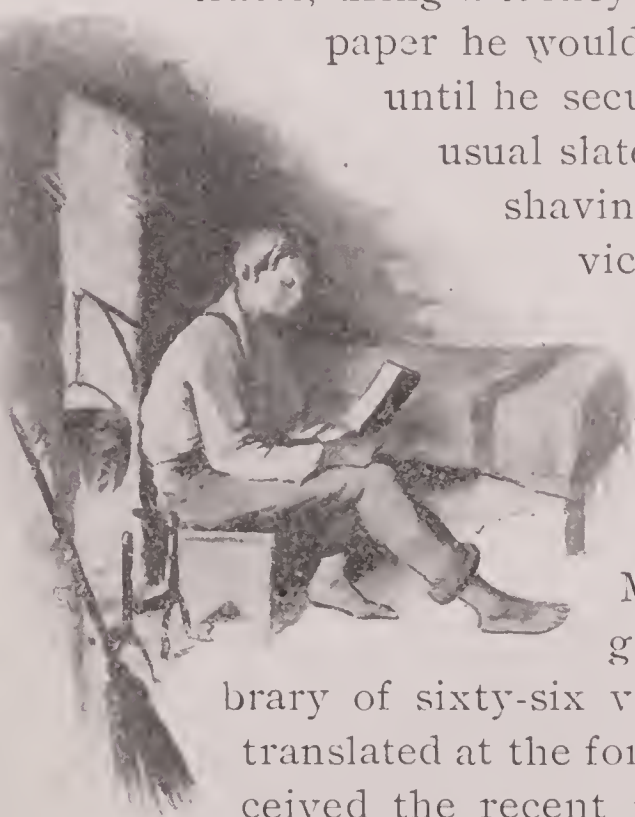
country to do. For this reason they endured hopefully all that was hard. It is worth notice, too, that there was nothing belittling in their life; there was no pauperism, no shirking. Each family provided for its own simple wants, and had the conscious dignity which comes from being equal to a situation. If their lives lacked culture and refinement, they were rich in independence and self-reliance."

"The world will never cease to marvel at the remarkable contrast presented by certain phases of Mr. Lincoln's life," says Jesse W. Weik in the "Youth's Companion." "Perhaps people a hundred years hence will hesitate to believe that the speech at Gettysburg battle-field and the inaugural address delivered from the portico of the Capitol at Washington, March 4, 1865, were written by a man whose school days, all told, 'did not amount to one year,' and who was 'never inside of a college or academy building' till after he had become a practising lawyer, in his twenty-eighth year."

"I induced my husband to permit Abe to read and study at home, as well as at school," said his stepmother. "At first he was not easily reconciled to the idea of having the boy spend so much time on books; but finally, he, too, seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always, and we took particular care, when he was reading, not to disturb him,—we would let him read on till he quit of his own accord."

"No newspaper ever escaped him," says Miss Tarbell in McClure's "Early Life of Lincoln." "From everything he read he made long extracts, using a turkey-buzzard pen and brier-root ink. When he had no paper he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections until he secured a copy-book. The wooden fire-shovel was his usual slate, and on its back he ciphered with a charred stick, shaving it off when covered. The logs and boards in his vicinity he filled with his figures and quotations. By night he read and worked as long as there was light, and he kept a book in the crack of the logs in his loft, to have it at hand at peep of day."

"The books within his reach were few, but they were among the best," said Hamilton Wright Mabie. "First and foremost was that collection of great literature in prose and verse, the Bible: a library of sixty-six volumes, presenting nearly every literary form, and translated at the fortunate moment when the English language had received the recent impress of its greatest masters of the speech of imagination. This literature Mr. Lincoln knew intimately, familiarly, fruitfully; as Shakespeare knew it in an earlier version, and as Tennyson knew it, and was deeply influenced by it in the form in which it entered



into and trained Lincoln's imagination. Then there was that wise and very human text-book of the knowledge of character and life, 'Æsop's Fables'; that masterpiece of clear presentation, 'Robinson Crusoe'; and that classic of pure English, 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' These four books — in the hands of a meditative boy, who read until the last ember went out on the hearth, began again when the earliest light reached his bed in the loft of the log cabin, who perched himself on a stump, book in hand, at the end of every furrow in the plowing season — contained the elements of a movable university.

"To these must be added many volumes borrowed from more fortunate neighbors; for he had 'read through every book he had heard of in that country for a circuit of fifty miles.' A history of the United States and a copy of Weems's 'Life of Washington' laid the foundation of his political education. That he read with his imagination as well as with his eyes is clear from certain words spoken in the senate chamber at Trenton in 1861. 'May I be pardoned,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'if, on this occasion, I mention that way back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the members have ever seen,—Weems's "Life of Washington." I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country; and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time,—all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how those early impressions last longer than any others.'"

In another log cabin, in the backwoods of Ohio, a poor widow is holding a boy eighteen months old, and wondering if she will be able to keep the wolf from her little ones. The boy grows, and in a few years we find him chopping wood and tilling the little clearing in the forest, to help his mother. Every spare hour is spent in studying the books he has borrowed, but cannot buy. At sixteen he gladly accepts a chance to drive mules on a canal towpath.

Did Garfield sit still and dream of the days when his ideal should be fulfilled? If that had been his spirit and quality, he would have spent his whole life on the towpath. But he labored persistently, studied hard, and "made things happen," instead of "waiting for something to turn up." When he wanted to improve his education at the seminary,





he cut wood for fifty days in order to make fifty dollars to meet the expense. When he desired still higher culture, he became bell-ringer and general sweeper at the institute, so that he might pay his way. And when he went at last to college, he managed by strenuous purpose and unflinching industry, to do in three years what most men could hardly accomplish in six. A man like that can do anything. It was as easy for Garfield to be President as to be a mule-driver,—because he was always fitting himself for nobler service and more splendid achievement. He was a man of great dreams and lofty ideals, and he had the indomitable will which enabled him to realize and accomplish them.

In 1893, when eighteen years of age, a blind boy of German parentage was admitted as a freshman at the University of Texas, readily passing examinations. His delicate physique forbade him to do full work while in the university, and, therefore, his university course covered a period of five years. In that time he completed courses in English, history, German, French, mathematics, physics, political science, philosophy, and Latin. "The record books of the university," said the Austin "Statesman," "show that young Dohmen ranks clearly above any of his classmates in a graduating class of more than one hundred students from all departments."

Dr. George Bruce Halstead, head professor of mathematics in the University of Texas, said of him: "Mr. Dohmen has not only finished the regular course in mathematics, including differential and integral calculus and the theory of complex variables, but, as a postgraduate in mathematics, he has taken projective geometry, and is now finishing an extended course in non-Euclidean geometry, being the only blind person that ever studied this unusual subject. His thinking in mathematics is remarkably vigorous." Yet he has been blind since his sixth year.

His undergraduate course, being largely prescribed, rendered specialization impossible for the time being, in any other department than mathematics. Yet he is greatly interested in philosophy and political science. Mr. Dohmen's aptitude in learning languages is hardly less than his power of mastering abstruse mathematical demonstrations. He writes and speaks English and German, reads French, and is a thorough Latin scholar.

He held a membership in the university in the Chi Phi fraternity. He attended student banquets, and got as much fun out of their jollifications as the most light hearted. He was fond of the theater, and was frequently seen there. His summer vacations were spent largely in traveling. His craving for order and regularity was illustrated even in his care of his room. Every book in his bookcase and every article of furniture in his room had a place. Franz Dohmen was more amazed than any one else at the high standing he took.

The boy was placed, at an early age, in the State Institute for the Blind. There his naturally quick and bright intellect found opportunity for rapid expansion. Opportunity was also afforded for the cultivation of his musical taste. He became a good performer on the piano, pipe organ, and violoncello.

His versatility is illustrated by his mastery and practice of all the systems of writing for the blind. He does rapid reading and writing in the New York system, Braille system, the Moon system, and the modified Braille system. He also reads the few desirable books obtainable written in the raised letter system; but in the realm of thought in which his mind is usually engaged, there are few books printed for the blind. His mother copies many books for him with a machine which writes the Braille system. In taking notes on lectures, he uses a shorthand system of his own invention. This is a phonetic system, and he shortens or lengthens it, according to the rapidity with which he desires to write. All his lecture notes or essays he writes for himself on an ordinary typewriter, without the use of raised letters. He works very rapidly, with rare mistakes. In this work he requires the assistance of no one, except when he is preparing French essays or exercises; then, at his direction some one looks over the work and places the accents wherever indicated. In preparing a lesson in mathematics, his memory is nothing less than wonderful. As a rule he studies with one of his classmates. When a complicated figure is under consideration, his companion explains its general form, and then takes Mr. Dohmen's hand, and, holding his index finger, traces out the different lines of the figure and names the letters at the extremities and intersections of the lines. Then he reads aloud the description of the figure, or, the demonstration that is required of the student, and they together form the equations and propositions necessary for the solution of the problem. Should a mistake occur in the statement of any proposition, no one is quicker to observe it than Mr. Dohmen. He is equally alert in perceiving any error in attributing the wrong letters to any line involved in a figure.

Mr. Dohmen has written and published an article on "Facial Perception," as it is termed, but which he entitles "Aural Perception." In passing a post, a tree, or a house, he is as cognizant of the fact as a person who can see. He says, when he passes a large tree, it fairly obtrudes itself upon him.

After his graduation, with the degree of Bachelor of Letters, Mr. Dohmen and his mother sailed immediately for Germany, where he was to enter for his doctorate some one of the great German universities, intending to devote his time to mathematics, political science, and philosophy. He expects eventually to return to Texas and engage in teaching his favorite studies.



Those who know Mr. Dohmen best are confident in predicting that a wide field of work and usefulness awaits him in the future. Shut away from the sights of the world, his clear, strong, and vigorous mind, with its philosophical bent, will evolve conceptions and father ideas that will be almost sure to make him famous. In all probability, he will thus become a great writer. As a teacher, his remarkable power of describing accurately what he feels and knows, already renders him an assured success in his profession.

"Yale's blind law student" certainly does not count himself out of the race of life, judging by this word of cheer for himself and those like him. "It is true," he says, "that a blind man is greatly handicapped by reason of his affliction; but, if he has true grit, a determination to succeed, energy and perseverance, this great disadvantage can be, in a large measure, if not entirely, overcome. It means the putting forth of all that is best within him. It means close application, hard and persistent work and constant training and developing of his four remaining senses, until they have attained that state of perfection necessary for the accomplishment of the work which he has mapped out. It is because they attained this high state of perfection that blind men have been and are successful in various walks of life. Blind men have been successful as scholars, divines, teachers, musicians, and, in some instances, as lawyers.

"There is a popular belief that the profession of law is the most inaccessible to a blind man. But, in fact, it affords the blind man an opportunity to fight his own way inch by inch in the battle of life. It tends to make him strong and self-reliant. It gives him an opportunity to make use of that most valuable of all his faculties, the memory. By means of this faculty he is enabled to grasp all the salient points of a case, to instantly call to mind precedents, and to apply previously noted points of law with telling emphasis.

"This power is also an important factor in connection with his consultation work. In undertaking this work, the blind man must concentrate his mind entirely upon the subject before him. It is possible for a blind man to focus his thoughts even in a greater degree than a person gifted with sight, as the power of attraction which external objects naturally possess is unable to distract his attention. Taking these things into consideration, it is entirely within the realms of possibility for a blind man to become a successful lawyer."

Nor are these by any means the only examples of blind people now doing or ready to do their full share of the world's work.

In the United States alone there are engaged in musical occupations one hundred and fifty blind piano tuners, one hundred and fifty blind teachers of music in schools for the blind, five hundred blind private

teachers, one hundred blind church organists, fifteen or more blind composers and publishers of music, and several blind dealers in musical instruments.

About sixty years ago a boy six or eight years of age, in Tennessee, lost the sight of both eyes by an accident. He was a bright, quick-witted, aspiring lad, not in the least daunted by his terrible misfortune. When fourteen or fifteen years of age, he resolved to acquire a liberal education, and set himself to work with a will. His progress was a surprise to all his friends. His sightless eyes did not appear to be an obstacle in the way of his success. He could travel alone in any direction about his home, even on horseback, and his sense of touch seemed ample to make him familiar, not only with all material objects, but even with art and science. In early manhood he was well fitted to enter Harvard College, and he repaired thither with that intention. But Dr. Howe, at the head of the Institution for the Blind in South Boston, sought him out and persuaded him to become a teacher of music in his school. In this department young Campbell became an expert, and met the requirements so completely that Dr. Howe proposed he should spend a year in Europe for still higher equipment. This he did, and was the surprise of learned professors and educators in every place where he sojourned. On his return to London from the Continent, prominent educators invited him to address an audience of blind people they would gather in the great metropolis. The result was that one of the wealthiest dukes of the realm said: "Mr. Campbell, if you can be retained in this city to found an institution for the blind, and superintend it, my fortune is at your disposal." After much thought and prayer, Mr. Campbell accepted the proposition, and, in an incredibly short time, founded "The Normal College for the Blind and Academy of Music," at the head of which he has been from that day to this,—a benefactor whose praise is sung throughout the British empire. Poverty was nothing; privation was nothing; even blindness was nothing to a soul that was animated by a grand and noble purpose! Horace Mann said to the students of Antioch College, "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity;" but not one of the students addressed was blind.

Helen Keller was born in Alabama, June 27, 1880, her father being a former Confederate officer, and later a United States marshal. No attempt at education was made for the first seven years of her apparently hopeless life. She was about eighteen months old when she lost all senses but that of touch.

People who did not know said that she was weak-minded. But those whose business it is to study such little human beings soon discovered that Helen could think, if she could not speak, and that she could observe, if she could not see. So they went to work to teach her to



express what she thought and to tell what she observed. It was slow work, at first, but day by day the mind in the dark began to awaken. Day by day the nimble little fingers learned how to ask questions, and the puzzled brain learned how to understand the answers. She learned faster and faster, at length entering Radcliffe College. Helen Keller to-day knows more than nine out of ten average women who have all their senses fully developed. She reads and understands what the raised letters tell her. She does wonderful modeling. She writes strange, poetic little essays, full of imagination and a fine, far-away sort of sentiment that is like old-fashioned lavender in the world of perfume. She is a well-educated girl, and singularly attractive. Her life in the silence and dark does not make her morose or suspicious. The blind are often cheerful, but unduly sensitive; the deaf are nearly always melancholy. Helen Keller is neither sensitive nor sad. She is more cheerful than the ordinary woman who can see, and is too busy to waste time on any imaginary grievance.

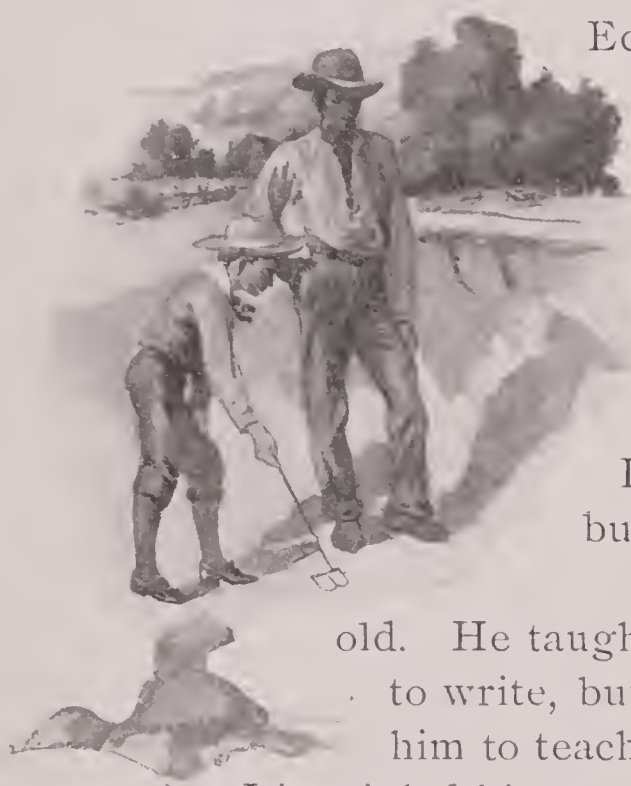
"I am now sixty-one years old," said Bishop Wesley J. Gaines, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, who in 1901 was a delegate to the Ecumenical Council of Methodists at London. "I was

twenty-five years old when I became a free man. My slave days were spent on the estate of Robert Toombs. I learned to read and write during my slave days, and in rather an interesting manner. To a very young member of the Toombs family I owe these accomplishments. He was so small that I had to carry him many miles to take my lessons.

It was permitted to a slave to learn to read, you know, but it was against the law to teach a slave to write.

"My little teacher was between nine and ten years old. He taught me to read first. I then had a crazy desire to learn to write, but in view of the law upon the subject I feared to ask him to teach me. But finally I conceived a long-headed scheme. I inveigled him to where there was some nice, smooth sand. In as skillful a manner as I could command I led up to the subject. 'Write out the alphabet here in the sand,' I finally asked of him. To my surprise he did it promptly. By a little more diplomacy I managed to make him forget the letters in the sand, and managed to get him away from the spot and to his home again. You may be sure I got to that alphabet as quickly as my legs would carry me after I had the boy home again.

"Upon a second occasion I asked him to jumble the letters into words, which he did. Other lessons followed, until I was able to write as well as to read. But I had to keep it dark.



"Finally it came to my notice that Mr. Toombs's overseer was defrauding him, was selling his grain to private individuals. What he did with the money, I can't say. I made so bold as to write Mr. Toombs a letter telling him about it. After Mr. Toombs had gotten over his surprise that I could write, he asked for proof regarding the overseer's dishonesty. I told him the name of the man to whom the overseer had been selling, and the upshot of it was that he was discharged and I got his job."

A little lad was loitering along the street of an interior city. As he passed the shop of the local photographer, a man came out and spoke to him. "Do you want a job?" he asked. The boy said promptly, "Yes, sir!"

"If you get it, will you attend to it?" the man asked.

Again the answer was, "Yes, sir!"

"It is not a lively one. You have to sit still and watch things," the man said. "Do you think you can keep awake?"

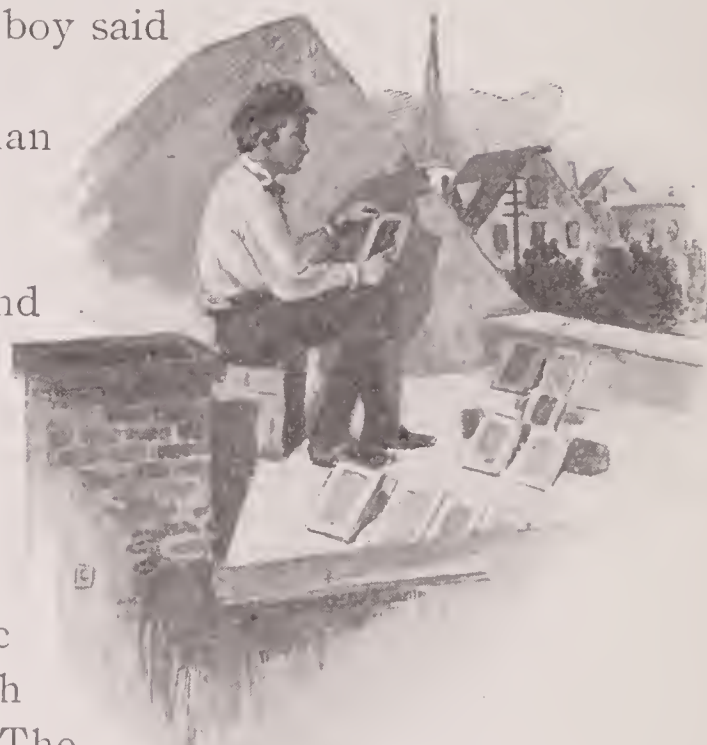
"I can try, sir!" the boy said; so, after a little more talk, he got the job.

It certainly was not a lively one. He had to sit upon a housetop and watch a lot of photographic negatives, to make certain that they got just enough light and none too much. He did the work well. The photographer never caught him napping, no matter how suddenly he came upon him. In a little while he showed that he was as intelligent as he was trusty.

Sitting aloft day after day, the lad fell to studying the heavens. Chance had thrown into his hands a volume of Dr. Thomas Dick's "Practical Astronomy." At first he found it dry reading, but in a little while the study of it had redoubled his interest in his ever-beloved sky. He longed above everything else for a telescope, which would enable him the better to search out its glories, its mysteries.

To get money for this purpose he worked and saved. A shabby coat had no terrors for him, if the shabbiness meant something toward the desire of his heart. Yet he was only frugal, never niggardly, and always generous to a friend. Soon he was able to buy a telescope of the very best pattern. It had a five-inch refractor. When it was duly in position upon the roof, where he had spent so many working hours, he was about the happiest young fellow in the world.

Besides a good telescope, he had phenomenally keen sight. This is evidenced by the fact that with this five-inch refractor, an instrument below the first power, he discovered and described a dozen comets. Providence perhaps had put it into the mind of a rich man to offer





prizes for just such discoveries. They were not very big prizes, but altogether this self-taught astronomer won enough of them to give him a thousand dollars.

He had, however, rebuffs as well as helps from the world. The American Association for the Advancement of Science met in his native city not long after he had begun his study of the heavens. He was presented to its president, Simon Newcomb, and began modestly to speak of what he had done and hoped to do. "Humph! You would better put away that telescope! It is too big, anyway. You can do nothing with it; you would better study mathematics than waste your time stargazing," said the great man. The beginner left him, half heartbroken. But after the first smart he resolved that he would study mathematics, and he did.

Time's whirligig brings some revenges that are precious. Fifteen years later, Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing to Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard, upon whom Vanderbilt University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Science, and whom the Royal Astronomical Society of London has been proud to make a Fellow, asked if Professor Barnard "knew anything of a young fellow with a telescope, who had lived in Nashville when the Association for the Advancement of Science met there?" and added, after some further inquiry, "It cannot be possible that you are the one I mean."

It was not only possible but actual. Professor Barnard, to-day the foremost of American astronomers, who had mastered not merely mathematics, but the whole college curriculum, who has discovered more comets than any other living man, and who has mapped and measured the fifth satellite of Jupiter, is the lad who made his beginnings by faithfulness over few things, upon the roof of a Nashville photograph gallery.

In 1874 a poor youth with a broad brogue was working in a machine-shop in South Boston. As he learned more of our language and caught the spirit of American institutions, he began to crave an education. But how could he get it in a strange land, with no money except what he earned, and with but little knowledge of the language spoken around him? What could he do toward getting a liberal education?

But the Scotch find a way or make one. He went to a Presbyterian clergyman and told him how he longed for an education, but that he did not know how to get it. He said he was anxious to go to college, but it seemed impossible. The good man told him that he had only a small salary himself, but he would give him what he could of it to help him to an education.

Most boys under the circumstances would have remained in ignorance, on a level with their fellows in the machine-shop. A college edu-

cation might seem impossible to those about him who thought he was foolish to attempt the impossible, but not so to him. There was something within him which urged him on and bade him make the most of himself. With the help of the good minister he fitted for college, was graduated from Harvard with honors, and became pastor of the largest Congregational church in New England, the New Old South.

John Huston Finley, too, had this indomitable spirit. He was born on a prairie farm near Ottawa, Illinois, where he was taught to plow and attended to the stock, because his father was a man of modest means. But he was ambitious and full of energy, and, at ten years, he spent his spare hours studying Latin and algebra. At thirteen he was assisting the country schoolmaster by hearing the "third reader class," and, before he was eighteen, he was graduated from the Ottawa High School, whither he walked eight miles every Monday morning and back Friday evening, completing the four years' course in fourteen months. Though under the legal age, he was licensed to teach; and, after one winter thus spent in the village of Grand Ridge, that had sprung up around his birthplace, he entered Knox College, Galesburg. Those who smiled at the diffident boy that first day little thought that in ten years he would be president of the college. But so it came to pass.

When he had been in college only six months, it became necessary for him to go back to the farm, to help to run it. He determined to finish at Knox, however, and, returning a year later, he did so. While there, he found time and opportunity to work in a printing office. From his earliest boyhood he had been interested in type and book-making, and when two Scotchmen gave him a "case" in one corner of their little shop, he was happy.

"If what success I have had is attributable to any one thing more than another," he said, not long ago, "it is to the fact that I learned to set type and correct proof."

During his enforced absence from college, he was made principal of the village school. Before leaving college, he entered an essay contest. He desired to choose for his subject, "The Jew in Modern History," but could not, for lack of material. He feared that his leaving would disqualify him, but went on with the essay just the same. One day, a young lawyer went to Grand Ridge to lecture. His name was Eckels, and his subject "The Jews." After the lecture, young Finley explained to him his plight, and the lawyer offered to let him have his books of reference. For five days and nights Finley worked on the essay, sleeping only an occasional hour during the time. He won the prize, and also the friendship of the man who was afterward comptroller of the currency of the United States, and is now president of one of the largest banks in Chicago.



After finishing at Knox, he entered Johns Hopkins. He had not the money to pay his way there, but hoped to find employment in some printing office in Baltimore. A long search proved fruitless, and he was wondering what he should do, when one of the professors, hearing that he could read proof, gave him a trial. The result of this was the where-withal to pay his tuition and board, a friendship with some of the leading professors of the college, and finally a career in letters. In 1892, he was elected president of his alma mater. This gave him the distinction of being the youngest college president in America at the time, and for several years he gave all of his time to building up the institution, and made it one of the best known of Western colleges.

He resigned his Illinois position, to become one of the editors of "McClure's Magazine." He has been recently appointed to the newly created chair of politics in Princeton University.

"If," says David Starr Jordan, "one lies down in the furrow, and says: 'I won't try; I shall never amount to anything; I am too poor; and, if I wait to save money, I shall be too old to go to school'—if you do this, I say, you won't amount to anything. Those among you whom fate has cut out for nobodies are the ones who will never try."

THERE'S always a river to cross,  
 Always an effort to make,  
 If there's anything good to win,  
 Any rich prize to take;  
 Yonder's the fruit we crave,  
 Yonder the charming scene;  
 But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,  
 Is the river that lies between.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,  
 And yet the tide heaves onward,  
 We climb, like corals, grave by grave,  
 And pave a path that's sunward;  
 We're beaten back in many a fray,  
 But newer strength we borrow,  
 And, where the vanguard camps to-day,  
 The rear shall rest to-morrow.

—GERALD MASSEY.

THE foes with which they waged their strife  
 Were passion, self, and sin;  
 The victories that laured life  
 Were fought and won within.

—EDWARD H. DEWART.

## SHOULD A YOUNG MAN HAVE A COLLEGE EDUCATION?

*OPINIONS OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR T. HADLEY, PRESIDENT CHARLES F. THWING, PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN, THOMAS L. JAMES, ISAAC N. SELIGMAN, ANDREW CARNEGIE, HENRY CLEWS, AND OTHERS*

THE following is a symposium of opinions from well-known college presidents and business men on the value of a college education to a young man, and especially to a young man who expects to choose a vocation in the business world for his life-work. Dr. A. T. Hadley of Yale, Dr. Chas. F. Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University, and President David Starr Jordan of the Leland Stanford Junior University, very naturally are advocates of a college training, and their opinions are reinforced by those of such well-known business men as ex-Postmaster Thomas L. James, Isaac Seligman, the banker, and the late Roswell P. Flower; while men like John C. Eames, the manager of H. B. Clafflin & Co., take the view that the value of such an education depends almost wholly upon the character of the individual. Andrew Carnegie, although he has given millions for founding libraries, is on record as disparaging the idea of a classical education for boys who intend to enter business life. Henry Clews does not employ college men in his Wall Street offices.



ARTHUR T. HADLEY

Dr. Hadley writes: —

“For the great majority of men, a college course is of inestimable value. For a minority, it is worse than useless. How shall a boy determine to which of these classes he probably belongs?”

“A good college offers its students three things: theoretical knowledge of principles connected with his business, breadth of general culture, and friendships that are of service to him now and hereafter. If he appreciates these things, and can take them seriously, a college is a good place for him. If he cannot thus appreciate at least one of them, he had better not go to college at all.

“None of these things can be played with. They must all be achieved by hard work,—none the less hard because it is so often pleasurable.



"If a boy thinks that the study of theory is a short and easy way for the attainment of practical skill, he is gravely mistaken. It is quite apart from practical skill, and its results show themselves more in the later stages of the student's development than when he first goes into the office or the shop. The theory of mechanics or physics is not to be studied by lectures and experiments. It means knowledge of analytical geometry and differential calculus. The theory of chemistry is not to be learned by amusement in the laboratory, but by attention to principles which require the utmost exactitude of application. The theory of political economy is not to be learned by reading entertaining books and magazine articles. The so-called theories which are easily acquired and glibly recited are met, in practice, with a contempt which is well deserved.

"In like manner, the boy who thinks he can acquire general culture by flitting from book to book, as the butterfly goes from one flower to another, taking only that which attracts his attention, and dropping it as soon as he is tired of it, is simply engaged in intellectual dissipation. Real culture means to work hard, to understand forms of expression, whether in science or in literature, in painting or in music. The merely careless observer makes little progress toward true cultivation. The chief reason why Greek is retained in so many of our college courses is that it makes the boy see the necessity of this close study and prevents him from deluding himself into the belief that he is broadening his mind, when he is really only acquiring habits of intellectual shiftlessness.

"It is an equally grave mistake to regard friendship as a mere amusement. The acquaintance which is sought for the pleasure of the moment counts for nothing in the boy's character, or in the future life of the man. The friendships that really count are those which are wrought out through sympathy in hard work for a common purpose. Whatever enlists men in loyalty to a cause outside of themselves enables them to come to closer knowledge of one another, and to serve one another in ways undreamed of by the mere pleasure-seeker. Whether it be in study or in athletics, in social organization or in religious activity, this spirit of self-devotion is essential for him who would realize the value of this side of college life. In default of such a spirit, it becomes a mere dissipation, as bad as that of the man who seeks a short cut to technical skill or to intellectual culture.

"If hard work in any or all of these directions appeals to a boy, let him go to college. If not, let him, as soon as possible, get into a practical business which will prevent him from wasting his energies, and which, although it may tend to produce some narrowness, will avoid the far worse evil of inefficiency."

Honorable Thomas L. James writes:—

"The theory that the four years which a young man devotes to acquiring a college education would be more advantageously spent in familiarizing himself with the principles and details of the business which he

contemplates pursuing is not, in my opinion, founded in reason. In the first place, the period which he would spend in college occurs at a peculiarly formative time of his life; at a time when he is particularly receptive to high and inspiring moral influences—such influences as shape and fit his character—such influences as it is the purpose of the college to exercise, and which are more often a part of the great institutions of learning than of the counting house. It is a period of life that can never be recalled, since it is not in the power of man to turn back the wheels of time; and is, therefore, of priceless value; whereas, a man may begin at almost any time of life to train for a commercial career. There are numerous instances of men who have made such beginnings late in life, and succeeded. A man of the right sort must of necessity learn much more quickly in college than in business, because it is the purpose of the faculty to cause him to learn, and to that end the best disciplined minds of the country are engaged.

“When a young man enters a business house to learn the business he must fight his way up step by step, which is a most wholesome and developing process; but he is apt to be beset on all sides by temptations, petty jealousies and many other influences which tend to discourage him and to retard if not stop his progress.

“To be sure, many men succeed in the face of the most adverse circumstances, and are entitled to the highest measure of credit, but I am firmly convinced that they would save four times four years by going to college. Even with men with whom money alone is the measure of success, a college training is a great advantage. It is possible that at the outset the young man who has served four years at the desk may take a larger salary than the young college graduate, but it will not take the latter long to catch up with and pass him; and then the distance between them will continue to increase. Of course I mean, in this comparison, that they must be men of equal stamina and moral integrity; in which case, the superior training of the college man will count as against the narrower experience of the other man.

“But I cannot too emphatically insist that no amount of knowledge and discipline will avail a man if he be not moral and honest. College life affords a man a breadth of knowledge and experience not to be otherwise obtained in four years. When a young man goes into business with the sole purpose of making money, and works hard, he generally succeeds. Money-making is apt to become with him a passion, and when he has attained what was at first his goal, the passion of money making has so developed within him that ten times the amount he originally set out to acquire is not enough; and so the goal keeps forever receding. He becomes practically a slave to his money, because the acquisition of it is the only pleasure he knows, and he will have a very dreary old age before him if he has not acquired a taste for literature, music, and art. To be sure, this is the case with many of our prominent business men, but they are men of marked character and ability, and capable of attaining almost any height.



"It is sometimes pointed out, by men who advocate the doing away with the college course, that such men as Commodore Vanderbilt were not college graduates. While this is true, it is still a very dangerous citation to make, as Commodore Vanderbilt was a genius. The Hon. Thurlow Weed once said to me: 'What William H. Vanderbilt knew by education, his father knew by intuition.' The younger Vanderbilt was a college-bred man, hence his comprehensive grasp and ability to take hold of and increase the gigantic fortune which his father left, with but little training in finance as compared with that of his distinguished father. Many of our millionaires to-day have famous libraries and collections of paintings and statuary, selected by themselves with rare taste and discrimination, the result of tastes acquired at college. College training enables a man to elevate his business to the dignity of a profession.

"Another great advantage of a college training is the association it affords. A man can make intimate, profitable, and lifelong friends at college that it would be well-nigh impossible to make elsewhere. There he will meet, in large numbers, the future important business men of the country—men who are in training to take charge of great businesses already established. He can establish himself socially among a class of men whom it would be difficult, if not impossible, to meet in any other way. It is there his fine traits of character will be recognized by men whose recognition will be of the greatest value to him in after life.

"But it is not always the college-bred man who is the best equipped. Take, for instance, Benjamin Franklin, who was one of the Council of Amiens with Jay and Adams. He was the only one of the three who was not a college-bred man, yet the only one who could speak French. But Franklin, like Thurlow Weed, and Commodore Vanderbilt, was a close student and a genius."

Andrew Carnegie says:—

"The absence of the classical college graduate from every department of affairs should be deeply weighed. I have inquired and searched everywhere, in all quarters, and find scarcely a trace of him. Nor is this surprising. The prize-takers have too many years the start of the graduate; they have entered for the race invariably in their teens,—in the most valuable of all the years for learning anything,—from fourteen to twenty. While the college student has been trying to master languages which are dead, and such knowledge as seems adapted for life upon another planet than this, as far as business affairs are concerned, the future captain of industry is hotly engaged in the school of experience. I do not speak of the effect of college education upon the young man training for the learned professions; but the scarcity of the graduate from the classical course in high positions in the business world seems to justify the conclusion that general college education, as it exists, is fatal to success in that domain. The graduate has but little chance, entering at twenty, against the boy who swept the office or who began as shipping clerk at fourteen. The facts prove this."

And yet the man who believes that the college graduate has no chance in business against the office boy has recently donated \$10,000,000 to the Scottish universities to make education in them free to the youths of Scotland. "Consistency," Emerson has said, "is the hobgoblin of petty minds," and nobody can accuse Andrew Carnegie of being petty-minded.

Charles Franklin Thwing writes:—

"To go through college represents a sum seldom less than twelve hundred dollars, and seldom more than five thousand dollars. This investment of money should mean, and usually does mean, a return in money. Illustrations abound to prove that the financial returns received by college graduates, from their investment in college education, are very remunerative. The graduate begins his business career at the bottom, and receives the wages which the lowest subaltern does; but he rises rapidly, and the higher he rises, the more rapid is his progress.

"Education is a great time-saver in a career. It represents the going back a few steps of the one who is to make a leap; it gives a spring, a buoyancy, and a swiftness and effectiveness. The four years which a boy spends in college help him to get into the great places in his chosen calling earlier, and probably to continue in them longer. I chanced to know that one of the greatest retail houses in one of the greatest cities—the identity of which I cannot, of course, reveal—has recently drawn up articles of partnership to cover the next fifty years. Among the articles of the compact is one providing that every son of the partners shall serve an apprenticeship of five years; but, it is added, every son who has had a college education may have this period of five years reduced to three. This instance possibly receives additional force from the fact that this house is composed of members of that race which, on the whole, furnishes the best merchants in the world, the Jewish; a race that has not been specially distinguished—despite many conspicuous exceptions—for its partiality toward the higher education. One of the great hardware men of Cleveland is accustomed to say that when a college graduate has been in his employ a fortnight, he is of as much value as a high-school graduate who has been in his employ four years; and, of course, after the fortnight, his value increases in a geometrical ratio. This remark of my Cleveland friend seems to me too strong, but I venture to give it as evidence of the claim that a college education is a good investment of time."

David Starr Jordan says:—

"The thoroughly trained man, nowadays, must be a college man. The universities are using every effort to train men along special lines for definite efficiency in something. The old idea of college education as a means only to general culture is passing away. The university takes men as they are, and tries to make them what they can be. A man to-day in America is foolish to be 'self-made' when better means for his making are at hand.



"Formerly, a man of an executive turn of mind, a leader in business or politics, found, in a college education, little that could help him. Now, he finds much. In the future the college men will be the natural leaders in industrial and political affairs. The reason is that the men born to lead cannot afford to stay out of college. The strong man, because he is strong, will become a college man.

"The college man is no longer the exception,—the Greek-minded or Roman minded only, or the son of an *alumnus*, who wishes his boy to have the training he had himself. Every man of brains is fitted for college, and the college is fitted for him. As has been well said, a college education does not so much help a man to start on a high round of the ladder of business life, as it helps him to climb faster and to reach a more exalted position than his less educated competitor."

Roswell P. Flower, a self-made American, the builder of a great fortune and the winner of an honorable name in private and public life, to the question which was once propounded to him: "Is the college the best training for a boy designed for a business career?" replied:—

"If I had a dozen boys I should not send all of them to college; I should carefully select from the number those I judged best fitted for the higher education. I had to make my own way, with no more learning than the elementary knowledge acquired in the public schools. I think a college education the greatest boon that can fall to the lot of a boy endowed with a clever and active mind and a wholesome thirst for knowledge. However humble a man's situation in life, knowledge will enrich him in the long run, one way or another. At the same time, university training is not essential to success in business life. Moreover, I should hesitate to advise a parent to send even the brightest boy to college, if I was not quite sure that he could withstand the temptations sure to be offered him there. There is too much luxury about our present college life.

"Personally, I never felt the lack of a college education until I entered politics. I was then forty-four years old and my endeavors to master the various subjects that came before me in the House or in the committee rooms, were sadly hampered by the want of fundamental knowledge. I had to study uncommonly hard to hold my own, and to cover up defects of early training.

"So it is in business. The commercial man who has received only a common school training, as he advances in years and responsibilities, and as he constantly encounters new developments and new phases of affairs, will be compelled to call in, as advisers, men of broader education than his own. Very few of the business men and politicians of the older generation were college bred, the majority of those who are leaders in the commerce of to-day, too, have achieved success upon the basis of a common school education; but the desirability of a university course is becoming more and more apparent as the struggle of life sharpens. Nothing will more thoroughly fit a boy for the battle before him than natural talent developed by college education and backed by frugal habits."

Henry Clews, who began life at fifteen as a clerk in a woolen importer's store, is a conspicuous example of a man, who having attained success himself without the aid of a college education, regards it as an impediment rather than an aid to business advancement. He says:—

"My conclusions are the result of my experience. I do not employ college men in my banking office. None need apply. I don't want them, for I think they have been spoiled for a business life. After spending several of the best years, the years when the mind is most active and open to impression, in learning a lot of things which are utterly useless for business, they come to the cities to make their way in the world. They are wholly ignorant of business methods. Their education has tended to shut their minds to knowledge of this kind. While they have been at college, other men have been in the business office, have begun at the bottom and have worked up, learning all the details, getting that knowledge which cannot be set down in books.

"The college man is not willing to begin at the bottom. He looks down on the humble places which he is fitted to fill, and indeed he looks down on all business as dull and unattractive. He wants a place such as his years and his education seem to command. This place he cannot get, for he has yet the A B C's of business to acquire. And even if he does bring himself to accept the place which he must accept if he would have any measure of success, he does not utilize it in a way to advance him. His thoughts are not with his business but with his books, literature, philosophy, Latin. Now no man can meet the demands of the exacting business life in that half-hearted way. Business requires an undivided mind.

"I think that a man has just so many niches in his brain. In each niche so many negatives, as it were, fit, and then the niche is full. Now at college a man is busy filling up the niches, and if he goes through college in the right way his niches are all full. When he comes to business he has no room for it, or if he has a little room it is such a little, and is so crowded, that business affairs have very little chance. In law, medicine, and other professions, a college education is all right. The niches are filled with things that are useful in a professional career. But in business, the college education is usually worse than useless. The college man is not a successful man in money affairs. It is the man who has started in as an office boy and who gets the education of keenness and practical knowledge that comes from early contact with business men. He is not retarded by ideas and theories of life entirely out of harmony with his occupation.

"I have practically tested the question whether a college education is desirable for a business man. Years ago I employed several college men, one after another, and none of them succeeded in benefiting either my business or himself. So I got rid of them. Of the boys who came to me equipped with nothing beyond a common school education, a sound mind, and an ambition to work, dozens are now independent business men, while as many hold responsible positions with large firms."



Isaac N. Seligman, of the great banking firm of J. & W. Seligman and Company says:—

“In our house we prefer the college-bred young man to the young man of scantier education simply because our experience has shown that, other things being equal, the former makes the better business man. Of course we do not make employment conditional on a college training; that would be manifestly unfair, and, happily for the encouragement of the youth who cannot obtain this education, there are many conspicuous examples of success, in all departments of life, achieved without it. But facts compel us to recognize it as a distinct advantage. It gives a young man breadth, develops powers of concentration, sharpens the reasoning faculties, supplies balance, enables one to see things in their true relations and to separate the essential from the non-essential, which ability is of the utmost value in solving the problems that are constantly presenting themselves in business life. Not only does a college training improve the mental faculties, but it develops that power of self-control which enables one to command his best resources at a moment's notice; thus it fits the young man to meet with promptitude and sound judgment the contingencies and emergencies that are continually arising in a business man's career.

“Although college alumni are comparatively scarce among the business men of the present generation, I think that in the next generation they will be found in abundance in the front ranks. In every walk of life where there are prizes worth the winning, it is a fact that competition is becoming more keen and the law of the survival of the fittest is in very active operation. Under such conditions the man whose natural powers have been developed by proper and assiduous training stands the best chance of coming out on top. The need of the higher education is becoming more and more apparent. One of the significant signs of the times is the extent to which large corporations are employing college-bred men as heads of departments.

“It will generally be found, I think, that the successful business man who decries or belittles a college training as an aid to a business career, is one who has himself achieved success without it. I am inclined to doubt whether he is the most competent judge of the matter. There is no telling how much further he would have gone had he had a college training. And it must be remembered, too, that in the days of his youth there were comparatively few college graduates seeking advancement along business lines. For the most part, they sought professional careers. Therefore, he was not brought so much in competition with them as is the young man of to-day. And it is noticeable, too, that the successful business man who received no college education himself, generally sees to it that his sons, if he have any, are sent to college.

“It is a poor estimate of success which measures it alone in terms of dollars and cents. Success is very dearly bought when it makes of a man a mere money-making machine. In the broadest sense the most successful man is the man who makes the most of himself—the man who gets

out of himself the best that is in him. In attaining this result there can be no question that a college education is a great help. No man's life should be confined to his business alone. Art, science, literature, philosophy—many of the things that make life best worth living—lie outside of it; but this is no reason why he should not, in a measure, possess them also. Even if I believed that a college education made it harder for a young man to become a successful business man, instead of as I believe, rendering it easier, I should still strenuously advocate a college education for the business man.”

Charles Broadway Rouss, self-made, and a rich merchant, says:—

“I did not obtain a college education myself, because it was my duty, as I understood it, to make a living for myself as soon as possible. But in the broadest sense I most certainly believe in education. A man cannot know too much in this world,—to learn all he can, I take it, is one of the chief things he is put here for. Therefore, I hold that a college education, apart from all considerations of its commercial value, is something well worth having. But the query: ‘Does a college education contribute to success in business?’ restricts one largely to a practical view of the question. The most conspicuously successful business men in America, measured by the fortunes they have made,—John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, and some others that might be mentioned,—did not receive college educations. They have shown conclusively that a college education is not essential to success in business. It is hardly conceivable that they would have acquired larger fortunes if they had been graduated from colleges. It is easily conceivable that with broader education their energies might have been in some measure diverted to other channels, in which event they might have been content with fewer millions.

“But, of course, they are examples of the exceptional men who are predestinated to succeed. Applying the question to youths of more ordinary endowments, the main fact to be considered is that the getting of a college education involves a sacrifice of three or four years, during which other competitors in commercial fields are learning valuable lessons in the school of actual business experience. They are, therefore, in the lead when the college graduate starts. Will what he has learned at college enable him to overtake them? That depends on the individual. If he have the right stuff in him, and is content to begin low down, and work as hard to master the dry details of business as he did to pass his examinations, he will come out ahead. If not, he will continue to lag behind. I would say, therefore, that if success in business is the only thing to be considered, the average boy will get along better without than with a college education. The boy of a higher type will probably succeed better with a college education. On other grounds, I would say that every youth should obtain a college education who has the opportunity. It helps him to get out of life the things that make life worth living. The cultivated man can afford to be a little poorer, if fate so wills it, than the man who knows next to nothing outside of his own business.”



John Eames, general manager of the H. B. Claflin Company, which in its stores and factories gives employment to an army of men, says:—

“There are striking examples of success attained in business fields by men who never had a college education. That seems to prove that a college education is not essential to success in business. On the other hand, many conspicuous examples might be cited of successful business men who have attended college. That seems to prove that a college education at least is not a barrier to success in business. Setting theories aside, it is obviously a very difficult question to decide, on the basis of established facts, whether or not a college education contributes materially to success in business life. Most of the heads of departments in our employ started as office boys. Whether they might have accomplished more or less had they started with college educations it would be impossible to tell.

“There can be no doubt that, regarded as an acquisition in itself, irrespective of its effects on one's future career, a college education is well worth having. It enriches a man's mental storehouse. It should develop a thirst for knowledge that will keep him growing through life. As applied to the professions, its value is unquestioned. It supplies the information that can be turned into money later on. But with a business career before one, the proposition to be considered is a different one. Only in actual business can one master the lessons essential to the attainment of success in business. The college education contributes to their mastery only indirectly through the mental discipline it involves.

“If a boy is unusually bright, ambitious, industrious, eager to learn, and at the same time possessed of those traits which indicate that he is cut out for a business rather than a professional career, I would say, send him to college if his parents can afford it. That sort of boy can be depended on to get all the good out of a college education possible and to make good use of it in catching up with those who started out ahead of him. Besides, it will enable him to draw on science, art, and literature to broaden and deepen his life. It will help him to make of himself something more than a business man—a business man with a large plus.

“But if the boy destined for business is an ordinary sort of boy merely, or a bright boy, but not disposed to be studious, I would say do not send him to college, but let him start in with some business house as soon as he leaves school. And, meanwhile, it is something to be glad of for the sake of those boys whose parents cannot afford to send them to college, that a college education is not essential to success in business. If any one doubts it, let him ask John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie.”

John Gilmore Speed, an industrious investigator of nearly all the living questions of the times, has addressed himself to the subject; Who among public men have a college education and who have not? He writes:—

“In the present Cabinet of President McKinley there are eight members. Six of them are college men; one, himself a non-graduate, was a professor

in a college when he entered the Cabinet. The remaining eighth man finished his education at an academy which, as likely as not, ranked in scholarship with many of the colleges that confer degrees in all the dignity of Latin text, which many a recipient would be stumped to put into literal English. The administration of Mr. McKinley, himself not a college man, though the graduate of a law school, was mainly conducted by men of college training. There is probably no man in the country, not a crank, who will say it was any the worse for being so. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, where the legislative and judicial coördinate branches of the Government do business, let us see what is the collegiate condition of the judges and legislators. The judges are as follows, with the college of each opposite his name:—

Chief Justice	Fuller . . . . .	Bowdoin.
Mr.       “	Harlan . . . . .	Center.
“       “	Gray . . . . .	Harvard.
“       “	Brewer . . . . .	Yale.
“       “	Brown . . . . .	Yale.
“       “	Shiras . . . . .	Yale.
“       “	White . . . . .	Georgetown.
“       “	Peckham . . . . .	Albany Academy.
“       “	McKenna . . . . .	Bonica Collegiate Institute.

“Here we see that the members of our highest court do not rank any higher as college men than the members of the Cabinet, though they are appointed and confirmed to office in large measure by reason of their great and sound information in a branch of learning that has been called the sum of all knowledge. Indeed, the magazine editors of the country, and the newspaper editors of New York City, as will presently be seen, in proportion have had greater early scholastic advantages. The Supreme Court justices, however, presumably on account of the nature of their work, are hard students all their lives, and some men, comparatively illiterate in the beginning of their career on this exalted bench, have become ripe scholars long before the end of their service. Judges, however, have better opportunities for self-improvement than almost any other men in active life. . . .

“It has been difficult to determine exactly the collegiate status of the members of Congress. As well as I could make it out it stands thus: Out of eighty-six members of the Senate, forty-four are college men; out of three hundred and sixty members of the House of Representatives one hundred and sixty-eight were graduated from college. . . . I confess that I was surprised at the showing, and I do not hesitate to say to the youth who would go to Congress that he will further his chances enormously if he will go through college and bear a proud sheepskin to his home, even though he never be able to read its Latin text.”

Of the eight leading New York daily newspapers, seven of the editors-in-chief are college-bred men. Fourteen out of fifteen of the



great magazine editors went to college. In "Who's Who," the red book of prominent Americans, Mr. Speed found that out of 8,602 names, 3,237 were graduates from colleges, 271 were graduated from West Point and Annapolis, and 733 attended college. This is an immense percentage of college men, considering the fact that the colleges turn out annually only about 2,500 young men, while 500,000 young men are yearly added to the industries of the country. When the roll of distinguished persons is scanned, it is found that one out of two and a third are from college.

Mr. Speed brought out the fact that eighteen of the fifty presidents of big railroads in the country were graduated from college. But of the eight most prominent men of affairs, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, James J. Hill, James Stillman, Charles M. Schwab, and William C. Whitney, only the last had what could be called a college education. The above fact will bear out what other writers have said on this subject, namely, that it is the average man and not the genius that needs a college education.

Mr. Speed gives some figures on the cost of a college education:—

"In this era of big things it is interesting to consider the cost of college instruction. That may enable us to make up our minds as to whether or not it pays. The grounds and buildings are appraised at \$133,000,000; the productive funds at \$138,000,000; the scientific apparatus at \$14,000,000; the benefactions at \$21,000,000; while the total annual income of them all is \$21,000,000. That is a great sum, even greater than the \$16,000,000 the poor people of the city of New York annually pay into the policy shops of the metropolis in a game in which they have no chance to win. Here is an illuminating contrast. The whole United States pays \$21,000,000 annually for its higher education; the metropolitan city alone puts \$16,000,000 yearly in a game that preys only on the ignorant. I fancy no college man ever played policy except in the pursuit of knowledge and by way of experiment. When ignorance is so costly, higher education would not be very dear at twice what is now spent on it."

## HOW TO OVERCOME DEFECTS IN EARLY EDUCATION

*By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE*

EDUCATION is a relative term. No man has ever been completely educated; no education has ever been finished. Many men have entirely completed special courses of training in special departments, and have learned everything which the schools were able to teach, both in the way of knowledge and of skill; but education is always, in the end, an individual matter. All that the schools can do for the best student is to teach him where to find the sources of information, how to use the materials at command, and how to handle the tools of his craft or profession. The man who does any original work in the world must go on, from this point, to educate himself thoroughly, in the light of what the schools have taught him.



A business man whose educational opportunities of a formal kind have been limited, is, therefore, in the same position as a most eminent specialist; neither is completely educated. A specialist has the advantage of a business man in having passed through a longer course of training, and having the advantage which such a course offers, of utilizing the best experience of the past, and the best knowledge of the present. It must not be forgotten, however, that no man can be successful in business without coming under very important and searching educational influences.

There are three great elements in education: Discipline, instruction, and the development of original power. Discipline puts a man in command of his own faculties by teaching him habits of study, of observation, of concentration, and of industry; habits which are conditions necessary to the attainment of success in any field. Instruction involves the imparting of knowledge; such a direction of the mind as enables it to secure the largest possible amount of information in the different fields in which it studies. The most thorough education in the world cannot confer original power. The well-known story of a man who went about among the schools, inquiring where he could purchase, for his daughter, the faculty of acquiring knowledge, which she seemed to lack, is typical of the misapprehension under which many people labor. Education cannot add to one's original educational endowment; but it can



so thoroughly train the senses and the mind, discipline the will and store the memory, as to bring out every ounce of available power, and put the student in such complete possession of himself that, whatever he may do, he will do it with the freedom and individuality which constitute originality.

The work of the world, in which every business man is involved, is the greatest single educational force brought to bear upon society. It is a habit of those, who have not thought about the matter, to speak of business as if it were purely commercial,—confined entirely to buying and selling, with a view to profit. As a matter of fact, the necessity of working, which drives men into business, has not only developed the resources of the world in a magnificent way, but has done more than any other single force to steady society, by training its individual members to be self-governing, self-respecting, and trustworthy. No man or woman can retain a position in any employment without the possession of the qualities of industry, honesty, veracity, and promptness. Those two fundamental attributes of the English-speaking peoples, which Carlyle says form the bases of character,—honesty and truthfulness,—have been drilled into these peoples by their own commercial occupation. The business of the world rests on the assumption that a great majority of men can be trusted, both in speech and action; and in this fundamental education, which makes society temperate, obedient to law, diligent and trustworthy, business has played the chief part. The workshop, the factory, the store and the office are the great schoolrooms for a large majority of men; and they are every day silently imparting a training, both intellectual and moral, which is of the very highest value to society. No man can succeed in business without submitting himself to the training and the discipline which the work of the world brings with it. No man can succeed, in either large or small operations, without concentration, diligence, and at least a semblance of sound moral character; so that every business man, no matter how limited his early educational opportunities, if he has any faculty for business, and has had any success, cannot be regarded as a wholly uneducated man.

Many of the managers of great enterprises, the organizing financiers, those who are called the captains of industry, are not only men of great brain power, but men of very wide information, of generous tastes and of liberal culture. In many instances, such men have had the advantages of formal education; in many other instances, they have supplemented the training and discipline of business by studies in other and more purely intellectual fields.

What the business man needs, whose early educational opportunities have been limited, is not, therefore, the elements of training and discipline. He most needs, as a rule, sound habits of thought and the

opportunity of forming acquaintance with the best literature, the best history, the best art, and the best knowledge of the world in his own department. In order to do this, he must, as a rule, in view of his preoccupations, depend mainly upon himself. He cannot make use of the skill and experience of other men, although more than one successful business man has put himself under the tutelage of a competent instructor late in life, for the sake of remedying some defect in his education, or of acquiring some kind of knowledge of which he has felt the need. The chief obstacle in the way of self-education for most men of active business life is lack of time, or, at least, the impression that there is a lack of time. As a matter of fact, men have, as a rule, time for the things for which they really care. If a man has a passion for knowledge, in almost every case he will secure it, no matter what the pressure of his daily work may be. If a woman loves beauty, she will find access to it, no matter what the disadvantages of her situation may be. The heart comes to its own, in the end. When we do not get the things which we think we want, our failure, as a rule, is due to the fact that we are not willing to put forth the effort, or to pay the price, by work or sacrifice. Most men unconsciously waste enough time for self-education. Many business men live at a distance from their offices; they spend from one to two hours a day in going to their places of business from their homes, and in returning to their homes. When this time is given to walking, nothing is to be said; for health depends largely on exercise, and health is a primary object in all intelligent living. But most men do not walk; they use conveyances of all kinds, and they have from one to two hours, each day, of spare time. That time, as a rule, they give to newspapers. No man in our age can be intelligent who undervalues the newspaper, which is the daily history of our own time. So far as it is a daily history, the newspaper ought to be regularly and intelligently read. But the newspaper is many things besides a daily history; it is a chronicle of all manner of miscellaneous, personal, unusual, abnormal, and criminal events; it is a chronicle of private affairs, of scandals, and of crimes.

There are many newspapers which are free from objectionable reading matter, but which, of necessity, present to their readers a great mass of material which is interesting and not without value, but which is of purely secondary interest to the man who needs the uplift, the inspiration, and the enrichment of familiarity with the best literature of the world. It is easy to get, out of the morning and evening newspapers, in twenty minutes, a full report of the world's doings. When that is accomplished, a man who is eager to cultivate himself would better spend his time upon other and more valuable reading matter. Almost every one knows of business men who have become accomplished lin-



guists, who have studied history, and made themselves familiar with good literature, by devoting to these pursuits the leisure moments of the time spent in travel between their homes and their places of business. The writer has in mind a very capable business man who has learned three languages in this way, without very great effort,—learned them at moments which he would have given, otherwise, to the reading of miscellaneous newspapers which would have left no trace upon his mind. The men who lack the time for self-education are so few that they ought not to be taken into account. What is needed is a husbanding of time,—a perception of the value of fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the evening; a habit of treating separate pieces of time as a whole, and so getting, from ten minutes here and ten minutes in another place, a full half-hour for some kind of useful work with the brain.

In order to utilize time, one must have a plan of work, and he must have a book at hand. A great many people waste time because, when the leisure of fifteen minutes comes, they have nothing at hand on which they can spend that quarter of an hour. Some people, in deciding what books they will read, and in finding the books, waste enough time to read the books through, again and again. Education is a long process; and, like every other long process, it requires prevision, forethought, and planning.

The man who would like to know something about astronomy must lay out a little scheme of study for himself, get the books which are necessary, and have them at hand the moment he is at leisure. The man who wishes to familiarize himself with political economy, with politics, or with industrial questions, which are now of such importance, must find out what text-books he ought to have, secure those text-books, and keep them by his side. The man who wishes to know literature does not need to lay out an elaborate plan which fills him with discouragement by its very magnitude, but he does need to decide what author he is going to read next, and he does need to get the book and keep it within easy reach. Almost all the great classics are now published in portable form so that a man can carry a play of Shakespeare, the essays of Bacon, the poems of Tennyson or of Browning, a translation of "Faust," Matthew Arnold's criticisms, Emerson's essays, or John Burrough's charming transcriptions of nature, in his coat pocket, and substitute them for the newspaper which is thrust in his face by an eager newsboy, and which he buys because he has nothing else to read.

A great many people make the mistake of planning too much, and of planning too far ahead, and so feel the weight of a burden which is too heavy to be carried. That is a blunder. It is only necessary to plan a little distance in advance, to secure a few books and get them in the

right form. In every department there are, to-day, summaries by competent men, which give a man all the information necessary to enable him to select the proper books, books thoroughly trustworthy, without being technical. The man who can secure whole evenings, or longer periods of time, will do well to procure the advice of some one in the department with which he wishes to familiarize himself, who can give him personal advice and attention; but no man need despair because he lacks these longer periods of time and is shut off from this kind of individual advice.

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that books are the only instruments and material for education. Books are highly important, but the knowledge which we get from books must be supplemented by that which we can gain from life. It is of the highest importance to form a habit of looking at life from the educational point of view, by studying intelligently conditions about us, and using every opportunity of gathering the kind of information which familiarizes us with other conditions than those in which we live, and other experiences than those which come to us. Mr. Beecher was once asked how it was possible for him to use so many illustrations drawn from the mechanical and industrial arts, and use them with such apparent accuracy of knowledge. He replied that he never omitted an opportunity of learning a mechanical process, or of gaining an insight into the special knowledge of any profession. If he had a journey to make in the White Mountains, he sat with the driver and skilfully induced him to talk about himself and his occupation. Before he had reached his destination, the preacher knew, as a rule, a great deal that was interesting and significant about the point of view and the habits of the stage driver, his way of looking at things, his resources and tastes. If he had a journey to make on a steamboat, he secured access to the pilot-house and drew from the pilot as much information as he could persuade him to impart about his occupation. If he happened to be in a town where there was a cotton factory, silk factory, or a shoe factory, he visited the factories and studied at first hand the method of producing an article, from the time of its arrival in a crude state to the finished product. In this way, he immensely enlarged the area of his definite information, and was enabled to draw his illustrations from a wide range of occupations. This habit of making educational use of one's opportunities is very easily acquired, and, once acquired, becomes a constant source of enrichment, and of pleasure, as well.

To sum up the whole matter: The business man who feels the need of further education will do well to avoid adopting any elaborate plan; he will do well to follow the lines of thought or of work in which he is interested. It is almost useless for a mature man to attempt to master subjects for which he does not care. If a man enjoys history, let him



make history his specialty; if he enjoys poetry, let him read poetry; if his tastes are scientific, let him read the books of the scientists. Under any circumstances, the mature man who is trying to enlarge his horizon and broaden his interests ought to work along the line of least resistance. There are a few practical, sensible books which are of use. One of these is Dr. James Freeman Clarke's "Self Culture." Books of this kind make suggestions in regard to training the memory, the attention, and the imagination which are valuable, because they can be easily applied. Any man who has a few moments of leisure every day, and access to a library, may become an educated man, if he chooses.

## SUPPLEMENTING AN IMPERFECT EDUCATION

*By RANDOLPH GUGGENHEIMER*

*President of the City Council of New York*

THE struggle for success in business and professional life is keener in the United States than in any other country. The development of our resources has just begun. In spite of pessimistic disclaimers, gigantic fortunes can still be made in America. Business advances here with electrical rapidity. The man who expects to succeed must not lay any sacrifices of time upon the altar of leisure. He finds that he requires, above all else, in addition to physical health, a quick intelligence. This is the force which makes a man successful in commercial ventures. Keeness of judgment is not dependent upon culture. In fact, it is safe to say that the classical education obtained by the sons of the wealthy, in private schools and at the universities, is a handicap in the race for the great prizes of commercial life. In any state of the union the average American lad, who is destined by his industry and mental aptitude to rise from poverty to affluence, is simply equipped with a public school education. He has received, through heredity and his American environment, strong mental powers; but his education is practically confined to writing, arithmetic, half-forgotten lessons in geography, and ill-adjusted historical facts. He has, however, a large store of natural intelligence. The universities furnish splendid material for the learned professions; but literature and the fine arts are not likely to aid a man in the rough struggle for business honors.

Nevertheless, I recognize the fact that there are few men who are not anxious to possess a trained and cultured mind. Many men have by the exercise of their abilities, made a way to fortune. At thirty-five or forty

years of age they have expended more mental and physical energy in the performances of their rapidly growing work than could be shown in the average lifetime. When they have risen to positions of wealth and enjoy the first swift-flying days of well-earned rest, they are immediately possessed by an overmastering desire to supplement the imperfect education of their early years. They then know the value of broad general knowledge, and determine to turn the natural energy of their characters into new channels.

What is the best course for a man to pursue to supplement his education? In the first place, it is necessary to define the exact meaning of the word education. It is certainly not the acquisition of a mass of uncoördinated facts. John Stuart Mill, in his inaugural address to the students of St. Andrew's University, in Scotland, dealt profoundly with this subject. He spoke of education as a process and a result, and said that the ideally educated man, is one who "knows something of everything and everything of something." There is no inherent value in the ability, for example, to remember the date of the battle of Marathon, or to be able to repeat a formula of trigonometry, or to have enough knowledge to hum a song of Béranger or of Heine. Such acquirements are excellent in their way, but they are merely the means for the gaining of education. True education means the development of man's intellect to the highest point of its capabilities. Facts and thoughts, theories and books, are ladders which enable him to reach greater heights of mental development. When they have served this purpose they may be flung away. The results, and the results alone, of a man's studying, remain, and constitute a splendid intellectual unity. For the beginning of the building of this ideal education, youth is, of course, the proper time. The brain is then fresh and impressionable. It is much more difficult, in later years, to mold thought into new forms and direct it into new channels.

But in spite of all difficulties, mental deficiencies can be corrected in any period of a man's career. In so speaking, I take into consideration the case of the typical American who speaks English, and English only. In mapping out a course of study which will enable him in ten years to stand as the peer of any university man, I exclude the study of all foreign languages except one, and mathematics, both pure and applied. I would have him devote himself to an exhaustive study of English literature. It is a matter of absolute importance that he should acquire the power of expressing himself gracefully, and with facility, both in speech and writing. The character of men and of nations is denoted by their speech. Language is the mirror and reflection of the mind, and character is revealed by style. Habitual slang and slipshod speech indicate neglect and disorder in the mental household. Every educated



American should be ambitious that his words be always drawn from a "well of English pure and undefiled."

In this busy age we have not time to loiter in the gardens of ancient thought. In our newspapers and magazines, a controversy has for some time been waged as to the advantage of continuing the obligatory study of Greek and Latin in our high schools and universities. I am convinced that Greek, in spite of the sonorous beauty of its prose and poetry, should be universally made an elective subject. But the intimate relationship which exists between Latin and English makes the continuance of the study of Latin absolutely necessary. This is advisable not merely because there are about eighty thousand words in the English language derived directly from the Latin, but also because, as has been so eloquently pointed out by John Stuart Mill in the address above alluded to, Latin, to a larger extent than any other language embodied in literature, gives to a writer of English a sense of form and a delicacy of adjusted rhythm.

First, and above all, I advise a man who wishes to complete his education, to take up a course of English literature, which I shall outline. But I would also advise him to study Latin for half an hour every day. There have been very few illustrious orators or writers, distinguished for charm and felicity of speech, whose style was not dependent upon an early classical training. Such men as John Bright, in England, and Abraham Lincoln, in America, were masters of the English tongue and were guided only by their natural genius and the inspiration of Shakespeare and the Bible. But they were men whose souls were like stars.

I would say, therefore, following in part the definition of true education, given by John Stuart Mill; learn a little Latin *and make the whole field of English literature your own*. The course taken up must be systematic. A careful study should be made of Shakespeare, the most elemental genius that ever turned the light upon human nature. Study history, first that of America, then of the entire continent. Such a student should not restrict himself to prose, but he should make himself familiar with the works of the poets. Nor should romantic literature be ignored. Valuable lessons may be obtained from the writings of the best novelists. They give, in dark or bright colors, pictures of human life and passion. Study works of sociology and philosophy. Your reading, however, should be always limited to the works of the very best authors in each subject; thus avoid what is mediocre, and become thoroughly familiar with the greatest and noblest thoughts of English literature.

## THE NECESSITY OF SPECIALISM, AND ITS DANGERS

By HENRY MORTON

*President of Stevens Institute of Technology*

WHEN we hear of the numerous discoveries that have been made regarding the ancient civilization of Nineveh and Babylonia, showing how similar human nature was at that early period to the human nature of to-day; when for example, we find, among the records of Babylonia, bail-bonds, guarantees, and regular debit and credit accounts, we are sometimes disposed to quote the reputed words of Solomon: "There is nothing new under the sun." But while this statement is largely true as to the fundamental characteristics of humanity, it is by no means true as to the range of human knowledge, which, especially during the last half century, has been developing at a geometrical ratio. Entire departments of science, art, and industry, have been created and added to the older ones, until such a character as the "Admirable Crichton," or student who knew everything, and was prepared to "defend a thesis," as the old phrase went, on any subject, has become a psychological impossibility. No human brain has the capacity, and no life the time, to acquire even a superficial knowledge of all the subjects which have been studied and developed by the workers of the last century, to say nothing of those who went before. Not only is this so, but even if we confine ourselves to what might be called a single division of human knowledge, such for example, as the science of chemistry, or of physics, or of engineering, it would be, and is, quite impossible for any one individual, no matter how diligent he may be, to acquire and retain a knowledge of all the varied facts and laws embraced within such a subject. Indeed, as a sort of exaggerated, yet truly suggestive, statement of the case, I may quote the story of the student of natural history who, on his deathbed, said to his son:—



"My son, I hope you will not follow my example and waste your life by attempting to extend your study over too wide a field. I have attempted to study the entire class of beetles. I should have confined my attention to the horned beetles."



While this is, of course, a somewhat amusing exaggeration, it illustrates a certain truth. For example, it would be folly for a chemist to attempt to make himself an authority in all departments of that science, and accordingly we have, as a matter of fact, organic chemists, who devote themselves to the study of organic bodies and their chemical relations; and as a subdivision of these are "color chemists," who devote their lives to the investigation of old, and the discovery of new, processes for the production of dye-stuffs and related colored bodies. Then we have metallurgical chemists, who devote themselves to the study of chemical processes involving the metallic elements. Again, in literature we have the great historian, the great novelist, the great essayist, the great student of theology, and so on; turning to fine art, we have the landscape painters and the figure painters as very distinct divisions, the same man seldom, if ever, attaining any marked proficiency in both subjects.

We might go on indefinitely pointing out how far-reaching is this process of division or specialization in all directions. In law, we have the corporation lawyer, the commercial lawyer, the patent lawyer, and the criminal lawyer; and in medicine, besides the general practitioner, we have the specialists who devote their attention to particular classes of disease or particular parts of the human anatomy, with almost as many subdivisions as Herodotus describes in reference to the practice among the ancient Egyptians. This being so, it is at once obvious that specialization is a necessary condition in modern society; and the question becomes an important one: "Does the special attention and devotion of thought and effort to a limited subject necessarily have a bad effect upon the mind of the specialist?"

For my part, I am disposed to believe that within the limits which nature enforces in the average case, it is not injurious; that is to say, a man may devote most of his time and effort to work along a certain line; but, if he would not do violence to natural laws, he will be compelled to interest himself in other subjects, in order to maintain his intellectual powers in a healthy condition. I might illustrate this by supposing a botanist traveling in a new country and studying its flora. It would be an unnatural condition in such a man if he so limited his attention to his special subjects that he did not perceive and was not impressed by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery through which he passed. There is in the average human mind a condition which contributes to this beneficial result. Just as the appetite for food demands a certain change and variety, so the mental appetite becomes surfeited if confined to the limited fare of a single subject and will soon develop a hunger for something different. This is well illustrated by certain well-known facts. The great investigator, Faraday, to whom we owe so many vitally important discoveries in electricity, after spending a series of days on

one of his classical investigations, would interrupt his work, if it had reached a possible stopping point, and would become absorbed in some work of fiction.

I have known several distinguished men among lawyers and scientists who have told me of their own similar experiences. After preparing or arguing an important case they take up some piece of literature, often of a light character, and find an immense relief and rest in its perusal. I have also repeatedly been surprised to find men whose working hours were filled very full with professional or business subjects, display not only a remarkably extended acquaintance with literature, but also a force and clearness of literary judgment which would be no discredit to a critic. Sometimes the lines in which men in this sense disport themselves are very curious; thus, one of our greatest mathematicians chose for his off-studies patristic theology. In his own estimation he was a fair mathematician, but a profound theologian. Again, one of our most eminent engineers had cultivated in his idle moments the art of the prestidigitateur until there were few professionals who could surpass him in skill. The great engineer, Rankin, left a volume of amusing poems, most of which are songs which he sang at Engineering Society dinners.

From these few examples I think we may see how nature tends to limit the specializing of the specialist, so that unless he deliberately fights against his natural tendencies, he is sure to find a sufficient range to keep what we may call his intellectual muscles generally in a "fit" condition. That this is true is fortunate for the human race, since there can be no doubt that, from the necessity of human progress, the specialist has not only come to stay, but will increase and multiply as the years roll by.

#### ABUSE OF CONCENTRATION

NATURE, it has been said, keeps a shop. You may help yourself to what you like in it. But you must pay the price. She sets a heavy penalty on extremes. The richest men are by no means the happiest men. They pay too much for their money, just as the continuously idle man pays too much for his leisure, and sinks into a condition of abject lethargy. Tramps sometimes commit suicide. So, too, sometimes, do millionaires.

The conditions of modern life imperatively demand concentration of purpose and of energy in order to achieve success in any field of human activity. But nature just as imperatively insists that that concentration be not carried too far. If it is, the penalty is exacted to the last pound of flesh. The possession of a talent implies a divine command to use it. Otherwise it ossifies and dies, but leaves a ghost in its place to haunt its



possessor with memories of what might have been. Darwin in youth was exceedingly fond of music and poetry. But for many years he devoted himself to the study of natural history to the exclusion of everything else. At the age of fifty he discovered that his love of music and poetry had left him, and sadly did he deplore his loss.

John Stuart Mill found, after many years of devotion to the study of logic and political science, that life was beginning to wear a very dry and barren aspect for him, and he confessed his indebtedness to the poet Wordsworth for refreshing his parched soul at the fount of nature.

No man who aims at becoming distinguished can afford to devote equal attention to the cultivation of all his talents. He must favor those which aid him most in reaching the goal for which he strives. He must dare to be ignorant of many things, that he may know a few things preëminently well. But, unless he would incur nature's penalty of decay and atrophy for so doing, he must not totally neglect any one of them. Gladstone was a splendid type of the man who, while devoting himself assiduously to the cultivation of his strongest talents, yet neglected none of the generous gifts that he had inherited. Largely in consequence of this, he fills, in the estimation of a large number of men, the measure of the ideal statesman. Lincoln could never have borne the weight of a nation's agony had he not cultivated his love of humor. It is impossible to tell how much Cleveland's indomitable courage in adhering to his political ideals has been strengthened by indulgence in his love of fishing. Otherwise his heart might have failed him, and between moral and physical health there is oftentimes a close alliance.

Nature erects a tombstone over the gift that is too long left unused, on which tears of penitence may be shed, but they will not effect the miracle of resurrection. In the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is presented a striking object lesson in natural history, illustrating the consequences of neglect and disuse, of which there are many human prototypes.

Of these the most melancholy specimen is the millionaire, who, having long lived solely to work, abandoning every faculty that does not contribute to business success, finds himself, in his old age, without any capacity to enjoy what his riches can so abundantly purchase, and is compelled to continue working as the only means of keeping himself from an existence of blank vacuity. More victims of overwork probably are found in America than in any other land. No matter how keen competition may render the struggle for wealth and fame, Nature's laws are never changed to suit modern conditions. Concentration is the price of success. Mental and moral atrophy is the penalty of neglect. The wise man will seek a compromise between the prize and the penalty.

## THE BETTER PLACE TO DEVELOP ONE'S TALENTS, CITY OR COUNTRY?

*OPINIONS OF JOSEPH H. CHOATE, EX-SENATOR WILLIAM V. ALLEN, BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, JOHN W. KELLER, SENATOR JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, AND OTHERS*

MANY thousands of young persons throughout the country are chafing under the limitations of farm or village life, picturing to themselves with longing the joys and opportunities of great cities. A very considerable proportion of these young men and women, prompted by their strong desire for more opportunities and wider lives, come to the cities. Here, many encounter bitter experiences. Far better is it for them to have some preliminary knowledge of the conditions which await them.

With this idea in mind, expressions of views of the relative advantages of country and city life have been obtained from eminent men. The consensus of opinion is that the young man who has lived in the country during the formative period of childhood and early youth, has an equipment much superior in the very important matters of stamina and bodily vigor to that of the boy whose birthplace is the city. Yet he should not enter the wearing competition of the great centers of population unless he has unusual strength of both mind and body. In the largest cities the greatest fortunes are gained, but the struggle for them is proportionately keener, the percentages of failure larger, and the penalties attached to failure greater.

Even if he has the qualities necessary to win a foremost position in the city, it is shown that in some important spheres of activity a young man's progress is likely to be greater in smaller communities. In politics, for example, his prospects for attaining unusual distinction are greater if he makes his residence in a town or city of medium size. William McKinley lived for more than thirty years in a city of less than thirty thousand inhabitants, and all of his predecessors in the White House came from town or countryside. Only four of the members of the United States Senate are from cities of the first class, and most of the representatives are, of course, from the towns. Few of the justices of the Supreme Court and governors of the various states are from our largest cities.



HENRY C. POTTER



Fifty thousand country lads come to New York every year seeking fame, fortune, or a livelihood. Ten thousand, impelled by the same motive, go to Philadelphia. Twice as many annually pour into Chicago. All the larger cities receive their quota of the best brawn and brain that the rural regions produce. The great majority of these young men are entirely ignorant of the conditions that await them. What for many of them is the most important step in their lives, which may make or mar their whole future, is taken blindly.

This is most deplorable. The scores of thousands of young men in the rural districts and small towns throughout the country, now trying to decide whether they shall remain at home, or fight out the battle of life in the large cities, need the best advice obtainable. That is presented below, in the views of men preëminently qualified to speak concerning the relative opportunities for success, as they exist in the great cities and in the smaller cities and towns or in the country, and the advantages and disadvantages of life in each. The reading of them cannot fail to be of great assistance to all young men who contemplate a change from country to city in helping them to arrive at a wise decision.

Commenting upon this question, ex-Senator William V. Allen, of Nebraska, says: "The man who lives remote from the great cities is the one, other things being equal, who makes the broadest mark in public life. I may be mistaken in my view, but there seems to me to be a disregard of life and the moral rights of manhood, in a crowded city, that does not exist in our villages. I have often said to myself, when considering certain men, or certain types: 'Here is a man who struggles for money and power at the sacrifice of his manhood, who stunts his moral growth, stifles his moral sensibility, and loses his feeling of duty and responsibility toward his fellow-man.'

"Now, in small towns like my own in Nebraska everybody knows all his neighbors, and the only test is that of good character. If my neighbor is a hod carrier and an honest man, I treat him with as much cordiality as any other man, and he is just as welcome in my house. If the baker's wife is a respectable woman, she stands on a plane of equality with my wife. Such conditions make one feel that life is worth the living, and they apply with special force to the young man looking forward to a public career. He can never afford, in this country at least, to get out of touch with the plain people, and the closer he keeps to them the larger will be the measure of esteem and confidence they will give him.

"The young man elected to office for the first time in a rural community either stands or falls by the record which he makes for himself. His actions are judged by men with whom he daily touches elbows, and if they find that he has ability and character, the future lies clear before

him. The same test is not applied so rigidly in crowded centers of population. To the beginner, anxious to forge to the front in politics, at the same time keeping his hands clean and his conscience clear, my advice would be to keep away from the cities and cleave to the country, where actions are known and judged of all men. The young man will, by so doing, go farther in the end, and accomplish more for himself and his fellows."

Joseph H. Choate discussed with the writer the question: Are the young lawyer's chances of winning the larger honors and profits of his profession more promising in the great city or the country town? He said:—

"There are two ways of looking at the matter. The prizes are, of course, biggest in the big cities, and there the most splendid opportunities are at the command of those who work their way to the top, or reach it by a chain of favoring circumstances. The big prizes and the splendid opportunities, however, fall only to the fortunate few. The average net earnings of the lawyers of New York are, if I mistake not, less than a thousand dollars a year. The average in the country is doubtless even smaller than this, but the country lawyer has a larger amount of comfort and ease of mind, and he stands a better, or at least an earlier, chance than does his city brother of finding clients who will stay by him and with him, which is essential to permanent success in the law, now more of a business than a profession. The gift of oratory no longer commands quick distinction, as it did in the old days; the head of a great city law office generally wins his place, not by capacity for brilliant argument in the court-room, but because he is fitted for large affairs, and knows how to organize and direct his associates. Such men are rare, and, in the long run, would be almost certain to win exceptional success in either city or country.

"Where would I advise a young lawyer fresh from the schools to locate? All depends upon the personality of the man seeking advice. If he has faith in himself and ability to back up that faith, if he has industry and honesty, and, above all, patience, he will make no serious mistake by selecting the large city as his field of endeavor. He may have to wait long for clients, unless he has influential friends to aid him, but they will come in the end, and, if he gives the same painstaking care to the small case as to the big one, it will bring others in its train. He must not lose patience, no matter how long the first client may be in making his appearance. If he does, and turns aside to promote some scheme or other, he will usually lose caste in his profession, and with it the chance of success.

"On the other hand, if this young man locates in some small city or town, he will not have to wait so long for his first client, and for the



assurance of a decent livelihood. His triumphs will bring him more clients, make his fellow-lawyers familiar with his mettle and cause his reputation to extend far beyond the limits of his own town, while a like period of labor and waiting in the city would have been seemingly barren of results. If he continues to forge ahead, the time may come when some great city law firm, on the lookout for fresh talent, will invite him to a junior partnership, and he will have accomplished in another way the aim he would have had in mind had he located in the city at the outset of his career.

"Still, New York, as far as lawyers are concerned, is the graveyard of village reputations. Men, who elsewhere have played a large part in law and politics, often open offices in New York and almost immediately sink out of sight. Roscoe Conkling, it is true, went from the Senate to a lucrative and widely-advertised law practice in New York, but his success was the brilliant exception to the general rule, and has yet to be repeated.

"Perhaps the greatest obstacle at the present time, to a young lawyer speedily gaining a foothold in a big city, lies in the fact to which I referred a moment ago, namely, that law has now become essentially a business rather than a profession. Successful lawyers of the present time fall naturally into three classes, first, that of the lawyer whose practice is confined to great estates and great constitutional questions; second, that of the corporation lawyer; third, that of the mercantile agency lawyer, who makes a specialty of collections. Each class is closely organized, and puts forth every effort to secure and hold all the business in its particular field.

"The corporation lawyer is usually a specialist, and the beginner may borrow a useful hint from the fact that most of the men who serve large corporations with increasing profit began their present connections in some other town or city, and removed to New York because the interests of their clients centered there. The young lawyer who seeks to attract attention to himself by taking up criminal cases, though he may find it a quick way to notoriety, generally makes a serious mistake. The practice of criminal law is not profitable, and does not permanently attract the best legal talent. This whole question of whether the young lawyer should locate in town or city is an interesting and suggestive one. I think that on the whole the greatest number of moderate successes in the law stand to the credit of the towns—that the most brilliant successes and the most glaring failures are scored in the great cities. But the hopeful beginner blinds his eyes to the failures, and takes his cue from those who have reached the top."

The Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York, is strongly of the opinion that many country lads make a grievous mistake in seeking their fortunes in the city. He says:—

"One of the most marked characteristics of our American life is the drift of youth from the country to the cities. The daily glitter and excitement, presented vividly through the medium of the always available newspaper and low-priced magazine, naturally makes a very strong appeal to young men, restless and discontented under the more or less depressing influence of rural isolation. They turn their eyes cityward, and, if they can possibly manage it, they go to the city. This may indicate ambition, but too often it is an ambition that maims and kills. It is true, as Daniel Webster declared, that there is plenty of room at the top; but, looking at conditions squarely, we must know that the top must always be for the few, and not for the many.

"The high stations of life can be attained only by men of exceptional power or opportunity. The vast majority must be content with average places; and, in cities like New York and Chicago, the supply for such places far exceeds the demand. We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that in our great cities there is deplorable congestion. The lodging houses are overflowing with men seeking work; many unfortunates shiver through the nights in the public squares and parks.

"It is true that the reason for such failure as this often lies in the man himself, but it is also true that in many cases the man's chief fault is that he has the average human weaknesses, and only limited and untrained power with which to combat conditions of exceptional difficulty. The man must live. The exigencies of life press down upon him and crowd him into paths that lead to demoralization and perhaps to outlawry. The undisciplined country lad bids good-bye to his home, and, strong in hope, comes to the city. There is danger that, a few years afterward, his character and body will have been impaired or broken by the struggle. What a payment is this to his mother for her love and care! What has become of her solace in old age? Is there no tragedy in this? To me there is nothing more deeply tragic in American life. At home, in his own community, the boy would probably have done fairly well. In the city, his strength was not equal to the opposition and the temptation. In this connection I have heard used the well-worn expression, 'the survival of the fittest.' We can regard with complacency the application of this principle to lower forms of life, but it seems a heartless principle to apply to our fellow-beings, the boys and girls, to young men and women who may not have had the moral and physical vitality of some others, but who still have souls.

"It cannot be denied that there are many opportunities for young men in a city like New York. Trained young men are in demand. A great city destroys blood and brawn and brain faster than it can make them. Numerous lusty youths who possess the strength of body and character that are best generated and developed by a simple country



life, come to the city and obtain a foothold that enables them to climb to positions that seem far higher than they might have reached at home.

"But most of them pay an enormous price for their success. It is said that a railroad engineer who drives his passenger locomotive at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour must sooner or later be put on slower work, because his nerves give way. Nearly everybody who leads a typical city life is driving a high-pressure engine. Every day we crowd on a little more work or a little more pleasure than the nerve mechanism will stand; and every day, little by little, the machinery is wearing out. At last the weakest place breaks down, be it brain or some other organ, and the man is broken,—almost always before his time. To find somebody to take his place becomes a question, and there is a response again from the young man who has been bred in the country, the young man who is willing to work with all his might. And another morsel, to be converted into the city's bone and sinew, passes into the rapacious maw of the City, the great, restless monster always hungry for youth and ardor and energy.

"The urban recruit is in danger of losing his individuality of thought and standpoint. In the country, there is ample time for self-communion; in the city, notwithstanding the call of many interests, the young man should take time for meditation. He should think for himself, retain his self-possession, belong to himself. He should maintain that simplicity which is strength, avoiding affectation in ideas, in manner, in dress; thinking more of what he is than of what he appears. Amid the confusion arising from the worshiping of many gods,—the god of money, the god of power, the gods of intellect and knowledge, and numerous others,—he should strive earnestly to maintain a right standard of values. If he works and plays sanely, neglecting neither his mind nor his body nor his soul; he may after all become one of the men who conquer the city and find in it their greatest sphere of usefulness."

The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, the eminent Presbyterian divine and municipal reformer, who came to New York from a town in Massachusetts, advises the "average" country boy to stay at home. He says:—

"The subject is a very broad and serious one, but I may say, in a general way, that I am inclined to discourage any boy from coming to the city, and especially the average youth, against whom the odds of getting on are very great, and are becoming greater. We need the extraordinary man, but the country towns and districts need him just as much, and the average man has two chances in the country to one here. There are, of course, many more opportunities in the great city, but for each one of them there are ten applicants. The difference in the cost of living overbalances the difference in wages, and so it is harder to save a dollar here than in the country. The average person should stay out of

this great vortex of mediocrity, misery, temptation, and crime. The great corporations and trusts are now absorbing every business. There is no room for the small man with the small business. Corporations have no souls, and no brotherly love can be expected from them. Competition grows fiercer and fiercer, and this competition, instead of developing initiative, is destroying it in the minds of thousands of men, and making nothing better than human machines of them. As the bank or the shop grows larger, the men with only one idea, with the ability to do only one thing, increase. We are increasing the cogs, and not the wheels. As for the pulpit, the city church brings out the best there is in the country clergyman, but he reaches it only by a process of careful selection, so he does not have to contend with many of the conditions other men meet with in coming to the city."

Dr. George F. Shrady, one of the most successful of New York physicians, believes that the medical man is better off, as a rule, in a rural than in an urban district. He gives his reasons as follows:—

"New York, or any other large city, is a poor place for the young doctor who comes out of college with only his diploma and what it stands for to help him on his way. A country doctor seldom succeeds in establishing himself in New York, and I have seen some most tragic failures. A few years ago, a physician who was very prominent in his New England town obtained a place as lecturer on the staff of a city college. He brought his family to the city, and his wife soon became very popular in society, but he could get no substantial practice. He sunk deeper and deeper into debt, and one day he committed suicide. No, a country doctor fights against heavy odds in New York. The conditions are altogether different from those in his own community. There everybody knows him, and sees him every day. There he is a standing advertisement of himself. If he comes here at first, and is willing to work and wait, his opportunity will come. If he has not enough money, however, to pay his expenses for the first five years, there is danger that he will drift into quackery, the patent nostrum business, or criminal practice; and, once there, the odds are against his ever becoming a reputable physician."

A contrary view is presented by Dr. C. R. Reagan, who has won prominence in a small city in western New York. He says:—

"I am daily becoming more convinced that I made a serious mistake in not locating in a large city. I have gone about as far here as I can ever go. I can only hope for an increase of practice from the growth of the town, which is bound to be slow. On the other hand, had I remained in New York or gone to some other large city, I would have had to wait longer to secure a foothold, but once firmly established, there



would have been practically no limit to my opportunities for advancement in my profession. The most that a country doctor can hope for is a decent living. The medical practitioner who looks forward to something more than that should not locate in the country or in a small town."

John W. Keller, who achieved a very conspicuous position in New York City as Commissioner of Charities, and who was a prominent journalist before he took this position, came to New York, a country boy, and made his way without the aid of influence or money. His words, therefore, have especial value. He says:—

"It is not a question of what a boy wants to do when he comes to New York City, but what he can get to do. Get something honest and do it, no matter what. Keep doing anything you can get, until you can get what you want. That is my advice.

"If a boy wants to come to New York, let him come. Neither he nor any one else knows what is in him. If he comes with the determination to rely on himself, the probability is that he will succeed. There is not a better place in the world to test him. It does not matter about his politics, his religion, or his prejudices. In London, you have to be an Englishman; in Paris, a Frenchman; in Berlin, a German; but in New York, if you have self-reliance, it matters not where you come from; you stand a good chance to get on. I do not say that New Yorkers are abler than men in the country towns. They simply have had more opportunities to develop what is in them. New York is the post-graduate university for the country, and with the hall-mark of New York success on you, you can walk right into position elsewhere."

There is much testimony to the effect that the metropolitan newspaper man is not as influential as the worker in the vineyard of country journalism. The young man who is ambitious to acquire importance as an editor is advised by numerous authorities to remain in the prosperous town rather than come to the large city. Charles B. Landis, congressman and successful editor, writes on this point as follows:—

"The country newspaper men of to-day really mold the sentiment of the republic and have done so for the last fifty years. The metropolitan papers cannot successfully champion any proposition that meets with the united opposition of the country press. Great movements either succeed or fail in proportion as they are advocated or opposed by the people who live in small towns and on farms, because the evenings of such people are devoted to reading and reflection, or to old-fashioned visiting, which means an exchange of views, and frequent discussion. In molding these views, the country editor is the chief instrument; and, after they are molded, he is their chief exponent, and thus verdicts for history are made.

"The country newspaper man, entering, as he does, each week, through the medium of his paper, from one to two thousand homes, is easily the

most influential man in the county. If he is level-headed and honest, his power for good is beyond estimate; if he is unscrupulous, he can do incalculable injury, because the readers of his paper are slow to attribute questionable motives to their home editor, and besides, political discipline is so perfect in the country that, whatever the party organ of the county says is generally considered law and gospel.

"The country newspaper man fashions the politics of this nation. Upon him Lincoln leaned. Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's great war governor, said a score of times that he could not have saved Indiana to the Union without the assistance of the country editors. They were always brave and fearless. One might be assaulted and his plant destroyed, but he had his wounds bandaged, put in a new outfit, and fought on for Lincoln and the Union and the freedom of the slave.

"The country editor's influence on county politics is paramount. He is a delegate to the state convention and is generally on the committee on resolutions. He insists on candidates that will justify eulogy and a platform that he can honestly champion. He insists on doing the county printing when his party is in power, and he is right about it. He not only ought to do his work, but should be paid a good price, for even then the community would remain his debtor; for, as a matter of fact he does more work for which he gets no pay, and casts more bread on the waters that returns to him in the shape of badly soaked dough, than any other man in any other profession.

"If the final estimate of a man's life-work is made from the standpoint of honest endeavor and unselfish devotion to the community in which he lives, I am not afraid of the final score of the country editor."

Artists are a class apart. The conditions with which they have to deal differ greatly from those which confront the seeker for fame, fortune, or livelihood, in the busy markets of trade, commerce, or industry. It is the consensus of opinion among those who have succeeded that the beginner's chances for success are greatest in the city. Says Charles Green Bush: "The artist cannot hope for recognition or for profit from his work unless he keeps in close touch with his market, and that is in the large city. The country is in many cases the best place for an artist to do his work, but he cannot afford to live there, unless he has means of his own, until he has made a name for himself. The successful American artists who from the first have lived remote from the cities could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The average artist, moreover, while winning his way, must turn to many things in order to gain a livelihood. He must teach and become an illustrator, and he will find most of his pupils and all of his orders, in the cities. Again, many an artist does not know at the outset of his career wherein lies his greatest strength. This knowledge will come to him from experience, and from rough-and-ready association with his fellows. The familiar and critical



intimacy of the studios has brought many an artist to a consciousness of some undeveloped talent, whose subsequent exercise turned seeming failure into complete success. There can be no two sides to the question. The city is the place for the beginner who hopes for adequate recognition and who meanwhile must make a living with his brush or pencil."

The career of James J. Hill, the railway magnate, presents a conspicuous example of success achieved independently of the large cities. Regarding the relative opportunities which the great city and the small town offer to the ambitious young man, he says:—

"I would advise a young man to get started in a small town with a future before it, instead of seeking the great city with its struggling competitors. There are still unnumbered opportunities for young men to win financial success in this country, for its development has only begun, so to speak, and there will be plenty of chances so long as development is going on.

"The crying need of to-day is men who have the gift of continuance. The man who desires to get his chance must work, and persevere in his work. He must turn to the first thing that comes to hand and do it with all his might. Every healthy man who is idle in the United States to-day is so from choice. If he will take what he can get, every idle man in the country can go to work. There are at this moment positions ranging in pay from one to four dollars a day for a hundred thousand men in the Northwest. There are, no doubt, enough idle men in that region to fill all these places, but they are men who have dropped out of healthy, active life into the life of the loafer.

"Were I asked to give definite advice to a young man of intelligence and health, but without capital or the training of the schools, I should say, first of all, that he must remember that opportunity has much to do with success in any place, and in any circumstances. There is, in other words, something in luck. Luck and laziness, however, do not go together, and opportunities do not come to him who sits and waits for them. He must look for them, and work for them, and, after all, the measure of success, whether in city or country, depends a good deal upon the man. A young man could not hope to win if he were bent on living as if he had an income of thousands, when as yet his earnings were only a few hundred dollars a year. Let him work steadily, however; live prudently and give signs of intelligence and enterprise, and help will eventually come to him. Help for such young men is, in truth, constantly looking for them to take it; help to buy farms, help to take charge of enterprises, small at first, but in this period of rapid evolution sure to grow into something well worth while; help of greatly diversified sorts.

"It is not true that the day of the rapid development of big enterprises has passed. The development of urban and inter-urban electric railroads is still in its infancy; and the same is true of many other forms of development. They all require capital; but the right sort of young man need have no difficulty in attaching himself advantageously to those who command it. One of our most serious troubles, at the present time, is the scarcity of proper men for positions of trust and responsibility. We simply cannot find them fast enough."

Comparing country-bred boys with city boys, and the effects produced by their different environment and training, Charles F. Wingate says:—

"The country boy is not so agile or alert as his city cousin, but he is more thoughtful and less superficial. When he takes up a subject like law or medicine or theology he is apt to go to the bottom of it. The best-read men in the professions, and the deepest thinkers, belong to this class. The country lawyer is as keen as a briar; the country editor is a shrewd politician.

"For a dozen years or more I have spent my summers at Twilight Park in the Catskills, where a number of New York and Brooklyn families have built cottages in the woods amid the haunts of Rip Van Winkle, and I have been curious to compare the country boys, sons and daughters of the neighboring farmers and of the working people thereabouts, with the children of the city folks, and to consider their probable future.

"The latter have had far better advantages for culture and training. They have read and traveled, have visited foreign countries and have seen life in many phases. They play golf and tennis, and are fond of wheeling and other outdoor sports. Some of them may place their mark high on the scroll of fame, but on the average, they do not exhibit any more real ability than do the country boys. The latter are more vigorous, and self-reliant.

"The list of country boys who have won fame and fortune in the United States is long. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Jackson, and Garfield, were farmers' sons; Lincoln was a rail-splitter; Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Seward, Grant, Sherman, Chase, Colfax, Garrison, Beecher, Roscoe Conkling, Horatio Seymour, and Gen. Joseph Hawley, all came from small communities.

"Of President McKinley's cabinet, Secretary Sherman came from Lancaster, Ohio; Lyman Gage was born in Madison County, New York; Secretary McKenna, though a native of Philadelphia, was reared in Benicia, California; Secretary Gary came from a Connecticut village; Secretary Long from Oxford County, Maine; Cornelius Bliss is a native of Fall River.

"Chauncey Depew came from Peekskill; Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana, from New Hampshire; Grover Cleveland from Caldwell, New



Jersey; W. D. Howells, the Rockefellers, S. C. T. Dodd, and Whitelaw Reid, from Ohio; Albert Shaw from Minnesota; R. W. Gilder from New Jersey; Roswell P. Flower from Watertown; Russell Sage from Troy; Roscoe Conkling and Noah Davis from western New York; Jay Gould and H. K. Thurber, from the Catskills; Thomas C. Platt from Tioga County; Levi P. Morton, Henry J. Raymond, Chester A. Arthur, and William M. Evarts, from Vermont; Tom Reed from Maine; Roger A. Pryor, John S. Wise, and John Brisben Walker, from Virginia. Cyrus W. Field, David Dudley Field, the Rev. Dr. Henry N. Field, and Judge Field, of California, all grew up in the Berkshire Hills, Massachusetts. Whittier and Harriet Prescott Spofford were born in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Brattleboro, Vermont, was the home of Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor, William M. Hunt, the painter, and his brother Richard Hunt, the architect, and also of the ancestors of T. W. Higginson and Eugene Field. Nantucket was the birthplace of Mrs. Stanton, Maria Mitchell, and Mrs. Child. A little Maine village has produced a vice-president, Hannibal Hamlin, a postmaster-general, members of Congress, governors, prominent lawyers, judges, and editors. Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Thoreau, and Hawthorne, developed to a high intellectual plane in Concord, Massachusetts.

The following list shows the birthplaces of prominent American artists, many of whom now reside in New York: —

Eastman Johnson, Lowell, Me.; Will H. Low, Albany, N. Y.; Francis Davis Millet, Mattapoisett, Mass.; Chas. S. Reinhart, Pittsburg, Pa.; Augustus Saint Gaudens, Dublin, Ireland; John S. Sargent, Florence, Italy; Wm. T. Smedley, West Chester, Pa.; Abbott Henderson Thayer, Boston, Mass.; Julian Alden Weir, West Point, N. Y.; John W. Alexander, Allegheny City, Pa.; James Carroll Beckwith, Hannibal, Me.; Frederick A. Bridgman, Tuskegee, Ala.; Wm. M. Chase, Franklin, Ind.; Frederick S. Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Kenyon Cox, Warren, Ohio; Daniel C. French, Exeter, Mass.; Childe Hassam, Boston, Mass.; J. Q. A. Ward, Ohio; William and James Beard, Ohio.

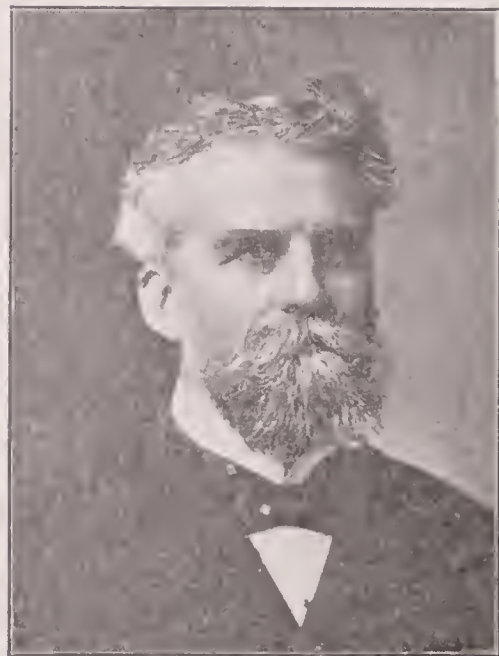
Among notable men and women who are natives of New York City may be mentioned the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Father McGlynn, Seth Low, John La Farge, George Gould, Mary L. Booth, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Samuel J. Tilden, Julia Ward Howe, William Waldorf Astor, James Gordon Bennett, ex-Postmaster Dayton, Louis Tiffany, MacMonnies, the sculptor, William Allen Butler, Edward M. Shepard, Ernest H. Crosby, Bolton Hall, General Geo. W. Wingate, J. C. Flood, Charles Astor Bristed, Horace E. Demming, Bruce Crane, and Edw. H. Blashfield.

## EXPRESSION AS A MEANS OF DEVELOPING CHARACTER

By S. S. CURRY

*President of the School of Expression, Boston*

SOME years ago, from fifty replies to an advertisement for a stenographer, I selected one young woman as the best on account of her handwriting, her recommendations, her speed and her general education. When she came to interview me, however, it was impossible for me to employ her. I could not endure her voice. Many young men and women who feel themselves qualified for important positions continually fail to secure them. They are usually unconscious of the greatest hindrance, the harshness in the tones of their voices, awkwardness or carelessness in manner, or some defect in expression which could be corrected easily in a short time by a right method and a right teacher.



Expression has not been properly appreciated as a practical aid to success in life. Success must come usually through intercourse with the world. Right speaking must not be neglected by the earnest young man or woman who is looking in any direction for lasting success. One with the greatest ability may learn too late that failure is generally caused by what seems to be the simplest trifle.

The development of expression requires the mastery of the so-called natural languages, that is, of the voice and body as agents of the mind in revealing thought, feeling, and purpose. These languages indicate most clearly the hidden habits of life, and express, unconsciously, the deepest traits of character. The right study and development of the natural languages will lead to the correction of conscious and unconscious habits, both in thought and action, and the strengthening of the



weaker faculties, to a realization of the highest possibilities of the individual, and to a knowledge and unfoldment of character.

Usually men judge each other by their motions, actions, the modulations of their voices or their words. When a business man looks over a young man who is a candidate for a position, he is not always conscious of the things that most impress him, but his contact with the world has developed in him a keen insight into character, whether he is conscious of it or not, and he judges of the man or woman before him by appearance and the various modes of expression. The very touch given to a word or phrase will indicate to him energy or a lack of it. The natural languages are the first to make an impression and are known and read of all men.

Looking at expression on the mere utilitarian side, it is found that the training of the voice prevents the ailments which come from the misuse of the voice and throat. Specialists in throat diseases thrive all around us, but few sufferers obtain permanent relief from pathological treatment. The work of the specialist is helpful up to a certain point, but the real cause of the difficulty is the misuse of the voice in speaking. The radical help that is needed by even the clerks who suffer during the busy season, by the society woman who cannot talk for half an hour without a sore throat, simply because she uses too little breath, or breathes too seldom, can be obtained, not in a long course of expensive treatment, or a change of climate, but simply in the right training of the voice.

Of the three thousand preachers I have taught, nine-tenths suffered in some way from misuse of voice. Teachers on all sides suffer from the universal ignorance as to the use of the voice.

Of all the functions of the body, those relating to the voice are least understood; and of all the powerful means for good, that which is least appreciated is the true modulation and use of the voice. The need of knowledge and training in this direction is not confined to those who use the voice in professional work. In society and in the home, in the everyday business of life, men suffer from physical weakness which comes entirely from talking with exhausted lungs. Not only throat troubles but many forms of nervousness abound as a consequence.

Even those who use the voice well in singing often disregard all the laws of vocalization in speech, and at times are forbidden to talk because the use of the voice in conversation interferes with their singing.

There is always something wrong when speech of any kind irritates any portion of the vocal instrument. Hundreds of people who were once physically strong, die early or drag out an unsuccessful existence in physical weakness and suffering, who might have lived long and useful lives, if they had learned the simple lesson of the conservation of energy

in the right use of the voice. Phillips Brooks succumbed to disease in the prime of life. It is said, "He had so used up his reserve vitality in work that there was nothing with which to combat disease." Those of us who sat under his wonderful preaching and heard the continual escape of breath, audible almost anywhere in Trinity Church, or any specialist who knows the laws of the right use of the voice, knows that the waste of vitality in his valuable life was not all in the line of work. There is no instrument to gauge the waste of life force in the delivery of a sermon when the voice is badly used. The right use of the voice is not only directly connected with the conservation of vital force and preservation of health, but it is a sign of emotion and force centralized and under control of the directing mind.

The study of expression develops delivery, gives greater power to the preacher and the teacher, to the orator, and to the public speaker of any kind. Skill in expression gives to any one greater command over his fellow men. It enables the speaker to convey a right impression regarding thought. It enables him to tell the truth, stimulates thought, quickens life, and tends to bring all his powers and faculties into energy.

The field of vocal expression is becoming more and more important. Positions with splendid opportunities for teachers are opening constantly in every direction. The calls that come from leading universities and schools in every part of the land cannot be supplied. Expression has opened more especially a new field for woman, with her finer intuitions and her insight into the human heart. Noble women find in this work a broad sphere of influence, a high and an adequate means of leading others to self-realization and to the mastery of their powers.

Again, teachers of expression aim to train public readers. Since it has been shown that ignoble emotions decrease vitality and that joyful emotions build up the physical system and stimulate life, we have still other, if not greater, reasons for the practical value of the vocal interpretation of noble literature. Dramatic art has always been recognized as the most potent influence for good or evil. It makes a more direct appeal to the emotions of men than does any other art. It uses as its means man's natural languages. It is the most adequate interpreter of character. Public reading is a legitimate phase of dramatic art. If, then, the study of vocal expression trains public readers to interpret the higher forms of literature, it does a great work. The public reader can, without scenery or expensive adjuncts, interpret any form of literature to any kind of audience in any kind of place. He expresses by suggestion and appeals to the imagination. He can or may present nobler poetry and a greater variety of forms of literature than is possible to be presented on the stage. He can interpret lyric poetry and the highest of all



epic as well as dramatic. The vocal interpretation of literature can be carried into any parlor, hall, or church, and furnishes one of the best means of instructing the masses, by presenting the highest thoughts, awakening the noblest emotions, and stimulating the highest ideals.

True training in expression leads to the deeper realization of the truths of all forms of art. It teaches also the importance of the stage. It shows the dangerous and demoralizing tendencies of exaggerating the lower forms of farce and burlesque at vaudeville performances, which are attended in many cases by even the cultivated members of the community. It teaches the possibility of even artistic vaudeville as a means of entertainment. It teaches, also, the real art of the stage, and how there can be developed a higher representation of that which is nobler and truer in dramatic representation. The real need to-day is the higher, finer, artistic training for actors found in the right study of vocal expression. Again, a study of the principles of vocal expression teaches the important part which noble stage art plays in the development of man.

But all this regards rather the external values of expression; values for the speaker, the teacher, the reader, and the actor. But if the training of the natural languages has an educational value, it is of universal use. It is helpful to every man, woman, or child, no matter what his profession.

The study of the natural languages has a mission in the development of human character. The subjective value of the study of expression is unique in education. The study of vocal expression furnishes the most immediate and direct means for training the imagination and the artistic nature. Professor Charles Eliot Norton has said that the appreciation of art can only be secured by developing the imagination, and that the best method of awakening the imagination is the recitation of noble poetry, especially of lyric poetry. "A real word," said the father of philology, "is a spoken word." Written language is fossil poetry, but the spoken word awakens the life only symbolized in language. It puts the living soul behind all words. The right study of the natural languages furnishes the means of making all literature living. It awakens the very faculties that appreciate all art and beauty. It brings thought into the realm of experience. It awakens the deepest powers of the soul to realization. It stimulates higher and nobler purposes for action. The scientific and analytic study of literature makes critics, but the right study of vocal expression secures the most profound appreciation, awakens the artistic faculties, stirs noble emotions, without which all literary study is as sounding brass. Further, it awakens a broad, practical, and natural method of education, and furnishes a true key to the relation between thinking and doing. It gives a method by which a species of lab-

oratory practice is made available and practicable to every grade of school and every department of human knowledge. A teacher with any true insight can test by means of vocal expression the very working of the faculties of a student and will enable the student to test his assimilation and realization of truth and life.

There are two elements in education: First, the acquisition of knowledge. This is not of the highest importance. Nine-tenths of the books written on scientific subjects are records of mistakes. It is hardly possible for the ordinary man to keep fully abreast with the latest discoveries in even one of the sciences. We have come to feel in this twentieth century that education is not primarily the acquisition of information, but the discipline of the faculties. The second element in a correct educational method is practice. "To know a thing we must do it" has been said again and again. Something is needed to put the faculties into energetic life and work. The expression of energy in its relation to the personal life of man is one of the most important elements of this disciplinary side of education. To realize the value of a thought we must express it. In our best schools and universities, in the scientific departments, the laboratory method is the one upon which the true educator most relies at the present moment. The student is set to making practical experiments, to doing original work for himself.

As breathing consists both in the taking in and the giving out of breath, so the life of the mind is dependent not only upon the receiving but also upon the giving of the truth. When rightly exercised, both of these two processes develop man's faculties and powers and unfold strength of character, upon which all success, in whatever department of life, primarily depends. Man's faculties are trained by impression and expression. It is a fact that all the great reforms in education have been along the line of practical work in expression, and the best educational methods to-day call for practical experiment or manifestation, or for some kind of execution.

Possibly there is a still deeper function performed by expression. "All education," says Froebel, "is emancipation"; but there are two elements in freedom, this negative element of emancipation, and a positive element of self-assertion. Mere emancipation does not bring freedom or liberty. There must be a positive self-affirmation. A right study of expression furnishes a natural method for self-affirmation. It furnishes a primary means by which each soul can affirm its own personality and unfold its own intuitional conceptions. Few people are really free. We have constricted voices, constricted hands, constricted bodies, and conventional, constrained minds. Many young men and women have never been allowed to think for themselves. They are unconsciously dominated at all times by parents or teachers and have never



been emancipated. Men, at first, have little faith in their own creative powers. We have little realization of our own being; little confidence of what we can do in life; little courage in our own power to affirm ourselves in action or execution. This is the primary source of all failure. The soul must affirm itself as the very foundation of all success. Are educational methods to blame for the universal repressions and constrictions of men and women? There is a whole class of facts overlooked by modern education. We cannot understand a truth until we can give it some kind of expression. Expression, according to Emerson, is one half or more of life. We cannot know our own natural powers until we feel them in operation. Life, itself, is a mode of manifestation and self-affirmation. In endeavoring to express himself man secures the right relation of his faculties, and the harmonious use of all his languages. Every avenue is opened for the inflow and operation of energy, and there comes a sense of freedom, and an inner realization which gives rise to hope and confidence.

Again, the study of the natural languages trains the emotions. The foremost educators of to-day say that in the educational methods of the future more attention will be given to feeling. We are coming to realize that it is emotion that gives motive to man and brings him into true relation with men and things. Abstract study dries up the soul. Listen to the voices of students in any of our colleges or schools, how cold they are! How untruthful to the real spirit of truth! How like a machine! The acquisition of knowledge divorced from the natural response of the soul in the joy of knowing and realizing has left its unavoidable result in the voice and body. These men are weak in influence, and often weak in action. They know facts, but cannot use them.

True education should develop personality; should show the student how to get truth and should simultaneously develop his power to use truth and make him feel that truth is a living thing, a part of human character. Expression is the only method I have ever found of co-ordinating the receptive and the revelatory faculties of the human being and developing true harmony of all his powers.

The study of expression awakens and develops ideals and shows how to attain them from actual conditions. Self-realization is rare. How few men have found themselves! We can easily see the mistakes of others; their lack of courage; their lack of faith in themselves. Deep down in his own heart every man has a dream of possibilities,—a divinely given ideal, but he never talks about it. He does not know how to relate this dream with the actual duties and work of each day. It is indulged in only as an idle dream. It has no relation to present difficulties and conditions. Rarely do men see that the very difficulties in their paths are but a stairway to attainment. Too often such a one

comes to himself with a hope that in some far-off world he may become what he now dreams he might be.

Expression demands realization. Realization in even a small sphere awakens courage for a realization in a larger or higher sphere. So, expressive training teaches how to secure the highest attainment. It reveals to the earnest student the great laws of life that make the highest realization possible now and here. He need not sacrifice his principles for some low, miscalled success, but attains to true success in a present actualization of his ideals. He can come to know that life itself is the actualization of his dream; that his most impossible dream was a prophetic vision and that the real may be transformed and made a basis for advancement. The deeper realization of thought necessary for vocal interpretation of a beautiful poem leads a student to the truth that life is art; that character is a product of thought and emotion; that life in art is the realization of the ideal and the idealization of the real.

Expression gives insight into the laws of nature; the laws of growth; the laws of development. It brings to consciousness a sense of power, a sense of life, a realization that everything is unfolding and that evolution is but the higher embodiment of mind, and the unimagined good of things "is yearning at the birth."

I know of some self-styled schools of expression that teach posing. They try, in the words of a great artist, John La Farge, "to make live people look like dead ones." They hold that if you can pose yourself right, the right emotion will come to you, and thus poison the fountain of endeavor, of creative imagination. "Nature," said Millet, the famous painter, "never poses," and there is nothing so affected, so artificial, or that will so quickly degrade character, as trying to make such an exhibition.

The right study of expression leads us to feel that we have power in ourselves to transform external conditions; that we can conquer our harsh voices; free our own constricted bodies; that by right thinking and by using the life within us we can open the doors to receive more life. Expression teaches us the fundamentals of character; how to assimilate truth; makes us feel the laws upon which the universe is founded and the methods by which experience is transmuted into character; shows us how to grow, how to develop, how to live. The right study of expression is one of the most important means that has ever come to man to awaken his powers, quicken hope, give him the eye to see and the strength to take the straight and narrow path to success.

Does this seem too much? Perhaps it does to one who has not taught six thousand people, who has not seen a discouraged soul, bound like a bud tied with a string, with constricted agents and constrained faculties, with unawakened and unrealized ideals, burst into flower in simple efforts to give expression to the deepest thought and feeling of life.



## SUCCESS AND ITS SECRET

*EDWARD EVERETT HALE, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,  
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, MRS. LELAND STANFORD,  
CHARLES M. SCHWAB, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER,  
MARSHALL FIELD, RUSSELL CONWELL,  
DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, AND  
OTHERS*



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

WHAT success is, is defined, and the secret of its achievement is revealed by nearly a score of men and women who, by virtue of their own careers, are entitled to speak.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE: Success is described and defined in many ways,—some good and some bad. I am afraid that a very cheap or vulgar habit of measuring success by the amount of money a man has scraped together is gaining ground. Do not people mean money when they ask: “Is he a successful man?”—“Is he a successful author?”—“Is he a successful minister?”—or, “Is he a successful inventor?” Now, really, an inventor is a successful inventor when the machine he invents does what it is made to do; an author is a successful author if his book does what he wrote it for, and a man is a successful man who does well what a man is made for.

With this success the business of accumulating money has nothing to do. It is a test, of more or less value, of his temperance, his honor, his industry. But a man’s success is to be measured by the answer to the question whether he did well or ill the business he had undertaken.

Money—as money—is simply vulgar. This is the bright phrase of one of the most charming women of the world. If I were a successful farmer, I should not think of piling five hundred turnips in my drawing-room.

For just the same reasons, I should never talk of money if I were a successful merchant or inventor, or the wife of one.

This is to be observed, that success for a man or a woman is to be measured by three standards; for each man, and the same thing may be said of each woman, is a child of God. He has the use of two tools. One tool is named body, and the other tool is named mind.

A man, then, has to succeed first in using his body for all that it is worth, in keeping it in good order, in taking care that it does not rust,

and in improving it, from time to time, as he goes on. A boy or a man should keep his body in order, just as one would keep his bicycle in order. This means daily exercise in the open air, it means entire command of appetite, so that a man can say "I will" and "I will not." He ought to be able to make his dinner from salt meat and hardtack; and, what is more, he ought to know how to cook the salt meat. He ought to be able to drink water, if there is no milk or coffee; and he ought to do this without grumbling. He ought to be able to walk fifteen miles every day, whatever the weather, and be none the worse for it at night. He must keep his body in order if he means to attain success.

Secondly, the tool called the mind is very closely connected with the tool called the body. But the details of the rules for managing it are different, and it does not do simply to have your body in good condition. People will tell you that it does, but these people are mistaken. Without going into detail any more than I have done in speaking of the body, illustrations will show where the detail belongs, and will be a good guide as one arranges his rules for the training of his mind. For instance, reading and writing are spoken of as if they were parts of mental training. A boy or a man wants to be able to read his own language well, so that he can read aloud to another, and be heard with pleasure and be understood. He wants to write his own language, so that, if he have to convince another person, he can use the right words in the right way. There is no use in writing if what you write is so dull that nobody wants to read it, or is so much mixed up in language, perhaps, or in thought, that nobody can understand it when he does read it. A man wants to communicate with other men, and with the women, in the world. He wants, therefore, to know how to think carefully and how to express in words what he thinks. And, going beyond mere reading and writing, a man should so train his mind that he can understand reasonably well what other people are thinking or talking about.

We need not expect too much from school education; but the training at school or somewhere else ought to go so far that a boy or a man can understand the language of his time. If he talks to an electrician, he should understand what the electrician means. If he talks to a forger or a farmer, he should understand either.

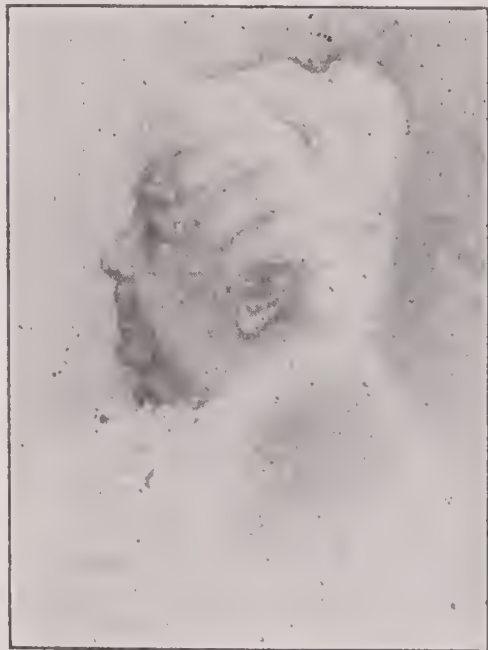
And, as I have intimated, behind the mere processes of speech or writing, he wants to think carefully. He wants to know if he is thinking as he should. He does not want to have other people fool him; and, for the same reason,—nay, even more so,—he does not want to deceive himself.

The secret of it all is not far off.



Here is God, who shines in the sun,—who gives the glory to the sky,—and who speaks in my heart to tell me what is right and what is wrong. If I make Him my companion, and tell Him everything, He is willing to take me as a companion, and to tell me everything.

That man or woman who controls body and mind, who succeeds with other people, and succeeds in the future, walks with God, talks with God, lives with Him, and enters into His joy.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON: There are three kinds of success. The man who devotes his life to the accumulation of wealth, enjoys the popular kind of success in which the world believes. There is no question about that kind of success. Then there is the one who devotes all his energies and powers to intellectual development and self-culture. This is not so popular, but I believe it to be of a higher order. In my opinion, the grandest of all successes to be attained in this life, is that which is the result of unwearied and ceaseless devotion to a principle which is intended for the general benefit and good of humanity. Of course, the world will not agree with me in this opinion, but when has it agreed with me in any

opinion until I have compelled it to do so? That has been my success. I believe in a definite purpose for girls. The thing which most retards, and militates against woman's self-development is self-sacrifice. Put it down in capital letters, that self-development is a higher duty than self-sacrifice. Women have always believed that they were born to be sacrificed, and I have made it my duty and my life-work to teach them the contrary. If I have succeeded in that, I have attained sufficient success.

Whatever success I have achieved, I attribute to the self-assertiveness and determination of my character. When my own conscience satisfies me that a thing is right, I have the courage to stand for it and to fight for it. It requires a great deal of planning and thinking to be a politician, but the truth is easily and quickly told. Truth is marked on the guide-board to perfect success,—truth and persistence.



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON: It is more than a hundred years since Dr. Johnson described an English merchant as "a new species of gentlemen," and it is three-quarters of a century since Halleck, in his poem "Alnwick

Castle," thus recorded the steps already taken by the English nobility in accepting the trammels of trade:—

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas in red herrings,  
And noble name and cultured land,  
Palace and park and vassal band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings."

Yet even to this day, the antagonism toward Mr. Chamberlain in England is based partly upon his business training; and the prosperous merchant has in no sense, even now, a standing in English society such as he possesses in our own.

It has often been said by social observers that the acquisition of wealth must soon become less easy in America, when the mines are explored and railroads built. As a matter of fact, the accumulation of property was never so rapid as now, and yet no royal road to success has been discovered and its essential conditions remain the same as ever. Though the writer is not a business man in the usual sense, he is yet descended from several generations of such men, and has had some opportunities of observing them, and so ventures on a few words of counsel to those who are beginning a business career.

The first thing for a young man to remember who would succeed in business is the fact that such success hardly ever comes by accident. Among its varying ingredients, luck really lies lowest and pluck highest. People are always disposed to attribute both success and failure to luck, if they can. Just so a New England juryman, after assisting to give Rufus Choate five successful verdicts, pointed out that it was no merit of Choate's, but only that he had happened to get on the right side of every question. As a matter of fact, Choate's cases came out all right because Choate argued them; and nine successes out of ten in business come from the fact that they are in the right hands.

All the luck in the world will not save a man from failure if he has no gift for business. If you ask how he is to find out whether he has this gift or not, the only possible answer is that he must learn by stern experience, and, if he fails, must take the consequences.

Supposing, now, that a young man wishes to test himself, hoping to succeed. In the earlier stages, the method remains always the same; namely, to begin frugally, to shrink from no innocent occupation, and to make receipts always slightly overbalance the outgo. These are the essentials at the beginning, and one can never put them far out of sight. "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds



six,—result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, naught and six,—result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are forever floored,—as I am!” This maxim from Dickens’s immortal Mr. Micawber represents the early stages of business success. But, after the foundation is laid, the remaining structure must be on a somewhat different plan. If a young man is satisfied with fulfilling the prayer of Agur in the Scriptures, “Give me neither poverty nor riches,” he may achieve it in this careful way. This appears to me, I confess, the more attractive course. But I am convinced—perhaps against my will—that a man who is aiming to make a great fortune must substitute the motto, “Nothing venture, nothing have.” He must, for instance, borrow a certain amount of capital, if he does not inherit it; and must take the risk of failure. This seems the path to a large success; and, if a person can command confidence and can really deserve it, no complaint is to be made. Thus started in the path, his own business talent must do the rest; and the natural leader makes himself felt by organizing the labor of others. All great business enterprises are built into success mainly through the guidance of one leader. Courage, patience, foresight, honesty,—all these contribute to leadership. But the true leader is born, not made, and no one can tell, except by trying, whether or not he is that leader.

MRS. LELAND STANFORD: My husband’s leading idea in the founding of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University was to develop the students’ powers for attaining personal success. I do not mean financial success. His ideal of success was far higher. He measured success by but one standard, and that was usefulness. Very much more successful men, in his eyes, than a Napoleon Bonaparte or a money king, were Isaac Newton and Christopher Columbus. The men who have added to the world’s riches, rather than those who have stored up great individual wealth, he esteemed most highly.

From the beginning of his manhood, he had this ideal of success, and it was really the foundation of all that he accomplished. He devoted the whole force of his brain and character to bringing about results, not because of the money there might be in them, but because they were important results, worth working for. And when wealth did come, he never regarded it as wholly his. He felt that it had been acquired through agencies which were really the common property of all the people, and that it was a great trust, for the proper administration of which he was responsible.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB: In the first place, I have always stood on my own feet,—always relied upon myself. It is really a detriment to have

any one behind you. When you depend upon yourself, you know that it is only on your merit that you will succeed. Then you discover your latent powers, awake to your manhood, and are on your mettle to do your utmost. It is a very good motto to depend upon yourself. I am a great believer in self-reliant manliness, which is manhood in its noblest form. There was one thing that I discovered very early,—that it would be well to make myself indispensable, instead of continually looking at the clock. Employers appreciate, to the full, men who may be trusted to do their work as if they were working for themselves, and endeavoring to carve out fortunes.

SAMUEL SLOAN: The essentials of success are: First, integrity; second, earnestness; third, application to detail. A young man, or woman, either, who possesses these is bound to win.

DARIUS O. MILLS: Work develops all the good there is in a man; idleness, all the evil. Work sharpens all his faculties and makes him thrifty; idleness makes him lazy and a spendthrift. Work surrounds a man with those whose habits are industrious and honest; in such society a weak man develops strength, and a strong man is made stronger. Idleness, on the other hand, is apt to throw a man into the company of men whose only object in life usually is the pursuit of unwholesome and demoralizing diversions. None but the wealthy, and very few of them, can afford the indulgence of expensive habits; how much less then can a man with only a few dollars in his pocket? More young men are ruined by the expense of smoking than in any other way. The money thus laid out would make them independent, in many cases, or at least would give them a good start.

A most important thing for young men to learn is the lesson of humility—not in the sense of being servile or undignified, but in that of paying due respect to men who are their superiors in the way of experience, knowledge, and position. Such a lesson is akin to that of discipline. Members of the royal families of Europe are put in subordinate positions in the navies or armies of their respective countries, in order that they may receive the training necessary to qualify them to take command. If they would control others, they must first know how to obey.

In this country, it is customary for the sons of the presidents of great railroads, or other companies, to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work their way up, step by step, just the same as any other boy in the employ of the corporation. This course has become imperatively necessary in the United States, where each great business has become a profession in itself. Most of the big machine shops number among their employees scions of old families, who carry dinner pails, and work with



files and lathes, the same as any one else. Such shoulder-to-shoulder experience is invaluable to a man who is destined to command, because he not only masters the trade technically, but learns all about the men he works with, and qualifies himself to grapple with labor questions which may arise.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER: I believe I owe my business success to early training and the fact that I was willing to persevere. I do not think there is any other quality so essential to success of any kind as the quality of perseverance. It overcomes almost everything, even nature.

Every young man should take care of his money. I think it is a man's duty to make all the money he can, keep all he can, and give away all he can. I have followed this principle religiously all my life.

MARSHALL FIELD: In building up our dry-goods business, I have always made it a point that all goods should be exactly what they were represented to be. It is a rule of the house that an exact scrutiny of the quality of all goods purchased shall be maintained, and that nothing is to induce the house to place upon the market any line of goods at a shade of variation from their real value. Every article sold must be regarded as warranted, and every purchaser must be enabled to feel secure. I have always tried to make all my acts and commercial moves the result of definite consideration and sound judgment. There were never any great ventures or risks,—nothing exciting whatever. I simply practised honest, slow-growing business methods, and tried to back them with energy and good system.

CHARLES B. ROUSS: Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be fully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never play at a game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way out of it again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if

you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR: System and good measure bring mercantile success. Give a measure heaped full and running over, and success is certain. That is what it means to be the intelligent servants of a great public need. We believe in thoughtfully adopting every attainable improvement, mechanical or otherwise, in the methods and appliances for handling every pound of grain or flesh. Right liberality and right economy will do everything where a public need is being served.

Have my methods improved any with years?

All the time. There was a time when many parts of cattle were wasted, and the health of the city was injured by the refuse. Now, by adopting the best-known methods, nothing is wasted; and buttons, fertilizer, glue, and other things, are made cheaper and better for the world in general, out of material that was before a waste and a menace. I believe in finding out the truth about all things,—the very latest truth or discovery,—and applying it.

SAMUEL JONES, Mayor of Toledo, O.: The trouble with a great many young men is that they have a wrong conception of success. Large numbers imagine it lies in mere money-making. Yet the average millionaire is not a happy or even a contented man. He has been so engrossed from his youth in piling up dollars, that he has had no time for the cultivation of the higher qualities of his mind and heart, in the exercise of which the only true happiness is to be found. You may remember that Emerson said: "Happiness lies only in the triumph of principle."

Of course, a certain amount of money is a necessity, and more of it enables one to enjoy many things which would be an impossibility without it. I am not advising any young man not to do all he can in a legitimate way to make money; but, if he is successful, he must be careful to keep money his servant, and not let it become his master.

Many rich men are the slaves of their own wealth, and their sons, growing up without a purpose in life, never know what real living is. I knew what poverty was when I was a young man, and few have suffered from it more than I. Yet now I am thankful for it, because it made me work. To live, we must work, and one must work to live. It is not birth, nor money, nor a college education, that makes a man; it is work. It has brought me commercial success. I am a practical man, yet I can never express too earnestly my thankfulness that I learned from my good mother to set up usefulness as my standard of success,—usefulness to others as well as to myself.



IRVING M. SCOTT: My motto is, Hold your grip! There are too many faint-hearted men. Why, for fourteen years prior to 1885, the Union Iron Works could hardly see daylight. We drew a nominal salary, and the rest of our earnings went to the building up of the plant. But we were farsighted enough to see that the time was bound to come when the navy would be strengthened; and, besides, the Pacific coast needed a first-class shipyard. So we held our grip. Then President Cleveland and Secretary Whitney agitated a larger navy, and, in course of time, we were successful bidders.

Why, my dear sir, some men will ride in a hack with but five cents to their name. Economy is necessary to success. A man can succeed as well to-day as ever. Any man can become rich and prove a success if he goes about it in the right way. Stick hard and fast to the thing that you have started, and conduct yourself and your business honestly. Never be discouraged. I point to the Union Iron Works as an example. Suppose we had become discouraged? Have absolute faith in whatever you undertake. Don't go to sleep, but be awake to opportunities that will foster your business or profession.

Always be ready for information. I will cite an instance in my own life that proved very valuable to our works. I was in San Francisco. A professor, W. P. Blake, of New Haven, sent to me, from Washington, an unbound report about making sugar from beets. It consisted of two sections; the first dealt with planting, growing, pulling, washing, and slicing the beet; the second section described the machinery for doing it. The report came in a noon mail. I took it home and that night studied and mastered the first section. The second night I mastered the second section, relating to the machinery. At ten o'clock the following day, a man came into my office and inquired if I knew anything about beet machinery. During the conversation, it came out that I knew more about beet machinery than he did. The gentleman went away and sent his superintendent, whom he had brought from Germany to start a beet factory in California. He found I was the best-informed man on beet machinery he had met in this country, and our works forthwith received an order for the machinery for the first beet-sugar factory in California.

ALFRED HARMSWORTH: The man who wins recognition in this twentieth century will have to do some one thing extremely well. If I were giving just one word of advice to a young man, I should say—concentrate.

As for myself, I feel that whatever position I have attained is due to focusing my energies and time. When I went into journalism, I made up my mind that I would master the business of editing and publishing.

This is a vast specialty, but then I was very young and had a good deal of self-confidence. I was always on the lookout for information.

A man must specialize and concentrate, yet look alive and keep in touch with several phases of life. He should not allow his specialty to bury him and blind him to all else. It is often impossible to tell just where the waiting opportunity lies. There may be an element of chance in the matter. This is illustrated by an old Persian saying about a certain pavement that was supposed to have lumps of gold under it. The man who should lift none of the pavement, the saying went, would get none of the gold. He who should lift part of it might, or might not, find gold. But if he should lift all of it, he would obtain the treasure.

H. D. DAVIS, Lord Mayor of London: I have always said that perseverance counts for most in this world, but of course one must have something to persevere in, and energy to find that something. Good judgment is a strong factor in success, for great fortunes sometimes depend upon the smallest things. There is no open sesame to success. Each must find out exactly for what he is fitted, and then devote all his energies to make a success of that thing.

EMILE LOUBET, President of France: Many persons work in the wrong direction. Men try to be lawyers when they should be farmers, and farmers when they should be in some university reading law. It is unfortunate, indeed, when a man has mistaken his vocation. But, assuming that he has chosen wisely, the rule of work is all-powerful. I never knew any geniuses that could get along without it. Every one whom I have ever met, who has attained success in anything, tells the same story. The young man who sits still and expects to have things come to him, soon finds out his mistake. But when a young fellow has a laudable ambition and bends his energies in that direction, he is reasonably sure to win.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON: A farmer sows a field of wheat. Now what is the sense of worrying over the crop? It merely saps his energy. The wheat again requires his attention at the time of harvest. He must work out his own destiny. But if he observes the rules of honesty, integrity, and economy, and fears God, he has just as good a chance as any man that may be cited.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL: I have never prepared a lecture or a sermon in my life, and I have lectured for thirty-seven years. I seldom use even notes. When in the pulpit, I rivet my attention on preaching, and think of nothing else.



Application in the most severe form, and honesty, are the means by which true success is attained. No matter what you do, do it to your utmost. You and I may not do something as well as some one else, but no stone should be left unturned to do it to the best of our individual ability. I have had a varied life, and many experiences, and I attribute my success, if you are pleased so to call it, to always requiring myself to do my level best, if only in driving a tack in straight.

STEPHEN V. WHITE: Wall Street is no place for the man who expects to amass a fortune in a hurry, although he is much in evidence here. He brings his money with him with the expectation of having it multiplied immediately; he has his ups and downs, and, after a while, departs, almost invariably without his money. He is greatly surprised and disappointed, of course, and often thinks he is an unfortunate exception to the general rule; whereas, his experience is in strict conformity with the rule,—a rule which, in the long run, is as inevitable in its working as a natural law. There is nothing in it to wonder at. The outsider in Wall Street is a man who is embarking in a business without knowing its first principles. He has plenty of advice, of course; but it is a rare thing to succeed on advice alone. To be successful in Wall Street, as elsewhere, you must know your business, and to learn any business worth knowing, takes time. It is a great mistake to be in a hurry to get rich; the only chance a young man has in Wall Street, he gets by stepping upon the lower rounds of the ladder and mounting slowly upon his increasing knowledge and experience. If he gets a conservative commission business firmly established, and has sufficient brains to make a careful and scientific study of the world-wide conditions that affect stock values, he is, perhaps, in a position for ambitious efforts in finance, but he must first have something solid upon which to stand.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL: Perseverance is the chief element of success, but perseverance must have some practical end, or it does not avail the man possessing it. A person without a practical end in view becomes a crank or an idiot. Such persons fill our insane asylums. The same perseverance that they show in some idiotic idea, if exercised in the accomplishment of something practical, would no doubt bring success. Perseverance is first, but practicability is chief. The success of the Americans as a nation is due to their great practicability.

THOMAS JAY HUDSON, LL. D.: As the field must be tilled and planted before there can be a harvest, so the mind must be prepared for success. Shakespeare has inflicted an incalculable amount of injury upon the human race by the promulgation of the following:—

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

It is safe to say that this passage has produced more vagrants and tramps than has any other equal number of words in any language, to say nothing of the innumerable throng of discouraged and disheartened men and women who feel that some early misfortune has caused them to miss the flood-tide of their affairs, and that henceforth “the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries” from which there is no escape but in the grave.

What light does the new psychology throw upon the causes which operate to bring about so much of misery and heart-break, from a cause apparently so slight as a belief in a popular aphorism? Simply this: The soul of man is governed by the law of suggestion. His whole life is controlled for good or evil, by the dominant suggestions that find lodgment in his soul. And the most potent suggestions to the average mind consist largely of well-worn aphorisms; for one is apt to regard them as expressions of fixed laws of nature. Coleridge well expressed a partial truth, and builded better than he knew, when he said: “Exclusively of the abstract sciences, the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge consists of aphorisms.” This is eminently true — providing the aphorism embraces an undoubted truth. If not, it conveys a false suggestion, which, if followed, tinges one’s whole life with false colors, if it does not lead to disaster.

If I were called upon to assist in preparing a young man’s mind for success in life, I would begin by asking him to forget the Shakespearean aphorism; for it is as false in metaphor as it is in principle. The tides of the ocean ebb as well as flow; and they do both twice in twenty-four hours. The mariner who misses the flood-tide, does not abandon his voyage; nor does he deliberately sail into the “shallows,” or indulge in “miseries.” He simply watches for the next flood. The tide in the affairs of men also ebbs and flows many times during the average lifetime. It follows that, if there is any logical analogy between the two tides, the lesson to be derived is full of hope and not of despair. It teaches that if, through the mistakes of inexperience, the first flood-tide is missed, the next is equally available.

Having taught the young man to forget Shakespearean fallacy, I would first labor to impress upon his mind the true meaning of “Success” in this life. To that end, I should teach him that every child of God has a mission to perform; and that mission is amply discharged if he so lives that, when comes the inevitable hour, he can truly say: “The world is better for my having lived.” This is success in the high-



est and best sense of the word. It may or may not be accompanied by an accumulation of wealth; for under this rule the millionaire may prove a dismal failure, while the humblest may achieve a brilliant success, even though it may consist only in "causing two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before." The most successful man that ever lived on earth was the poorest and the humblest. He "had not where to lay His head."

Another very important thing is the attitude of mind with which one meets misfortunes. The human mind never framed an aphorism containing a more important truth than this: "All seeming misfortunes are blessings in disguise." There is but one qualification necessary to render this aphorism of universal validity, namely: One must have performed his whole duty in the premises. That is to say, if he does all that he can, honestly and honorably, to avert a threatened calamity, he will find that, if he yields not to discouragement or despair when the catastrophe comes, it will invariably prove to have been a blessing. Seeming calamities are often the result of one's having mistaken his calling; and it frequently happens that the best part of one's lifetime is spent in a vain search for the work which the Lord gave him to do. But, if courage is not lost, and his career is characterized by industry and integrity, he is sure to find it at last. He can then look back upon his past life and see cause to thank God for every seeming misfortune, as fervently as for every season of prosperity; for he will then realize that each has constituted a step in the pathway leading to his true sphere of usefulness.

The same rule holds good when one is striving to attain a coveted object of ambition, or emolument. If he does all that he can, consistently with perfect integrity, to attain the object, he may well rejoice at his own failure; for he will certainly realize, in due time, that it constituted an important factor in the attainment of the highest success possible within his legitimate sphere of activity.

All this, as before intimated, is dependent upon the attitude of mind with which one meets misfortune. To use a homely phrase, "He must not lose his grip" if he would transmute failure into success, or snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. On the other hand, the man who "loses his grip" as a result of reverses, is the one who surrenders his manhood to the "tidal hypothesis" of Shakespeare. Necessarily, all the future of his life's voyage "is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Educated young men should grasp the fact that service alone brings results, material, social or industrial.

As to the first, nature only gives us the raw material. We must take from her the things that lie useless, and make them minister to life. The farmer does not labor only to feed himself, but to serve bread to

others; the miner does not dig up the coal and iron for himself, but to serve others; manufacturers put things together, not for themselves, but to serve others; the engineer discovers the great forces of nature and converts them to the service of others.

Service is the measure of all business success and organization. It is not a question of the size of the organization. If the service and the effect are to enlarge production, economize expense, cheapen products, or build up the community, it is a good organization, and is doing Christian service. If the organization seeks to take away from the pockets of others and to render no return, it is gambling, and one may gamble with pork, corn, and cotton as well as with dice.

In this country we talk much about independence, but there is no independence. We are all dependent, serving one another. Think how many people help to prepare our breakfast. Workers in Japan serve us tea, workers in South America serve us coffee, some near neighbor gathered the strawberries or milked the cow, some people in Chicago sent us meat, and in Colorado, others raised the cattle for market. Successful business men are those who are striving to render the best service to the people.

In the next place, service is the test of social or political organization. The question of government is not a matter of consent of the governed, nor of the rulership of the majority. The laws that govern nations must be divine laws, and the most the legislator can do is to discover and obey them or suffer the consequences. Manhood suffrage is right, but the manhood comes first, for manhood is a prerequisite of suffrage. The boss rules for what he can make out of the government. Spain ruled her colonies for what she could make out of them. She impoverished both herself and them.

In the last place, service is the test of all individual work, the test of the physician, the journalist, the teacher, the humorist who amuses us, and the pulpit to lead us.

Remember this: Endowment of power is equipment for service.



## TRAINING FOR LARGER LIFE

"THE great end of education is to form a reasonable man."

IN EXALTING the faculties of the soul, we annihilate, in a great degree, the delusion of the senses. —AIMI MARTEN.

VIRTUE and talents, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he goes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give luster. —LOCKE.

WHATEVER expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, —whatever makes us feel our relations to the universe, "and all that it inherits," in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature and elevate us in the scale of being. —CHANNING.

ALL who become men of power reach their estate by the same self-mastery, the same self-adjustment to circumstances, the same voluntary exercise and discipline of their faculties, and the same working of their life up to and into their high ideals of life. —J. G. HOLLAND.

WHAT is strength, without a double share  
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome;  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
—MILTON.

INTELLECT really exists in its products; its kingdom is here. —HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

INTELLECT annuls fate. So far as a man thinks, he is free. —EMERSON.

MIND is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are alternately answered. —DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE development of mental power affords the best investment for a youth's capital—his time and energy. It pays so to discipline one's mind as to discover what one can do best, and to form the mental habits which underlie success in life.

It does not pay to study Latin only two weeks, "in order to get an insight into it;" to learn French in twelve lessons, if "the master will not plague the pupil with verbs and participles;" or to educate a family on the coöperative plan, "by a subdivison of Rome, the mother in picture-galleries, the daughter at the monuments, and the father studying local color in the cafés."

We live in an age of haste. Some people seem to look at an egg, like the Chinese sage, "and expect to hear it crow." It is an era of some thorough "universities," more superficial "colleges," of "professors,"—with "short courses" that lead no one knows whither. We behold around us educated men of an earlier generation, who believe

with Josh Billings, that it is better not to know so many things, than to know so much that is not so.

We rejoice in our "university extension." It creates an atmosphere favorable for study, and awakens the intellectual power of isolated pupils; yet the cramming of people's heads with facts leaves them uneducated, unless, in some other way, the power of original thinking is developed, and the mind made ready to act upon the instant.

Education is mind-training for power. It is not only to sharpen one's tools, but also to make him who handles the tools more of a man.

"An education is no phonograph," says John Henry Barrows, "to repeat mechanically what is poured into it, but a dynamo for the generation of power, for the illumination, movement, and gracious-handed comfort of mankind."

It is this kind of knowledge that enters into the mental bone, and, so to speak, blood, and it is the best paying investment for youthful capital, time, and energy.

With our vast educational plant in America, expending four hundred million dollars a year, mind-training is power practically within everyone's reach. Yet with nearly seventeen million pupils in our public schools, very few advance beyond the highest grammar grade; and, so long as this is so, mind-training for power is the lot of the few, not of the many. Certainly it cannot be said, concerning those who do not study in the higher grades, that they are educated in the sense in which Plato understood it,—having that discipline "which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

To make the most possible of oneself—discovering, developing his own powers, learning to use them to promote his own ends and the good of mankind—is the true purpose of man's education. It is the unfolding of nature,—of all that nature has given to him. It requires time and instrumentalities. To learn to think, to love the objects that ought to be loved, to direct the will to right ends, to observe, to reason, to exercise sound judgment, to control self, and to influence others, require time and teachers.

Nature does not usually make a specialist, a mere memory-gland or a money-gland, but a full-orbed man. If we develop the body exclusively, man deteriorates toward the brute. If we press all the vital energies of life into muscle-making, we dwarf the soul and tear down manhood. It is an inexorable law of nature that what is exercised, in one's daily vocation or as a special discipline, becomes stronger. It was nature's intention that our faculties should be exercised in a healthy, symmetrical manner. Any other course creates one-sidedness and discord. Cultivate the higher faculties of the brain alone, and expand all



life's energies in expanding the power of the intellect, and what do we get? Not a full-orbed, well-rounded philosophy, but a cold, unsympathetic, one-sided mentality, devoid of all the finer graces, the warmer sympathies, the more delicate sentiments. Develop the moral nature alone, or even the spiritual, without the mental and the physical, and we have a fanatic, a zealot, an unbalanced enthusiast. The object of a watch is to keep as perfect time as possible. This time is not kept by the medium of any one tiny screw, or lever, or wheel, but is the resultant of the harmonious action of all, and depends upon the perfection of the minutest portion of the watch. So the object of all education and culture is the symmetrical development of all the legitimate faculties and functions.

This all-round development is best wrought by the sympathetic methods of the schools above the grammar grade,—the more grades the better. In saying this I do not undervalue the excellent work of the lower schools, or the discipline of regular work in the varied callings of subsequent life. I merely affirm what every one admits: that one's mental power is favored by larger schooling. Whether or not the methods of higher education are peculiarly adapted to every individual case, they are being constantly adapted to the average man; and they will pay him well for the investment of the time and labor necessary to utilize them.

"Perhaps the most valuable result of all education," said Huxley, "is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson which ought to be learned, and, however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly." Conformity to order, courage and decision of character, and the formation of habits of industry, regularity, punctuality, thoroughness, persistency, patience, self-denial, intelligence in citizenship, and a wholesome self-respect, are characteristic of mind-training for power.

The practical working of a long course of schooling is thus shown by Professor Holden, of the Lick Observatory, in a quotation from a paper prepared by him on education at West Point:—

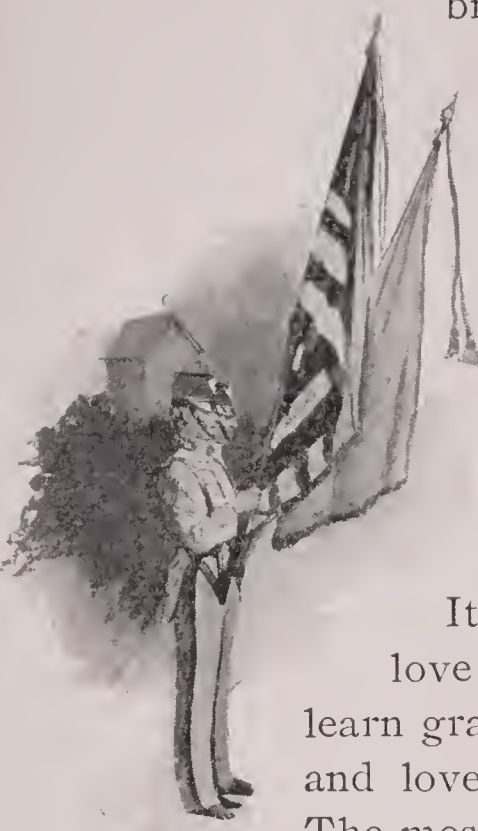
"There is absolutely no favoritism in the treatment of the students by their instructors. Every academic performance is rated by a simple and effective marking-system, which is an essential part of the method of the school. This is an important point to notice. The very corner-stone of the most effective education is the marking-system. The marks of each cadet are publicly posted each week, so that he knows precisely what his own performance is worth. Absolute and complete justice is attained in this way more nearly than in any other organization which it has been my fortune to study. I have never heard it seriously questioned by any student, officer, or professor. The work of each cadet is therefore thoroughly

tested every day, and no failure can possibly be hidden. The effect on the character of the student is immediate and admirable. He learns in the recitation-room, as everywhere else, not to shirk his duty; and he learns what few in civil life learn so early, that every shortcoming in the course of duty is sure to bring its corresponding penalty. A thoroughly unsatisfactory recitation not only receives a low mark, but is also treated as a dereliction of duty, and confinement to quarters on Saturday and Sunday afternoon is given as a punishment for such failure. High class-standing makes subsequent promotion in the army quick and certain. There is no moment when a cadet does not fully understand that his performance of duty now will influence his whole official career. This is fully recognized, and its perfect justice is admitted by all. The effect of diligence and faithfulness in the performance of allotted tasks is perfectly understood, and consequences follow actions with certainty. Every official delinquency has its appropriate number of demerit marks. Lateness at roll-call carries one demerit; absence, ten; slight untidiness in dress, one; inattention to duty or at drill, five, and so on.

"No cadet can have more than a certain total number of demerits (some two hundred in a year), and remain in the academy. If he has more than the allowed total, he is dismissed. If he has fewer, his rank in his class is proportionately lowered (and his other privileges are curtailed) precisely as if he had failed in his studies. For an army officer, good official conduct is at least as necessary as a knowledge of chemistry. Every delinquency is reported in writing, and each involves a written explanation. Failure to render such an explanation is itself a delinquency. If the cadet has no excuse, he must say so officially. If he has a sufficient excuse, no demerit attaches to the offense. Each cadet must therefore examine his official conscience (so to speak) regularly and record the results. All ill feeling is avoided, as the whole record is in writing and there are no personal reprimands.

"Let us now see how rigid a system this is. There are fifteen opportunities daily for a cadet to be late at roll-call. He is at the academy for about twelve hundred days. There are about eighteen thousand occasions during his four years' course, on each one of which the regulations emphasize the duty of punctuality. If he is late, the offense carries one demerit. One hundred demerits in six months (one hundred and eighty days) will cause his dismissal. But tardiness is by no means the only delinquency. One button of his uniform coat unbuttoned at drill, inattention, shoes not blacked at parade roll-call, gun not clean at guard-mount, and a hundred other matters of the sort, are parts of official conduct. Each failure is noted and carries with it a fixed number of demerits. One hundred demerits in six months dismisses him. All this is known to every one from the first. There is no talking. Only simple laws are prescribed. Each one of them is just. Every allowance is made for inexperience. Every reasonable excuse is admitted. The final result is like the result of gravitation--inevitable, inexorable, just, immediate."





West Point training is, in the end, specialized, being military. Other schools of advanced grade test men differently, but the result of the broadest education is mental power. A youth is seized upon, his capacities are discovered, his desire for knowledge is stimulated, and he is taught how to acquire it; the development of his own ability to go forward is the end sought, and he is prepared to take advantage of the boundless possibilities of life. He is not well educated who is not made morally better, more trustworthy, sweeter in spirit, more conscientious, and of greater force in right living. It is this that gives the sense of a certain solidity of disciplined powers, and that serenity of spirit, and self-poise which we look for in man, who was created in the moral and spiritual image of his Maker.

It is as much a part of true education to develop appreciation and love of all forms of beauty and goodness, wherever found, as it is to learn grammar and arithmetic. Toleration, charity, and broad sympathy and love for our fellow-men, are necessary parts of a true education. The most highly cultured man is he who has the greatest number of the highest products of the best mental development in the most refined form. Such a man is the highest mental expression of humanity. We should choose the things which have a high culture-value and appeal to the whole nature, giving an organic tone to the mind.

The great object of education is to raise man to his highest power. His springs are on high. His moving power is drawn from the fountains of living water.

The only real success worthy of the name is that which comes from a consciousness of growing wider, deeper, higher, in mental and moral power, as the years go on. To feel the faculties expanding and unfolding, to feel the leaven of truth permeating the whole being, this is the only life worth living. Such a life is neither drudgery nor a dream. It is rather the exquisite result of high qualities finely disciplined.

Many an extraordinary man has been made out of a very ordinary boy; but, in order to accomplish this, we must begin with him while he is young. It is simply astonishing what training will do for a rough, uncouth, and even dull lad; if he has good material in him, and comes under the tutelage of a skilful educator before his habits have become confirmed. Even a few weeks' or months' drill of the rawest and roughest recruits in the late Civil War so straightened and dignified stooping and uncouth soldiers, and made them so manly, erect, and courteous in their bearing, that their own friends scarcely knew them. If this change is so marked in a youth who has grown to maturity, what a miracle is possible in the lad who is taken early and put under a course of drill and systematic training, physical, mental, and moral!

Only four out of a hundred go to high schools, academies, seminaries, and business schools, and only one-fourth of these go to college. Yet the colleges are gaining in patronage. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, states that in each million of people the number of those receiving an education above that of the grammar schools is three times as great as it was twenty-five years ago.

The necessity for earning money at an early age, or a passion for business on the part of young people in thrifty families, keeps many from pursuing longer courses of study. We often hear a father say that it is not necessary for his son to go to college, in order to make money; as if mere wealth could be compared with an elevated, expanded, and ever-growing mind; as if money, with a narrow horizon, with a sordid and ruddy life, can for a moment compare with the satisfaction which comes from being put in touch with all the world, by a mind which has been electrified by a love for knowledge, and which has learned how to acquire it. Is it not the tendency of this age to put the interrogation point of commercial value upon everything? "Will the thing pay?" "What is there in it?" These are the questions too often asked. But what a mean, sordid view of life it is to look upon it as a mere mint for coining money, as if there were nothing higher or nobler for the grandest of God's creation than the piling up of wealth, the accumulating of houses and estates! Are the heart's yearnings, the soul's longings, to be satisfied with the acquirement of material possessions?

There is something hardening, demoralizing, in the modern money-making career, which tends to destroy all the finer instincts for the good, the beautiful, and the true, which dries up all sympathy for the misfortunes of others, dwarfs the growth of one's higher self, and crushes out the nobler impulses. One of the strangest and most unaccountable things in human experience is the fact that men will struggle and strive, day and night, for years and years, trying to make the most possible out of the farm, the shop, the trade, or the profession,—in other words, to develop their vocation to its utmost, to raise it to its highest point, and yet utterly neglect the culture of their own higher powers.

The highest character, the noblest manhood, can never be developed under a low, sordid aim; and if a course in a college or a university could do nothing more than elevate the ideals and give a broader and truer outlook upon life, it would be well worth the time spent.

Every youth owes it to himself and to the world to make the most possible out of the stuff that is in him, to develop himself, not partially, not narrowly, nor in a one-sided way, but symmetrically,—in a large way. It is as much his duty to make the largest possible man of himself as it is the function of an acorn to become a grand oak,—not a little sapling, but a mighty tree which stands alone, buffets the storms and tem-



pests, and furnishes shelter for man and beast, and timber for the ship-builders.

A half-developed human being is not a man; and, without a broad, liberal education, a man is not likely to develop all his faculties. Bishop Vincent has said that, if his son had chosen to be a blacksmith, he would still have sent him to college.

I do not think the question of how much money one can make thereby should influence his decision whether to go to college or not. It is simply a question of development, of whether the acorn wants to become a scrub oak or a giant among trees. In the greed for gain, many a boy has been taken from school and put into a store or office when he had scarcely acquired the rudiments of an education, seriously imperiling his chances of becoming a man. Hundreds of wealthy and prominent men would give vast sums if they could go back to boyhood and get a collegiate training. A New York millionaire told me that he would give half his wealth for even a medium education. He said he had been put to work when a boy, without any chance to go to school, and that the lack of knowledge had mortified and handicapped him all his life.

Will an education pay? Will it pay a rosebud to unfold its petals and fling out its fragrance and beauty to gladden the world? Just as surely will it pay a youth to get as liberal training as he can. No stunted life pays, when a larger and grander one is possible. The greatest problem of each individual is how to make life a glory instead of a grind,—how to make even drudgery divine.

A successful lawyer in a large city, when speaking of his children, said: "I lie down at night afraid to die and leave to my daughters only a bank account." This man felt that there is something in the world greater than wealth, and that to bequeath to his daughters nothing but money, which might take wings, and the mere chance of a happy marriage, would be to leave them poorly equipped for life's battles. He felt that the mind should be emancipated from ignorance, in order to make his children citizens of the world.

It is a mean, low estimate of an occupation to regard it as a mere means of getting a living, without any thought of its influence upon the development of character, and that rich experience which elevates manhood and womanhood. It is an unworthy idea of a college training to regard it mainly from the standpoint of its mere commercial value.

"A man who has made the most of his opportunities, and who, in addition, has cultivated every faculty with which he is endowed," said Charles Dudley Warner, "has won success. It is the duty of everyone to make the greatest possible progress and to become as perfectly developed as ability permits. I believe every young man who possibly can should go to college for the training he will get there. He is sure to

come out better able to take his place in the world's work, and all his talents will be of greater use than if he had no training. I am afraid that there are few men who can say that they have made the most of their talents. We see the parable of the talents lived over again every day. The man who makes the most of what he has is the winner."

On the entrance gates to Cornell University, erected by Andrew D. White, is the following inscription:—

"So enter, that daily thou mayst become more learned and thoughtful.

"So depart that daily thou mayst become more useful to thy country and mankind."

"I became very homesick, when I first went to Yale College, and wanted to go home," said Chauncey M. Depew. "I am going to be a farmer, I said to myself, and farmers won't have to be acquainted with the works of Virgil and Xenophon."

He surprised his parents one day by appearing at home. "Father," said he, "I have come back to you."

"So I see," said his father.

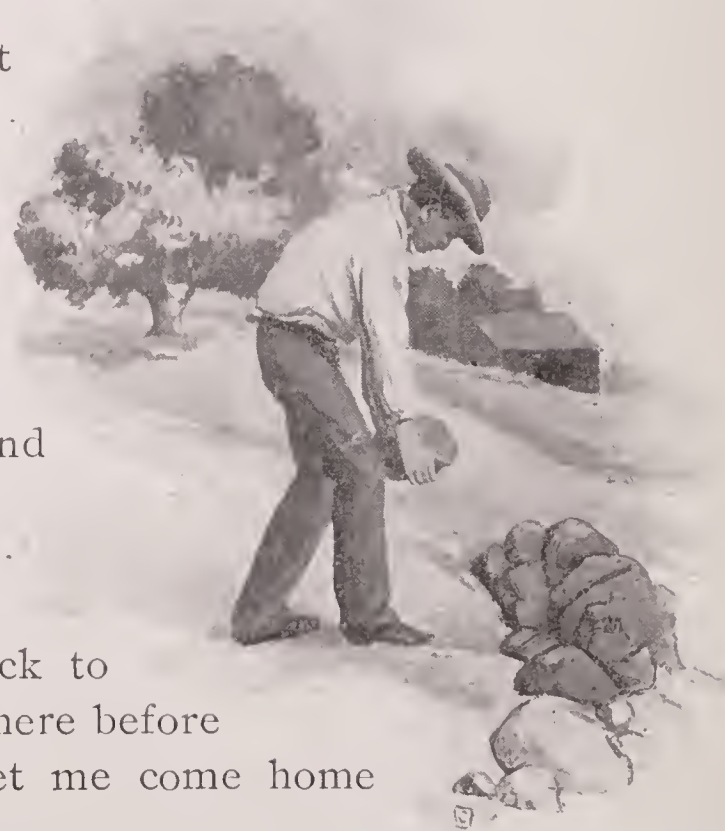
"Father," he continued, trying to think of the speech he had prepared on the cars, "I like a free life in the open air; I like mother earth; I want to be a farmer."

His mother seemed ashamed of him.

"Draw up your chair," said his father, "and have some nice wheat porridge. Of course, you will not care for any of this citified pastry your mother insists on making, nor for Southern fruits. Farmers must eat what they raise."

"Next morning," said Mr. Depew, "father sent me out to pull weeds all by myself. I was to weed about two miles of onion bed, straddling the rows of onions as I pulled out the weeds. I was tired at night, and, as I lay down, I thought of my dormitory room, and wondered if my chum had thrown away my pictures. Next day, I carried a chain for marking rows for planting, and the third day I picked up stones in a large field. Abner, our hired man, for some reason, would not chat with me, and it was horribly lonesome. That night I said: 'Father, I guess I'd better go back to school; and if I hurry to catch the train, I'll be there before my leave of absence is over, and then they'll let me come home again,—if I want to.'

"By the next vacation I was the most enthusiastic college boy that ever cheered for his colors."





The student is more his own master at college than in a fitting-school. He begins to direct his own life, and to govern himself more than ever before. For a boy it is an entrance upon manhood.

He begins at once to be educated by contact with other minds, acquiring self-knowledge by comparison. "College life is complex, a miniature of the larger world. The organization of a college class, the election of its officers, the relations to other classes, the literary societies and fraternity houses, life in the dormitories, the debating unions, athletic exercises and contests, and the adjustment of work to recreation, bring into relief and develop the qualities of each student entering college. He meets teachers unknown before, and new classmates for the first time, thus laying the foundations of new and lasting friendships."

An education obtained in school and college, along with one's fellow-students, is much better than that acquired by studying the same books and the same lessons alone, no matter how faithfully. Every one who has tried it knows what an unsatisfying way it sometimes is to learn by solitary study. It can be done, but it is often more difficult than to learn in classes. College work has the stimulus and advantage of competition.

"When I was a freshman in Williams College," said James A. Garfield, "I looked out one night, and saw in the window of my only competitor for first place in mathematics a light twinkling a few minutes longer than I was wont to keep mine burning. I then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation. I did so, and passed above my rival. I smile to-day at the old rivalry, but I am thankful for the way my attention was called to the value of a little margin of time, well employed. I have since learned that it is just such a margin, whether of time or attention or earnestness or power, that wins in every battle, great or small."

The class-room drill, the mental grapple between professor and pupil, and the game of give and take, serve as an "eye-opener" to an earnest student.

"A college education," says Charles H. Thwing, "stands for the investment of power. Each student invests power, and power he takes out; for education creates and increases power. Two things it specially promotes, which modern life demands: the power to think, and the power to will. The power to think is the greatest intellectual power. The power of knowledge is the power of the granary, which gathers up and holds the harvests of many a field; the power of thought is the power of the mill which grinds these harvests into flour for the use of man. The power of thought is the power to see, to foresee, to reason, to judge, to infer. It is the power which every study of the college helps to train. Language gives discrimination; science, observation, analysis, synthesis; mathematics, also, analysis and synthesis,—the taking apart and the put-

ting together of elements of thought; history, comprehension; and philosophy, self-repletion and self-discovery. In some ways — and the exact way is still unknown, — the man who pursues these and the other studies of the college four years becomes a thinker. When he enters college, he knows little, and can think less; when he leaves college, his knowledge is still limited enough; but he has gained a distinct power to think. This power to think is most urgently needed in the life of every person. Ask the heads of the great corporations of the United States what is the quality which they most wish to find, and which, they learn, is the hardest to find in the men who come to them seeking employment, and the answer will largely be, the quality of being able to think. He also becomes experienced in the control and management of men. Through his relations with all the students, and especially through his interest in or work for the various associations of the college, — athletic, social, scholastic, — he is teaching himself to be an administrator, an executive. A friend of mine who is the manager of a Utah mine at an annual salary of twenty thousand dollars, said recently: 'Harvard College through its teachers, helped me much; but Harvard College, through its football team, helped me very much more.' To him scholarship was something; yet executive power was of greater value. Ability to think clearly, largely, truly, and the power to will promptly, firmly, and with large intelligence, represent a mighty return for the investment in a college education."

"There is no doubt," says Francis L. Patton, "that college training prepares a man for the big things of life better than any home training or plain business experience, all other things being equal. It gives him a broader view and enables him to see the inter-relation of things, — to understand that nothing stands by itself."

"No man yet ever lived largely and helpfully in the world, who was not filled with an inspiring conception of his own times," says Seth Low. "If we would avoid the mistake of finding our ideals in the past, we must equally avoid the mistake of undervaluing the past. The Americans who will read the story of the constitution and the arguments by which it was urged for adoption upon the people, will see at a glance how deeply the experience of remote antiquity, as well as of more recent times, was drawn upon by our sagacious forefathers. They, more than any others to whom I can point, succeeded in combining the wisdom of the past with an intelligent prescience of our own times, infusing into their use of both a profound confidence. I assume that a college-bred man will have this acquaintance with the past, and this reverence for experience, in larger measure than those whose training has been of another sort. A college education ought to give to a man perspective by enabling him to estimate the present in the light of the past. It ought to strengthen



his mind by exercising and disciplining his powers; and it ought to broaden his outlook, by enabling him to know something, at least, of many branches of knowledge."

Some knowledge of the world's best literature, the best thoughts, and the most notable deeds of mankind, and of the underlying motives which have actuated men in the onward and upward movement of the race, should be one of the acquisitions of a college student; and this is an invaluable asset.

"The distinctive work of a college is to develop thought-power in those who come to it for the education which it has to give," says Timothy Dwight. "It receives its pupil just as his mind is opening toward maturity,—just as he is beginning to emerge from boyhood into manhood and is becoming, after a manner and measure unknown before, conscious of himself as a thinking man. The four college years carry him forward very rapidly in his progress in this regard. The possibilities of mental discipline are very large. The result to be realized is of very great significance. The youth is to be made a thinking man. He is to be made, according to his years, a wide-thinking man, with his intellectual powers disciplined for the efforts awaiting them. He is to be fitted to turn the working of his powers easily and successfully whithersoever they may be called to turn. Mind-building is the college business, and the aim the college has in view is to send forth the young man at the end of his course, with his mind built,—not, indeed, in the sense that there will be no change or development afterward, in all the years which follow, but in the sense of complete readiness for the beginning of the educated life of manhood. The education of the college is the building process."

For a youth to gain the advantage of a college course is to have his mind stirred by the passion for expansion, to be dragged out of the narrow rut of ignorance and put in connection with the great minds in literature and art, to come into close contact with truth in nature, to feel the divine touch of science, to be brought into intimate relation with the entire universe, and to quench his thirst at the fountain of perpetual youth.

If for no other reason, a college education pays by the pleasure and happiness it brings into one's life. Who, that has tasted it, can ever forget the joys of his college course? No other four years in one's existence can compare with the four college years, when the student is brought into most delightful association with others at the age when high ambitions and elevated ideals are not yet shattered or dulled by disappointment, or his unbounded faith in human nature shocked by violated pledges. It is the flowering time of life, when the imagination is alert, when hopes are bright and prospects for the future are painted with

vivid colors. Perhaps the greatest pleasure in life is the satisfaction which comes at college from the feeling of growing power to reach out into the unknown. College friendships alone would almost compensate for the cost of a course. Add to this the increased ability to cope with men and things, to overcome obstacles, to conquer one's place in life and compel the forces of nature to serve us, and who can estimate the value of such a course?

"The student invests himself," says a wise teacher; "this is just what he takes from the investment; but it is a different self from the one which he put in. It is a self larger, finer, nobler, more symmetrical in the relation of intellect to heart, of heart to will, and of will to conscience; more aspiring, with greater power of achievement, more potent under difficulty, more quiet in triumph, more eager to do the best of which it is capable, and more determined to promote the rule of righteousness and to extend the realm of truth. Such a selfhood for each man, a college education represents. Too often the college fails to secure this noblest result in the personality of its graduates; but, to not a few of them, it is a mother, who has not simply given life, but has also, creating life in the student, nourished it into life eternal. Whatever may be in store for the American college as the predecessor of the American university, it can never cease to be an agency for the training of a man in the great business of living. It enriches his life; it deepens and broadens his view of truth; it ennobles his aims; it strengthens his choice of the right; it clarifies his vision and his love of the beautiful."

This change from self to another self was thus expressed by Ruskin: "Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave."

The mind of an educated man moves in "a broader and deeper channel, a channel which is always broadening and deepening as time goes on. When one learns what he did not know before, he becomes something he was not before. He is a larger man in every way, and has by just so much increased his capacity for happiness."

"That education which confines itself to mere learning," said Professor Asa Packard, "is of a very poor and unfruitful quality. What we all need, more than facts and figures, is courage, honesty, strength, a keen sense of honor, and a true sense of justice. The greatest, most important work of the present day is to build up character; to weave into the warp and woof of the mind the belief that (in the language of Charles Kingsley) it is infinitely noble to do right, and infinitely base to do wrong. The most shining success in the world is not a great mill, nor a great railroad, nor a great mine, nor a great fortune, but a well-rounded and symmetrical manhood and womanhood." This is the work of mind-building at its best.



"If I were to have the choice of a hundred million dollars or the pleasure I had in my college days and the pleasure I have had as the result of my education," says Abram S. Hewitt, "I would quickly choose the latter. With an education you can make money, but with money you cannot buy an education."

"How priceless is a liberal education!" exclaimed William McKinley, in an address in San Francisco. "In itself it is a rich endowment. It is not impaired by age, but its value increases with use. No one can employ it but its rightful owner. He alone can illustrate its worth and enjoy its rewards. It cannot be inherited or purchased. It must be acquired by individual effort. It can be secured only by perseverance and self-denial. But it is as free as the air we breathe. Neither race nor nationality nor sex can debar the earnest seeker for its possession. It is not exclusive, but inclusive in the broadest and best sense. It is within the reach of all who really want it, and are brave enough to struggle for it. The earnest rich and the worthy poor are equal and friendly rivals in its pursuit, and neither is exempted from any of the sacrifices necessary for its acquisition. The key to its title is not the bright allurements of rank and station, but the simple watchword of work and study. A liberal education is the greatest blessing that a man or a woman can enjoy, when supported by virtue, morality, and noble aims."

WE SHOULD so live and labor in our time that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and that what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit.

—H. W. BEECHER.

ALL the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself; but we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great white gathering snowball, higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power.

—RUSKIN.

## BOOKS AND READING

THAT is a good book which is opened with expectation, and closed with profit.

— A. BRONSON ALCOTT

THE true university of these days is a collection of books.—CARLYLE.

GOD be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give, to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

— WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WHEN I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven,—I give eternal blessings for this gift.

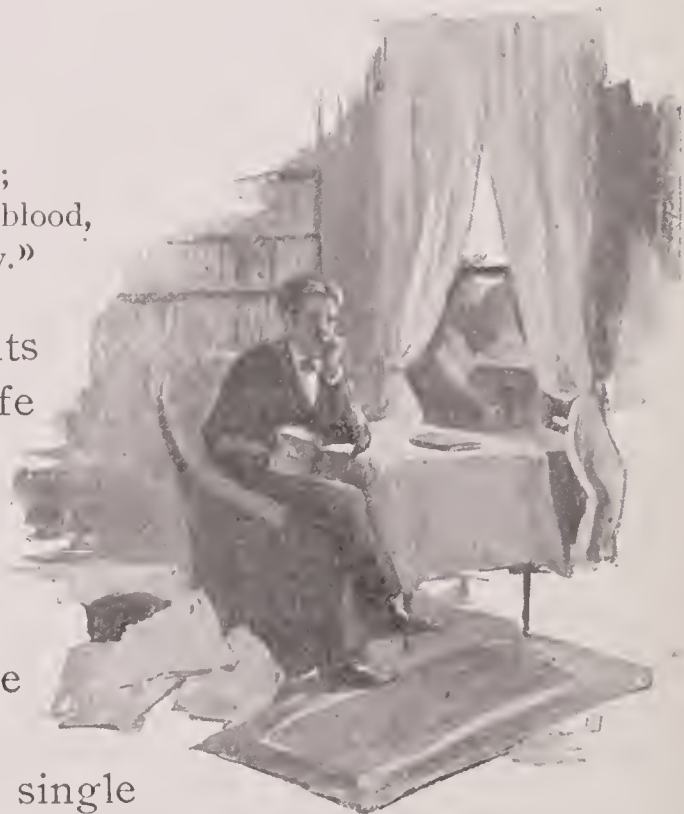
— JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

“THERE is no frigate like a book,  
To take us lands away;  
Nor any courser like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take,  
Without oppress of toil;  
How frugal is the chariot,  
That bears a human soul!”

“BOOKS, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.”

A NEW YORK millionaire—a prince among merchants—once told me that the great regret of his life was that he did not possess a liberal education. He had felt hampered all his life, and had been mortified a thousand times, by his ignorance.

He took me over his palatial residence on Fifth Avenue, every room of which was a triumph of the architect's, of the decorator's, and of the upholsterer's, art. We were told that the decorations of a single sleeping-room had cost ten thousand dollars. On the walls were paintings secured at fabulous prices, and about the rooms were pieces of massive and costly furniture, and draperies representing a





small fortune, and carpets, on which it seemed almost sacrilege to tread, covered the floors.

But there was scarcely a book in the house. He had expended a fortune for physical pleasures, comforts, luxury, and display, and scarcely a dollar for the mind! It was pitiful to think of the physical surfeit and mental starvation of the children of such a home as that.

Contrast this scene with an old log cabin, floorless and windowless, where young Lincoln lies on the ground, devouring by the light of the fire, as if he might never see it again, the "Life of Washington," and other precious volumes, which he has walked many miles to borrow,—for he cannot afford to own even one. There are no libraries in that wilderness, and very few cabins contain any book, except the Bible.

See this boy, thirsting for knowledge, his soul fired by the few books he has walked to Springfield and back to borrow and return, sitting up till long after midnight, and rising before daylight, to dip into the precious volumes whose scenes have haunted his dreams. With the "Life of Washington" in it this humble cabin seems a paradise.

Which, think you, was the richer—if we regard as riches brain-expansion, heart-culture, and character-growth—of these two dwellings?

"Your daughter has no ear for music," said a professor to a wealthy acquaintance. "She shall have one, if it costs a thousand dollars," replied the rich ignoramus. Many another rich man has confessed to confidential friends and his own heart that he would give much of his wealth—all, if necessary—to see his son a manly man, free from the habits which abundance has formed and fostered till they have culminated in sin and degradation, and perhaps crime; and has realized that, in all his ample provision, he has failed to provide that which might have saved his son and himself from loss and torture,—good books.

Desirable books produce a doubly good result; they inspire noble thoughts and build high ideals, while leaving no room, and making impossible, a taste for pernicious literature.

A thing to be remembered is that young people *are bound to read something*. It usually remains with their parents or guardians whether this something shall be helpful or harmful. The man who spends all he earns for rich food, costly raiment, and unnecessary decoration, and provides no mental and moral stimulant in the way of reading, purchases almost inevitable disaster, and fails to acquire a mighty force for good.

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading," says Mary Wortley Montagu; "nor any other pleasure so lasting." Good books elevate the character, purify the taste, *take the attractiveness out of low pleasures*, and lift us to a higher plane of thinking and living. It is not easy to be mean directly after reading a noble and inspiring book. The conversation of

a man who reads for improvement or pleasure will be flavored by his reading; but it will not be about his reading.

A fact too little realized, but which is, nevertheless, very important, is that people, men or women, boys or girls, will usually read whatever they see lying about, and especially if they hear such books or articles talked about. Here, right at their hands, parents and homemakers have a never-failing and most effective means of forming the ideas and educating the minds of their young people. It will pay in morals, manners, and good, hard cash,—for the rightly educated person is the person who is everywhere wanted in positions that pay well,—to keep your bookcase lined, your table strewn, with good literature.

“But,” some one may say, like thousands of others, “I cannot afford a bookcase, to say nothing of books to fill one.” If this is indeed true, be sure you secure at least one good magazine which shall come to your table once a month, for there is hardly a person who cannot, in these days of inexpensive publications, do this, and that one good book is your own and your children’s constant food and subject of conversation. Do you think one book can do little good? If you can read the stories of the great ones of the earth, you will find that it was not the reading of many books, but reading over and over and absorbing and digesting the matter of a few books, or in more than one instance of only one, that started these giants on their upward way. You will also find, alas! that the seeing or reading of one bad book in youth has caused many a soul to take the downward path.

It is said that Voltaire, at the age of five years, read a skeptical poem, the impression of which made him the arch-scoffer of his century. A lad once showed to another a book full of words and pictures of impurity. He had it in his hands only a few moments. Later in life he held high office in the church, and, years afterward, told a friend that he would have given half he possessed had he never seen the book, for its impure images would rise unbidden in his mind at the most holy times.

A book that starts a young person on a life career is a great power. The inspiration of a single book has made teachers, preachers, philosophers, authors, statesmen. On the other hand, the demoralizing effect of one book has made infidels, profligates, criminals.

Ossian’s poems had a marked impression on Napoleon’s life, and he was never weary of singing the praises of Homer. “He always, even in his most hurried campaigns, took a compact library with him,” says John S. C. Abbott. “When driving in his carriage from post to post of the army, he improved the moments in garnering up that knowledge for the accumulation of which he ever manifested such an insatiable desire. *Words* were with him nothing, *ideas* everything. He devoured biography,



history, philosophy, treatises upon political economy and upon all the sciences. His contempt for works of fiction,—the whole class of novels and romances,—amounted almost to indignation. He could never endure to see one reading such a book, or to have such a volume in his presence. Once, in passing through the salons of his palace, he found one of the maids of honor with a novel in her hands. He took it from her, gave her a severe lecture for wasting her time in such frivolous reading, and cast the volume into the flames. When he had a few moments for diversion, he not unfrequently employed them in looking over a book of logarithms, in which he always found recreation.”

Cotton Mather’s “Essay to Do Good” helped to shape Franklin’s whole career. Tyndall was greatly influenced by Emerson’s book on “Nature.” Beecher declares that Ruskin’s books taught him the secret of seeing, and that no man could ever again be quite the same man or look at the world in the same way after reading them.

Madame Roland would take a copy of Plutarch’s “Lives” to church, and read a sentence at every pause in the devotional exercises. The book was also a favorite with Napoleon. Plutarch pictures with a masterly hand little peculiarities in his heroes unnoticed by other writers. He said he would leave descriptions of great battles to others, and confine himself to scenes indicating the souls of men. Shakespeare copied many things from Plutarch, sometimes repeating his language word for word. Curran used to read Homer through once a year.

The sight of an engraving representing Troy in flames, its battlements clearly defined, stimulated Dr. Schliemann to attempt those explorations and excavations which have resulted in such wonderful discoveries. Luther was encouraged by the life and writings of John Huss.

Abbott’s “Life of Napoleon,” read at the age of seven years, sent to the army before he was fourteen, one boy whom I knew.

An English tanner, whose leather gained a great reputation, said he should not have made it so good if he had not read Carlyle.

In the parlor window of the old mossy vicarage where Coleridge spent his dreamy childhood, lay a well-thumbed copy of that volume of oriental fancy, the “Arabian Nights,” and he has told us with what mingled desire and apprehension he was wont to look at the precious book, until the morning sunshine had touched and illuminated it, when, seizing it hastily, he would carry it off in triumph to some leafy nook in the vicarage garden, and plunge delightedly into its maze of marvels and enchantments. Who cannot trace in the poet’s writings the influence of this book?

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited, and the moral is not far to seek. The carefulness with which books for youth should be written and selected cannot be overestimated.

To leave reading matter about where it will seem a part of the house furnishing, an incident of daily living, is a much better and far more effective way of inclining young people to read, and directing their taste, than any amount of advice or lecturing. No one, young or old, wants to be preached to, and he who habitually preaches loses his influence, and becomes in the minds of his victims "an old foggy" or "a bore,"—who is deservedly ignored or avoided. If older people in your house will read "yellow" novels, firmly insist that they shall keep them from your table and the hands of your young people. An editorial writer in the Tacoma "Ledger" pens these wise words:—

"It is found that a large majority of the criminal class who read are deeply interested in the dime-novel class of literature. They have not sufficient moral sense to discriminate between a hero and a bravo, and emulation of these false gods oftentimes is the cause of the reader's downfall. It may be that most of these, if they were influenced in the right instead of the wrong direction, would become honest workingmen, instead of vagabonds and finally criminals.

"It is impossible to prohibit this sort of literature by law, although no doubt, it does as much harm as much that is prohibited; and the only way to counteract, or rather prevent, its evil influence, is to turn the attention of youthful readers to something better. They naturally like stories of adventure, with thrilling escapes and excitement. There are plenty of good books that will furnish this kind of reading, without bad effect. No youth was ever harmed by reading "Ivanhoe" and the "White Company," which are calculated to prove interesting and exciting to any well-balanced youth. A child may choose dime novels for want of better reading. After the age of twelve years, with the opportunities for obtaining interesting books, if he persists in a preference for 'Old Sleuth' stories and the adventures of Jesse James or 'Billy the Kid,' it is high time that his preferences be interfered with and an attempt made to turn them in another direction, by banishing the bad matter and supplying its place with wholesome mental pabulum."

Editors and authors should have many of the crimes of the country to answer for. It would be a just and wholesome thing if these distributors of moral, or immoral, poison were to be dealt with in a manner similar to the clerk spoken of in the following story; and possibly the treatment, somewhat modified, maybe, might have a salutary effect on the boy readers of hair-raising tales:

"Is this the place where they fight Indians?" asked a stout woman armed with an umbrella and leading a small urchin, as she entered the office of a New York boys' story-paper. "Is this the locality where the brave boy charges up the cañon and speeds a bullet to the heart of the dusky redskin?" Then she jerked the boy around by the ear and brought her umbrella down on the desk.



"We—we publish stories for boys," stammered the young man at the desk.

"I want to know if these are the premises on which the daring lad springs upon his fiery mustang, and, darting through the circle of thunderstruck savages, cuts the captive's cords and bears him away before the wondering Indians have recovered from their astonishment? That's the information I'm after. I want to know if that sort of thing is perpetrated here?"—and she brandished her umbrella above the clerk's head.

"I—I don't remember those specific acts," protested the young man.

"I want to know if this is the precinct where the adventurous boy jumps on the back of a buffalo, and with unerring aim picks off one of the bloodthirsty pursuers, who bite the dust at every crack of the faithful rifle. I'm looking for the place where that sort of thing happens!"—and this time she gave the unlucky young man a tremendous whack across the shoulders.

"I—I—I really th—think,——" stuttered the victim, as he tried to dodge behind the desk.

"I'm in search of the shop in which the boy road-agent holds the quivering stage-driver powerless with his glittering eye, while he robs the male passengers with an adroitness born of long and tried experience, and kisses the hands of the lady passengers, with a gallantry of bearing that bespeaks noble birth and a chivalrous nature!" shrieked the woman, pursuing the young man into a corner. "I'm hunting for the apartment in which that business is transacted!"—and down came the umbrella like a trip-hammer on the young man's head.

"Upon my soul, madam," gasped the terrified clerk, "I assure you that—that——"

"I want you to indicate the jars in which you keep the boy scouts of the Sierras! Show me the bins full of boy detectives of the prairie! Point out to me the barrels full of boy pirates of the Spanish Main!" and she punctuated each demand with a whack of the umbrella on the young man's skull until he sprang over the desk and fled in terror.

"I'll teach 'em!" panted the victorious virago, as she again grasped her son's ear and dragged him out of the office; "I'll teach 'em to make it good or skip. Want to fight Indians any more? Want to stand proudly upon the pinnacle of the mountain and scatter the plain beneath with the bleeding bodies of uncounted slain? Want to say 'Hist!' in a tone that brooks no contradiction? Propose to spring upon the taffrail, and with a ringing word of command send a broadside into the richly laden galley, and then mercifully spare the beautiful maiden in the cabin, that she may become your blushing bride? Hey? Going to do it any more?"

With every question she encouraged the boy along by a vigorous whack of the umbrella, until his bones were sore, and he protested with tears in his eyes that he cared nothing for the glories enumerated.

"Then come along," said his mother, changing her hold from his ear to his collar. "Let me catch you around with any more ramrods and carving knives, and you'll think the leaping, curling, resistless prairie fire has swept with a ferocious roar of triumph across the trembling plains and lodged under your jacket to stay!"

At this point she turned a corner and the thread of her remarks was lost; but occasionally, as her voice rose to its highest pitch, the listeners could catch such fragments as, "Want to hunt for Kidd's money?" — "I'll act the howling blizzard!" — "Ache to go for a soger?" — "You'll think an earthquake is tearing around loose!" Most likely the cure of the boy was permanent, for his mother did not repeat her visit.

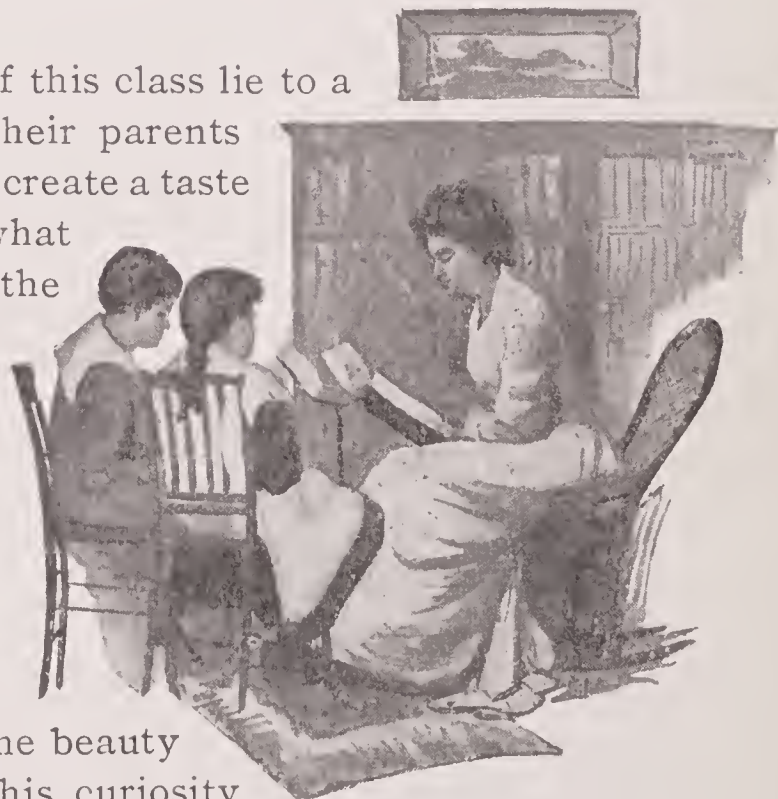
But some will probably complain that their trouble is to make their children or charges read at all. They seem utterly indifferent to everything in printed form. An excellent article on this subject recently appeared from the pen of Marguerite Brooks, who says:—

"Much well-meant advice has been given on the subject of reading; innumerable pages have been printed telling how, and how not, what, and what not, to read; and endless lists of the 'best hundred books'—no two lists alike,—have bewildered the earnest student seeking to make a good selection. But, for the boy or girl who has not inherited, or been born with, a love for reading, there is little advice or suggestion.

"The happiness and success of boys and girls of this class lie to a great extent in the hands of the teacher; for, if their parents have themselves a love for reading, they will try to create a taste for it in their children. One can hardly estimate what an all-important influence early reading has on the present development and future life of a child.

"The dull boy, or the one who has no taste for reading, must be introduced to books gently, and skilfully; must be beguiled into reading, as it were, unconsciously, of his own choice. To recommend books, to put one into his hand, or to tell him he should or must read this or that, would be about as effectual as leading an unwilling horse to drink, or trying to whip a lazy boy into a recognition of the beauty and utility of work. Endeavor, rather, to excite his curiosity or interest by relating incidents from the works of the best writers of prose and poetry, beginning with those suited to his understanding.

"Make him acquainted with the famous Queen Scheherazade, who saved her life and won the heart of the tyrannical sultan of the Indies, by the wonderful series of stories that she wove for his entertainment, from night





to night. Then give him the 'Arabian Nights,' and he must, indeed, be a hopelessly dull boy, if he does not find out for himself the nature of those marvelous tales. Tickle his fancy with bits from 'Robinson Crusoe,' and then present to him Defoe's immortal work. Tell him the story of 'The Ugly Duckling,' and give him a copy of Andersen's 'Fairy-Tales,' that he may explore that realm of fancy for himself. Awaken his imagination by a brief sketch of 'Hiawatha,' the story of 'Evangeline,' or 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' The choice of mental food is almost unlimited. But be sure that whatever you choose is entertaining, as well as instructive and uplifting.

"Do not give to the dull boy, or, indeed to any boy, goody-goody stories, or books that round every paragraph with a moral. Children, whether bright or dull, do not enjoy being preached at any more than do their elders. Neither should their intellectual diet be of the mushy order, too babyish to stimulate thought or quicken attention. Many authors, among them that genial lover of little folks, Walter Scott, deprecate the tendency to 'write down' to the supposed level of the juvenile mind. It is too little understood by parents and teachers, that even children not yet in their teens have an appreciation of noble sentiment and heroic action, and that an acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature should not be deferred until they go to high school or college.

"An excellent way to arouse the interest of a dull boy is to read aloud thrilling selections, both in prose and poetry, passages that stir the blood and appeal even to the most sluggish intellect by their tenderness or daring. The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton's 'Paradise Lost'; Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King,' or 'In Memoriam'; Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal'; 'Ivanhoe'; 'David Copperfield'; 'Les Misérables,' and a host of others that might be mentioned, will furnish admirable matter for this purpose.

"Put the stimulating process must not be confined to fairy-tales, poetry, and fiction. In the same way the boy may be led, stage by stage, to enjoy history, books of travel, stories of invention and discovery, science, biography, even metaphysics, until he becomes a joint inheritor with all who can read of that glorious bequest of which none can rob him—the treasures of the master minds of the ages."

There is one kind of reading that should be steadily guarded against,—the hop-skip-and-jump style, that one may get through a great many books merely for the sake of saying he has read them. I heard of a young woman, who, in confidence, told a friend that she read reviews of all the new books, so that in company she could appear to have read the books themselves. "You make a great mistake," replied the candid friend. "First you sow a habit of deceit, which is bad and disintegrating for any character. Secondly, you acquire a habit of skimming, which is disastrous to helpful or the most enjoyable reading. Thirdly, you plant in your mind the idea that you are under some sort of obligation to read all the new books. Why, you might as well and as healthily try to taste all the foods in a restaurant as even to dip into all the new

books. One would ruin your physical, the other your literary, if not your moral, digestion, and leave you unable to digest and assimilate wholesome food for body or mind."

Hasty reading, superficial reading, overtaxes the memory until it loses its power to grasp and hold. The mind loses its focusing power, the power to bring together and to compare, its power of close attention and continuity of thought, without which no great intellectual work can ever be accomplished. Elizabeth Barrett Browning says, "We err by reading too much, and out of proportion to what we think. I should be wiser, I am persuaded, if I had not read half as much; should have had stronger and better exercised faculties, and should stand higher in my own appreciation. The *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence is this reading of books." It is said that Harriet Martineau read only a page in an hour. Edmund Burke always so read a book as to make it his own,—a possession for life.

A writer in the New York "Observer" says:—

"The mere acquisition of unrelated facts contributes very little to a real education. One may have a limitless command of dates and figures and statistics, and still have a mind unformed and incapable of reasoning. Generally speaking, the mind is for working purposes weakened by their possession, while they do practically nothing to shape and develop character. Science and history cannot be so condensed into primers as to give the reader any intelligent conception of them. And yet there is no doubt at all that the tendency of the mass of readers nowadays is to waste time in reading disconnected paragraphs,—news, or statements of fact, or bits of description, and that the tendency is stimulated by the make-up of newspapers. It is true that many items of news must of necessity be brief, a mere mention of incidents more or less important and interesting. But the papers do not stop with this, but print whole columns of little paragraphs, which may contain 'useful information,' but, being wholly unrelated, add nothing to the general education.

"As the mental, like the physical, appetite grows by what it feeds on, the tendency of this kind of reading is to destroy one's interest in anything but scraps. The intellectual powers are dissipated, and the taste for that severe and consecutive study which alone trains and develops the mind, is diminished by daily devotion to trifles.

"But this is not the only evil attending the acquisition of knowledge by paragraphs. It happens that a very considerable proportion of the news of the day is made up of crimes and disasters. It is perhaps inevitable that it should be so. It is the duty of the news correspondents to report incidents, and, as they must report briefly, and crimes and accidents constitute the mass of incidents, and, taking the world over, a very large mass, they make up a great part of the daily history. No doubt the editors would rather print something else. But the world is, as a whole, a very monotonous place, and, if only the usual were chronicled, the papers



would not be deemed worth reading. What the average purchaser of a paper wants is the unusual and the exciting, not to know how the crops are growing, what roads are in process of construction, or how an overflow here and there is likely to affect the general health. He seeks a few minutes' distraction from the rather benumbing influence of his daily toil.

"So the editors print the crimes and disasters, and are, of course, as compilers of current history, to a certain extent justified in doing so; for, as there is a good deal in our civilization that is bad and distressing, it should, within bounds, be made public. But as they print it in short paragraphs, the current tendency to the light and easy acquisition of information makes these paragraphs the first thing read, with the result of giving the readers a wrong view of life.' We know by the banks of clam shells it left behind, that there was once a race in Australia which lived its allotted time and passed away without developing sufficient intelligence to build a fire. Now, suppose our race to have passed away leaving nothing behind save its newspapers, what would be the impression they would make upon the future New Zealander, as to the character of our civilization? Yet it would be much the same impression that a long course of newspaper paragraphs leaves upon the reader, a feeling that bloodthirst and disaster and misfortune fill all human life. True, when he looks about, he sees the farmer peacefully tilling his soil, the tradesman quietly transacting his business, and philanthropy everywhere relieving suffering. But he hears little of these things in his paragraphs.

"As reading the same thing day after day does in the end influence mind and character, the effect of a long course of these 'incidents' can hardly fail to be bad. True, the reader is in a measure protected against them by selfishness, and by the enfeebling of his capacity to think deeply and continuously. But in the long run they do deflect his mind from its right course, and lower his conception of the world's progress. The impression produced is depressing, whereas reading, even for distraction, ought to contribute to cheerfulness. There is too much that is evil, and so little that gives promise of betterment. The whole effect is that of a make-believe world, in which everything is out of proportion and unhealthful. As energy depends a good deal upon cheerfulness, such a result cannot be good. It is not well to look constantly on the dark side of life, to realize how prone human nature is to evil, and how little safeguard there is against misfortune. Perhaps, with some natures, it may only strengthen the hope of a happy hereafter; but with the majority it must tend to perplex and confuse, and to afford a pretext for doubt in the existence of an overruling Providence. It is better not to fill the mind with scraps which only cause intellectual demoralization."

But perhaps every other use of books dwindles beside their power of lessening the loneliness and heartaches of life. "When, one by one, a loving student has gathered from all departments of human learning a multitude of books," says Beecher, "they are not alabaster vases filled with the sweetest perfume of the human soul, but are living creatures;

they are companions; they have received the homage of our best hours. We have hung our hearts upon them, and as they sprang from the noblest parts of their authors, they are clothed with the noblest associations of our own lives.

"But this transfiguration refuses itself to those who do not love books, or use them, or live with them. It is the scholar, almost too poor to buy the candle to light his midnight communion, that enters into this airy commonwealth of the souls of departed men. But a time comes often when the student must leave his books; that is easy. A time comes when his books must leave him; that is bitter indeed. Take the scanty furniture, leave only bread and water on the table, but spare the books. Alas! the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

How many a man in prosperity has found one of his greatest pleasures in books; and to how many more have they proved a solace in poverty and pain, a refuge from care, a pleasant substitute for gloomy thoughts!

Perhaps no other thing has such power as that possessed by books to lift the poor out of his poverty, the wretched out of his misery, to make the burden-bearer forget his burden, the sick his suffering, the sorrower his grief, the downtrodden his degradation. They are friends to the lonely, companions to the deserted, joy to the joyless, hope to the hopeless, good cheer to the disheartened, a helper to the helpless. They bring light into darkness, and sunshine into shadow.

We may be poor, socially ostracized, shut out from all personal association with the great and the good, and yet be in the best society in the world, in books. Possessing them, we may live in palaces, converse with princes, be familiar with royalty, and associate with the greatest and noblest of all time.

"You get into society, in the widest sense," says Geikie, "in a great library, with the huge advantage of needing no introductions, and not dreading repulses. From that great crowd you can choose what companions you please, for in the silent levees of the immortals there is no pride, but the highest is at the service of the lowest, with a grand humility. You may speak freely with any, without a thought of your inferiority; for books are perfectly well bred, and hurt no one's feelings by any discriminations." Sir William Waller observed, "In my study, I am sure to converse with none but wise men, but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools." "It is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge," says Webster, "that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments help to new conquests."

"No wonder Cicero said that he would part with all he was worth so he might live and die among his books," says Geikie. "No wonder



Petrarch was among them to the last, and was found dead in their company. It seems natural that Bede should have died dictating, and that Leibnitz should have died with a book in his hand, and Lord Clarendon at his desk. Buckle's last words, 'My poor book!' tell a passion that forgot death; and it seemed only a fitting farewell when the tear stole down the manly cheeks of Scott as they wheeled him into his library, when he had come back to Abbotsford to die. Southey, white-haired, a

living shadow, sitting stroking and kissing the books he could no longer open or read, is altogether pathetic."

Wear threadbare clothes and patched shoes, if necessary, but do not pinch or economize on books. If you cannot give your children an academic education, you can place within their reach a few good books which will lift them above their surroundings, into respectability and honor. A college education, or its equivalent, and more, is possible to the poorest boy or girl who has access to the necessary books.

Louisa M. Alcott, whose books brought to her both fortune and fame, supplemented the limited advantages of the district school, by a thorough course of reading in her father's library.

A library of standard books in every private house in America would revolutionize our entire civilization.

"There is no Past so long as Books shall live," says Lytton.

All that man has ever thought, felt, experienced, or done, lives in books. Nations rise and fall, great cities are buried in ruins, vast empires obliterated, but the whole past lives in books. All that is left of the once mighty Greece lives in books alone. Her armies are gone, her architectures crumbled, and only a few pieces of her sculpture remain; but her books will live forever, and influence men for all time.

"Happy is he" says Alexander Cockburn, "who, when the day's work is done, finds his rest and solace and recreation in communion with the master minds of the present and of the past,—in study, and in literature. There is no rest, no recreation, no refreshment to the wearied and jaded body and mind, worn by work and toil, equal to the intellectual pleasures to which I have just been referring."

"A book is good company," says Beecher. "It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more



noble, it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit."

Every one should have a library of his own. Books which one reads and lives with, mind to mind, mean never-failing companionship, ever-increasing culture, and, in a large measure, sometimes in even a wider and better measure, the school or college education which was denied one.

There is something in the very atmosphere of books which is helpful and inspiring. One seems to absorb culture from the presence of books and from contact with them. The mind changes; our ideals enlarge, when we are surrounded by good books. One can learn to love books, too, by constantly being in the presence of them, and by getting acquainted with them.

There is a very satisfactory feeling about the books one owns; he may linger over them, lend them, or do with them as he pleases.

Probably much of the wisdom which most people possess came from things which they read and re-read many times in their schoolbooks. The sense of hurry engendered by the knowledge that a book must be returned to the public library at a certain time is extremely detrimental, if not fatal, to that absorption of its meaning from which alone can come power or restful pleasure. Therefore, have a library of your own. It need not be a large library. Nearly all of America's greatest men and women read but few books when young, but these few they read so exhaustively, and digested so thoroughly, that their spirit, purpose, and principles became a part of the readers' very souls, the dynamos which moved their lives to great ends.

To those who are debarred from the privileges of public libraries, it is doubly necessary to have libraries of their own, for in being without books they miss more than from the lack of all else save the actual necessities of life.

Start a library, no matter how small it may be at first. Make a beginning. Cover each volume; get a small bookcase, if possible, and add to your books as rapidly as possible. They will promote your mental health.

To rummage around among books, reading a few pages here and a few pages there, without thought or aim, is worse than wasting time, worse than ignorance which comes from reading nothing, for we are forming desultory habits, which are fatal to continuity of thought. We should lay out a definite line of reading, and try to master some department of learning,—be master in some particular line. Learning is not necessarily knowledge, any more than knowledge is wisdom. Wisdom is knowledge which has become a part of one's being; it is the



result of close, systematic thinking, taken into the tissue of the mind itself, as the iron particles in the blood are taken up and become incorporated in its very life. One thing is not to be overlooked. Nothing else furnishes a house as do books. It is said that in the home of the poet Stoddard, there are books everywhere, and wherever there is a little room left, a piece of furniture is introduced; but every one agrees that the home of the Stoddards is most delightfully furnished.

"Here are my real treasures," said an old man to one to whom he had been displaying the finishing and furnishing of his house.

"I grew up ignorant, and became so absorbed in money-making that I never had an opportunity to learn anything outside of money-getting. When I found myself worth three millions, I realized that my wife and daughters were ashamed of me when I appeared at the dinners and parties they gave in the handsome house I had built for them, because I could not speak ten sentences without an ungrammatical slip, or revealing the fact that I had not read anything but brokers' journals and similar productions. To speak truly, I was ashamed of, and mortified for, myself, and decided that things should not go on that way.

"There is no reason," I said to myself, "why a middle-aged man with good, common sense and a fairly good mind should remain uneducated always, because he was not educated when a boy or a young man. I consulted a friend who had read widely, and he advised me to begin reading along lines which would educate me; to find out about the wonders of this beautiful world, and other worlds; the human body, the plants, the metals, the stars, the emotions,—ah, many things! I accepted his advice, I bought books and began. My wife and daughters are not ashamed of me now, and, though there's so much more to learn, I'm not ashamed of myself. I wonder why men remain uneducated. They need not, and, if they knew how fascinating it is to feel one's mind developing, his mental faculties expanding, and knew the added respect people have for even a half-educated man, like myself, they would go to work with their books, especially as they can do it so quietly and privately, with no one to jeer or scoff. Ah, yes, these books are my real treasures."

Whatever you read, read with enthusiasm, with energy; read with the whole mind, if you would increase your mental stature. Learn to absorb the mental and the moral life of a book, and assimilate it into your life. He is the best reader who consumes the most knowledge and converts it into character. Mechanical readers remember words, the husks of things, but digest nothing. They cram their brains but starve their minds. If you are getting the most out of a book, you will feel a capacity for doing things which you never felt before. As few actors conceive the characters they play, so few readers comprehend their authors.

Joseph Cook advised youths always to make notes of their reading. Mr. Cook used the margins of his books for his notes, and marked all of his own books very freely, so that every volume in his library became a note book. He advised all young men and young women to keep "commonplace" books. They are a great aid to memory, and enable us to find for future use what we have read. The habit of taking notes of lectures and sermons is excellent.

Reading and thinking are the gymnasium of the mind. The gymnast does not carry away the apparatus from the gymnasium, but the strength and the suppleness which the exercise gives him. It is not so much what we carry away from the book and store in memory that is valuable, as the strength and skill we develop through the book we read. Passive reading no more develops the mind than sitting down in a gymnasium will develop the body.

You should bring your mind to the reading of a book, or to the study of any subject, as you take an ax to the grindstone; not for what you get from the stone, but for the sharpening of the ax. While it is true that the facts learned from books are worth more than the dust from the stone, even in much greater ratio is the mind more valuable than the ax. Bacon says:—

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

When every householder comes to realize that no house, though in its finishing and furnishing a large fortune has been expended, is adequately furnished to meet the demands of the best and most important parts of its inmate,—the soul, the heart, the intellect,—unless a place be given to books, we shall hear of fewer lacerated or wrecked lives, and know more of noble living and high thinking, the ideal life.

A BLESSING on the printer's art !  
Books are the mentors of the heart.  
The burning soul, the burdened mind,  
In books alone companions find.

— MRS. HALE.



## MENTAL TRAINING AT HOME

READ my little fable :

He that runs may read ;  
Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

—TENNYSON.

OF COURSE everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

—O. W. HOLMES.

ALL the means of action —  
The shapeless masses, the materials —  
Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

—LONGFELLOW.

I PROFESS not talking : only this,  
Let each man do his best.

—SHAKESPEARE.

DEGREES infinite of luster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

—RUSKIN.

SELF-TAUGHT I sing ; by Heaven, and Heaven alone ;  
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown.

—HOMER.

EVERY person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.

—GIBBON.

AND the plea that this or that man has no time for culture will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously into our present use of time.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHEN David Starr Jordan said that those foreordained to be nobodies would not try to get an education, he meant a college education, and intended it to be understood that nobody would be so merely in respect to the higher education. Ninety-two per cent. of our population get a living by manual labor. They constitute the bone and sinew of our national life. To call them nobodies would be false, to say nothing of its being unkind. If they cannot get a college education, they can at least supplement their common-school courses by systematic mental training at home, and become intelligent citizens, worthy of our country, and influential in promoting the common weal.

Edwin Chadwick, in his report to the British parliament, stated that children, working on half time,—that is, studying three hours a day and working the rest of their time out of doors,—really made the greatest intellectual progress. Business men have often accomplished wonders

during the busiest lives by simply devoting one, two, three, or four hours daily to study or other literary work.

If one forms a distinct purpose to make the most of such opportunities as he has, he will acquire that mental discipline and mental furnishing which is his right as a child of more than mortal heritage.

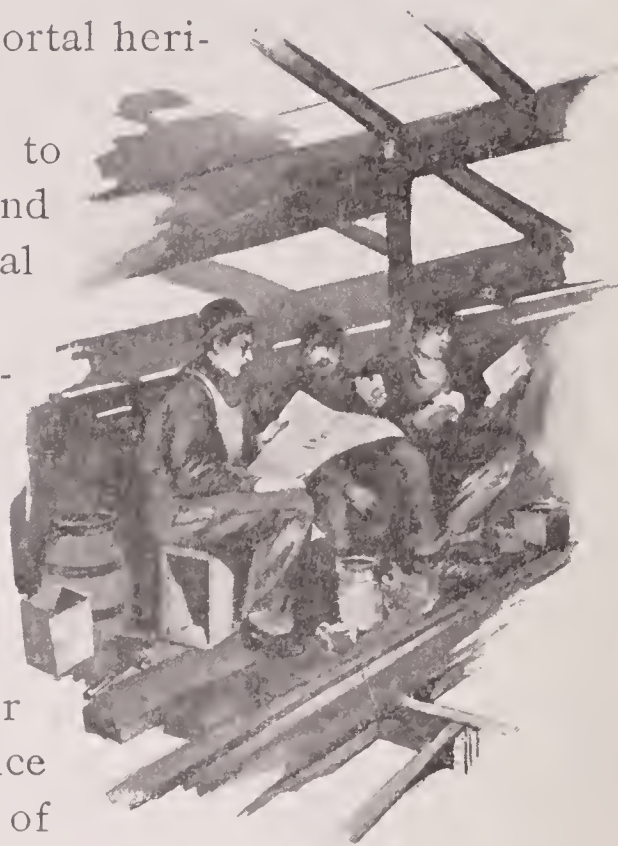
For one thing, let him become intelligent in respect to his own physique, and so honor his body as to ensure sound health and length of days. Merely as a basis for mental and moral culture, this is of prime necessity.

For another thing, let him form habits of careful observation. Observation is an education; it calls for close mental attention, develops the descriptive faculties, and awakens thought.

An educator, who insisted upon cultivating the observing faculties of pupils, tried an experiment on the members of a large school, for the benefit of their teacher. He asked the pupils to tell him the difference between a cat and a dog. Probably the first thought of each pupil was, "That is easy enough"; but it did not prove so easy, after all. Not one scholar could answer the question. They had never observed the difference between the two animals closely enough to tell exactly what it was, so they sat in silence.

One of the leading entomologists of the world began life as a singularly dull boy, as it was supposed, in a district school. His teacher could not impart to him the simplest elementary knowledge. But one day, as she observed him looking steadily at something upon his desk, she discovered that he was observing the habits of a fly. The next time that this boy was called upon to recite, she said to her class: "You have all seen thousands of flies. Now I want each of you to tell me his impressions of a fly." This "dull" boy not only told the class about flies, but went on to tell them about different kinds of bugs. From that day the teacher encouraged his aptitude; and he was finally sent to Europe to pursue his studies, and became, at Leipsic, moderator of the National Conservatory of Science; he was afterward connected with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and is now engaged in professional work in one of the great capitals of Europe.

Agassiz threw away his texts and text-books, and brought his students face to face with nature and told them to "observe, observe." He put them down before the actual fish, not a picture of it, and told them to "look, look, look," at the fish. He first taught the American scholar how to use his eyes. At one time Agassiz desired an assistant, and a number of young men applied to him for the position. He requested





each candidate to step in turn to the window and look out, and almost immediately recalled him to his side, then asked him to name the number of objects he had observed during his momentary gaze from the window. One replied he had observed nothing, several mentioned one or two things. To the one who named the greatest number of objects observed, the "Master Teacher," as he was called, accorded the honor of assisting him.

I once read a good story of Whistling Tom. Tom was a small boy, and very thoughtful. When he did not understand anything, he whistled. "There was much whistling in our yard, one summer," said his mother. "It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple tree to be thirty-three feet.

" 'Why, how do you know?' was the general question.

" 'Measured it.'

" 'How?'

" 'Foot-rule and yardstick.'

" 'You didn't climb that tall tree?' I asked, anxiously.

" 'No'm; I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that.'

" 'But the length of a shadow changes.'

" 'Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick, I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet.'

" 'So that is what you have been whistling about all summer.'

" 'Did I whistle?' asked Tom."

Man is a very complex being, and, for his symmetrical development, requires a great variety of nourishment. Birds, flowers, landscapes, pictures, music, and society are just as essential to a full and complete development of manhood and womanhood as the technical education of the school.

We must send force-sap into every avenue of our beings; every pore of the mind and soul must absorb power, or the man will be stunted. If nourishment is cut off in any direction, the life will be circumscribed in proportion. The man who is not constantly extending his horizon will soon get into a rut. Those people who leave their mark upon the world, who broaden and enrich the life of their community, are constantly growing.

It contributes to mental growth to form early a rigid habit of observing what falls within our environment. It is a point in self-education.

Another thing that can be done by the ninety-two out of a hundred who do not go to college is to exercise their minds in debate, and to

inform themselves upon the debated points. This may be but an animated conversation between two friends, or it may be a formal neighborhood discussion. It is useful as a mental stimulus.

"An idea," said William M. Thayer, "may decide the history of a household; a fact proves it. A book was read in a family of five boys, from ten to nineteen years of age. The book contained a chapter on the benefits of a debating society.

" 'Let us organize one,' said the eldest brother, who was learning the trade of a wheelwright; and this was done by rallying the youth of the neighborhood.

"Mark the result. The father of the family was a mechanic, and up to the time this new idea entered it there was no thought of mercantile or professional careers for any of the sons. But the eldest left his trade for the ministry; the next two became successful and honored merchants; the fourth was educated in one of our normal schools as a teacher, and to-day is one of the most popular school superintendents in Massachusetts; while the fifth went to college, looking forward to one of the learned professions, but peculiar circumstances changed his purpose, and he is now one of the most prosperous, respected, and useful young merchants of Boston. This one idea entered the household and revolutionized it, as every member of the family will bear witness. What is equally remarkable, each son worked his own way up to his honorable position, the father not being able financially to assist him."

How many of the intellectual giants in this country have owed the development of their power in a large measure to the discipline of winter evening debating and reading clubs! It is a remarkable fact that we can do that through others which we could never do alone. There is a developing power in the association of aspiring minds that calls out resources that would never be evolved by the unaided individual. Though we are conscious of undiscovered continents within us, yet, like Columbus seeking the Indies, we cannot find them until we obtain the assistance of others.

The mind craves intercourse with other minds. This is a normal desire. It is brain-friction, brain-attrition, brain-stimulus, which give brain-power and call out the intellectual sparks that otherwise might sleep forever. Man can discover himself, can see himself, only in others.

I strongly urge those who are anxious to make the most of themselves and their opportunities to encourage the organization of winter evening reading and debating clubs, as one of the best means of self-culture, and an incentive to higher endeavor. In these clubs, where every one is put upon his best behavior, where vanity is rebuked, and pretensions repelled, where the mind is constantly on the alert for criticism, informa-



tion, or suggestion, there is a refining, elevating, and educative influence which cannot easily be overestimated, and which is seldom found elsewhere.

Probably the one thing most important in making up for the deficiencies of an early education is the resolving to do it. When this has been done, all the rest is easy.

How many people there are in this country who were deprived of school advantages during their younger days, and who all their lives have deplored the loss! Yet, if they only knew how, they could get, right where they are, many of the advantages which they so deeply desire. It is a great thing to form a habit of improving the mind at every opportunity, no matter how short the time or how meager the opportunity may be.

It is wonderful what a habit of systematic reading or studying will do for a person if carried on through a term of years. Let one earnestly resolve that no day shall go by without a certain amount of time being spent in study or the reading of instructive literature, and allow nothing to prevent the carrying out of this design, and he will soon recognize with joy the fact that his life has been enormously enriched and blessed.

"He who resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the great barriers to it, and he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolution, burning like fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out, or making means; giving courage to despondency, and strength for weakness."

"The boys," says Alexander Revell, "who never saw a college campus, who do not know the difference between a rule of geometry and a theory of science, but who do know how to get into the ways of industry and usefulness,—the boys who support themselves, and in many instances keep fatherless families from actual poverty; the boys who are at work to-day, who are in the public schools, in every evening school, in every business college; who are supported by no endowment, aided by no philanthropy; whose knowledge is paid for by themselves, or comes out of the hard-earned money of struggling parents,—parents who are eager one day to see their boys among the merchants or the honored employees of the community in which they live;—these young men are the saving salt, not only of commerce, but also of the nation."

He who has a settled determination to improve his mental condition will be a miser of minutes.



We shall not hear of his "fooling away time." He knows what moments are worth, and what spare moments will do.

Take a book and a boy and odd bits of time—and you can have a man well educated.

No one is anxious about a young man while he is busy in useful work. But where does he eat his lunch at noon? Where does he go when he leaves his boarding-house at night? What does he do after supper? Where does he spend his Sundays and holidays? The way he uses his spare moments reveals his character. The great majority of youth who go to the bad are ruined after supper. Most of those who climb upward to honor and fame devote their evenings to study or work or the society of the wise and good. For the right use of these leisure hours, what we have called the waste of life, the odd moments usually thrown away, the author would plead with every youth. Each evening is a crisis in the career of a young man. There is a deep significance in the lines of Whittier:—

"This day we fashion Destiny, our web of fate we spin;  
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin."

Time is money. We should not be stingy or mean with it, but we should not throw away an hour any more than we would throw away a dollar-bill. Waste of time means waste of energy, waste of vitality, waste of character in dissipation. It means bad companions, bad habits. It means the waste of opportunities which will never come back. Beware how you kill time, for all your future lives in it.

"Of memory many a poet sings; and Hope hath oft inspired the rhyme;  
But who the charm of music brings to celebrate the present time?  
Let the past guide, the future cheer, while youth and health are in their  
prime;  
But, oh, be still thy greatest care—that awful point—the present time!"

Some boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time which others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies which others disdain to practise. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement? Charles C. Frost, the celebrated shoemaker of Vermont, resolved to devote one hour a day to study. He became one of the most noted mathematicians in the United States. He also gained an enviable reputation in other departments of knowledge.

Oh, what wonders have been performed in "one hour a day"!

One hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, and profitably employed, would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. One hour a day would earn enough to pay



for two daily and two weekly papers, two leading magazines, and a dozen good books. In an hour a day a boy or girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully,—over seven thousand pages, or eighteen large volumes, in a year. An hour a day might make all the difference between bare existence and useful, happy living. An hour a day might make,—nay, has made,—an unknown man a famous one, a useless man a benefactor to his race. Consider, then, the mighty possibilities of two,—four,—yes, six hours a day that are, on the average, thrown away by young men and women in the restless desire for fun and diversion!

“Oh, its only five minutes or ten minutes till meal-time; there is no time to do anything now,” is one of the commonest expressions heard in the family. But what monuments have been built up by poor boys with no chance, out of broken fragments of time which many of us throw away. The very hours you have wasted, if improved, might have insured your success.

“While the students at Andover were waiting for breakfast at the boarding-house,” said a lady, “the rest of the young men would stand chaffing each other; but Joseph Cook, if there were only a half-minute to spare, would turn to the big dictionary in the corner of the room, and learn the synonyms of a word, or search out its derivation.” It is a cheap thing to say that Joseph Cook evidently swallowed the dictionary, and cheap people made the remark; but our age has not produced many nobler geniuses, nor a more magnificent specimen of true self-culture.

“Always have a good book at hand,” says a successful writer, “in the parlor, on the table,—a book of condensed thoughts and sound maxims.” How easy it is to keep at hand books that are life-shapers!

“All that I have accomplished, or expect, or hope to accomplish,” said Elihu Burritt, “has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called moments.”

On the floor of the gold-working room in the United States Mint at Philadelphia, there is a wooden lattice work which is taken up when the floor is swept, and the fine particles of gold-dust, thousands of dollars yearly, are thus saved. So every successful man has a kind of network to catch “the raspings and parings of existence, those leavings of days and wee bits of hours” which most people sweep into the waste of life. He who hoards and turns to account all odd minutes, half hours, unexpected holidays, gaps “between times,” and chasms of waiting for unpunctual persons, achieves results which astonish those who have not mastered this secret.

Whatever one invests in mental culture will make him the richer. Floods can never carry such wealth away, nor fire burn it, nor rust consume it.

A thin, awkward boy came to the door of the residence of a celebrated school principal and asked to see the master. The servant eyed his mean clothes and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. He soon appeared at the back door and repeated his request. "You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, and she set him down to some bread and butter. "Thank you," said the boy, "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me." "Some old clothes, maybe you want; I guess he has none to spare, he gives away a sight," remarked the girl, eyeing his ragged clothes. "Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy, with most emphatic emphasis on each word. The girl for the first time stopped her work. "Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must, I s'pose," and she whisked him off to that room, remarking, as she opened the door: "Here's somebody terrible anxious to see you, sir, so I let him in." The professor laid his book aside, and talked with the boy with increasing interest. He soon took down some books, and began to give him an examination which extended even to Greek. Every question was answered correctly and promptly. The professor was amazed at such youthful erudition, and asked the boy how he had managed, with his apparent poverty, to accumulate such an amount of knowledge. "Oh, I studied in my spare time," answered the boy, brightly, and with the utmost unconsciousness that he was an example to even the man before him. Here was a boy, a hard-working orphan, almost fitted for college in the spare moments that his companions had wasted. Truly are spare moments the "gold dust of time."

"What is the price of that book?" at length asked a man who had been dawdling for an hour in the front store of Benjamin Franklin's newspaper establishment. "One dollar," replied the clerk. "One dollar," echoed the lounge; "can't you take less than that?" "One dollar is the price," was the answer.

The would-be purchaser looked over the books on sale awhile longer, and then inquired: "Is Mr. Franklin in?" "Yes," said the clerk, "he is very busy in the press-room." "Well, I want to see him," persisted the man. The proprietor was called, and the stranger asked: "What is the lowest, Mr. Franklin, that you can take for that book?" "One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt rejoinder. "One dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work."

The man seemed surprised, but, wishing to end a parley of his own seeking, he demanded: "Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for



this book." "One dollar and a half," replied Franklin. "A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes," said Franklin coolly, "and I could better have taken that price than a dollar and a half now."

The man silently laid the money on the counter, took his book, and left the store, having received a salutary lesson from a master in the art of transmuting time, at will, into either wealth or wisdom.

Could I give the youth of this country but one word of advice it would be this: Let no moment pass until you have extracted from it every possibility. Watch every grain in the hourglass.

Whenever you see a youth yearning for more education, for a fuller life; when you see him devoting every spare moment to acquiring information which may help him in his business or occupation, or to enlarge his mental horizon; when you see him cheerful and prompt, always trying to do to a finish everything he touches, you may be very certain that that boy will succeed.

I can speak of but one more thing concerning your mental training at home. It is this: You are to cultivate the power of attention. Mental concentration will do everything for you. As to intellectual discipline, you must be self-made or never made. Fix upon it that you will acquire a habit of mental concentration. If you do this, and cultivate mental flexibility, and use your spare moments in self-education, you will, as time goes by, have less to regret for your early loss of schooling. What the school is for is to teach you to think, to gain power. If you learn to handle your mind well, turning it this way or that, and can fix it upon an object of observation or of thought, and keep it fixed without wandering, you have what the best schools would give you.

Knowledge must be gained by ourselves. Mankind may supply us with facts, but the results, even if they agree with previous ones, must be the work of our own minds.

"Thinking, not growth, makes manhood," says Isaac Taylor. "Accustom yourself, therefore, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To join thinking with reading is one of the first maxims, and one of the easiest operations."

"You can never learn without your own efforts," wrote Webster to his grandson. "All the teachers can never make a scholar of you if you do not apply yourself with all your might."

It was Webster's custom in studying to devote all his faculties to the work before him until he felt fatigue, and then to rest. In this way he acquired the power of doing in one day what to many able lawyers would seem a hard week's work.

Goethe's motto, "*Wo du bist, se alles!*" ("Wherever thou art, be all there!") would be an excellent one for people who seem totally destitute of the power of concentration.

The mental reservoirs of many earnest, enthusiastic workers are like a leaky dam, where most of the water flows out without going over the wheel and doing the work of the mill. Their energies are dissipated by being scattered over too wide an area; consequently, their well-intended efforts are barren of results.

Every little leak in the mental reservoir lessens by so much the stream upon the wheel of life. Mind-wandering is one of the most subtle and dangerous of these leaks, as it is one of the greatest enemies of effective work. A habit of worrying about things that cannot be remedied, crowding the thoughts with petty anxieties and jealousies, taking up one thing after another and not bringing anything to a conclusion,—these are leaks in our mental reservoirs that are draining reserve power.

One of the hardest tasks for a boy or a girl is to concentrate the whole attention upon the lesson of the morrow; for the student in college to prepare for the next recitation without running to the ball-field, or allowing his gaze to wander around the room, or doing anything else in order to cheat himself out of what he ought to do. In study, as in business, we must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it until it is made hot.

"A common complaint of young students, and especially those who are trying to educate themselves," says William Mathews, "is that they find it hard, and at times impossible, to concentrate their attention on the subject they are studying. Especially is this the case with dry, uninteresting, and difficult subjects. As they bend over the open page, the mind is continually flying off, making images, and building castles in the air,—taken captive by troops of idle fancies that lead it away from its work, sap its energies, and reduce it to a condition in which it becomes irritated and discomposed, the victim of a futile restlessness and dissatisfaction with itself and everybody and everything else, it cannot tell why."

"If I could only concentrate my mind, if I could only think, if I could only work!" exclaims a correspondent. "Some days I can work with the greatest ease, and at other times I am good for nothing."

This is the old story of how uncertain are our limited powers of mind and body, and how little control we have over them.

There is, in the gray brain matter, a group of cells embodying the will. If we could keep these cells at work, they would make some or all of the others work, for they furnish the steam that keeps the machinery of the mind going. But the energy dies down in them, and then we no longer feel like working. We are indolent,—for the time, at least,



Some of us are habitually and constantly indolent, for these cells never have any energy in them to give to others.'

The whole difficulty in concentrating the mind upon one subject, is in putting and keeping energy in these cells. But why is it that on some days we are brimful of energy, can think and do right things, and go on at our very best, surpassing our ordinary selves, while on other days we are good for nothing? There are several causes for such results. Diet and temperature and exercise of the body, sleep, habits of thought, occupation, and general environment, all have to do with the manner in which this little group of governor-cells will work.

The secret of acquiring mental concentration is largely individual with each person, because no two persons are exactly alike in body and mind. There can be given, however, some general hints, by the practice of which many of the obstacles to mental work can be removed and a habit of concentration acquired; for it is a habit, as a desire to eat dinner at a certain hour every day is made a habit by eating it at that hour. We know, if we pass over that hour without eating, that the habit is broken, and the stomach is more or less deranged. As there are certain times that we want meals, so there are certain times every day when the mind is in the best mood to work. Seize these moments by giving the mind work, and make a habit of work by repeating it at the same time every day. The regularity of the habit removes the resistance.

All the world's great workers and thinkers have more or less complied with the law of periodicity, of habit. It is the way nature works. The seasons come and go at regular dates. The sun, the stars, the light, the darkness, indicate to us what we should do at each and every hour, and we should strive to put ourselves in harmony with these great advisers. If the sleep has been good at night, the brain is freshest in the morning hours, and the will is strongest, and there are fewer obstacles to mental concentration. Here is a student who says he can do his best work under the midnight lamp. Perhaps; but he has acquired an artificial habit, not a natural one. The brain is not at its best after a day's wear and tear. So the morning is the natural time to acquire the habit of mental work, and this accords with the experience of most of the great workers and thinkers. Yet evening hours are often the only ones practicable; and, if so, we must make the most of them.

But we are told that, in the hurly-burly of American life, with its Bohemian hours of eating and sleeping, with trains to catch, with bores to entertain, and with the general stress and tension, periodicity, regularity of mental habits, cannot be commanded by the average person. That is, unfortunately, too true, and it accounts for much of the slipshod mental work done. Man is, least of all, a slave of the habit of thinking, because this habit is hardest to acquire.

Beginning the habit is the great difficulty. Begin by devoting a few minutes to some mental work. Repeat it at the same time every day, and increase the time. If possible, never allow anything to interrupt this period of work, and you will soon be surprised to see how the will gives strength.

The habit of concentrating the mind upon one thing regularly each day, even if only for a few minutes or half an hour, will accomplish wonders. Let one who doubts this, try the experiment and be convinced.

"There is but one possible remedy for this inability to gather together the mental powers and to concentrate them exclusively on one object, and that is — concentration," says Mathews. "In other words, it is only by continued, strenuous efforts, repeated again and again, day after day, week after week, and month after month, that the ability can be acquired to fasten the mind on one subject, however abstract or knotty, to the exclusion of everything else. The process of obtaining this self-mastery, — this complete command of one's mental powers, — is a gradual one, its length varying with the mental constitution of each person; but its acquisition is worth infinitely more than the utmost labor it ever costs. It is a process to which, however painful or protracted, every thinker worthy of the name, even the mightiest, has had to submit, — not excepting Archimedes, who, at the capture of Syracuse, was so intent on his problem that he did not notice the hostile soldier who had entered his study.

"Fortunately, there is no faculty of the mind that grows and strengthens more surely and inevitably by practice than this power of attention, — of continuous concentration. Are you striving, reader, to educate yourself? Every earnest, persistent effort you make to acquire this faculty is sure of its reward. But there must be no fooling, — no child's play. Nothing will avail but steady, strenuous, persistent effort. As shrewd and wise old Thomas Fuller says of fancy, we may say of the mind: 'Great is the difference betwixt a swift horse and a skittish that will stand on no ground. If this be the fault of thy fancy, I say, — whip it home to the first object whereon it shall be settled. This do as often as the occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant will learn to abide by his work without running away.'"

To learn to concentrate your mind, form a habit of concentrating it; nothing else will serve you.

A curious illustration of the truth of this is found in the story of Benjamin Franklin. He did not attend school after he was twelve years old. In his attempt at self-education, at first he did little but read. He soon found, however, that reading alone would not make him an educated man, and he proceeded to act at once upon this discovery. He needed to learn to concentrate his mind closely upon any subject that



demanding it. At school he had been unable to understand arithmetic. Twice he had given it up as an insoluble puzzle, and finally left school almost hopelessly ignorant upon the subject. But the printer's boy soon found his ignorance of figures extremely inconvenient. When he was about fourteen he took up, for the third time, "Cocker's Arithmetic," which had baffled him at school, and ciphered all through it with ease and pleasure. He then mastered a work upon navigation, which included the rudiments of geometry, and thus tasted "the inexhaustible charm of mathematics." He pursued a similar course, we are told, in acquiring the art of composition, in which, at length, he excelled most of the men of his time. When he was but a boy of sixteen, he wrote so well that the articles which he slyly sent to his brother's paper were thought to have been written by some of the most learned men in the colony.

In a New England academy, a pupil who was engaged to assist the teacher was unable to solve a problem in algebra. The class was approaching the problem, and he was mortified because, after many trials, he was obliged to take it to the teacher for solution. The teacher returned it unsolved. What could he do? He would not confess to the class that he could not solve it, so, after many futile attempts, he went to a distant town to seek the assistance of a friend who, he believed, could do the work. But, alas! his friend had gone away, and would not be back for a week. On his way back he said to himself, "What a fool! Am I unable to perform a problem in algebra, and shall I go back to my class and confess my ignorance? I can solve it and I will." He shut himself in his room, determined not to sleep until he had mastered the problem, and finally he won success. Underneath the solution he wrote, "Obtained Monday evening, September 2, at half past eleven o'clock, after more than a dozen trials that have consumed more than twenty hours of time." This was an invaluable lesson in mental concentration, the power of continuous application.

When Thomas B. Reed was a college boy in Brunswick, memorizing used to be the bane of his existence. It is to be feared he was not the closest of students, as a rule, and it may have begun to dawn upon him that a little special effort was necessary if he expected to come out with credit at the end of the term. At any rate, he set to work to learn his lessons, and this was the way in which he got into the habit of committing to memory. Butler's "Analogy" was one of the tasks set before the class, and Reed determined to master it. The day before each recitation he would shut himself up with the "Analogy" and commit a page to memory, word for word. There is not a superfluous syllable in the treatise, as those who have been brought up on it are well aware, and it used to take Reed two solid hours to perform his task,—just two hours a

day taken out of his life, he says. He was always letter-perfect in recitation, and that was the end of it. Day by day he turned over a leaf of the book to let it cross his thoughts again.

"The only valuable kind of study," said Sydney Smith, "is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expected it; to sit with your Livy before you and hear the geese cackling that saved the Capitol; to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian sutlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the battle of Cannæ, and heaping them into bushels; and to be so intimately present at the actions you are reading of that, when anybody knocks at the door, it will take you two or three seconds to determine whether you are in your own study or on the plains of Lombardy, looking at Hannibal's weather-beaten face and admiring the splendor of his single eye."

Gladstone had a marvelous faculty of mastering the contents of a book by glancing over its pages. He seemed to drink in the author's meaning, to divine his thoughts, by catching here and there a sentence,—a sort of instinct which led him directly to the author's goal, so that in half an hour he would sometimes be able to talk more intelligently about the book than could one of those exacting readers who stop to take in every word, after an entire day's reading. Joseph Cook had this rare faculty of getting the thought out of a book, much as a bee sucks honey from a flower.

"I resolved, when I began to read law," said Edward Sugden, afterward Lord St. Leonard, "to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go on to a second reading till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I did in a week; but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection."

"Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life," said Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me: 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I made. The answer is this — 'I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man to get through work well must not overwork himself; for, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study,





which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and in the various businesses of life; and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time, do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study, to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during these three hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

"The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention," said Charles Dickens. "My own invention, or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." When asked on another occasion the secret of his success, he said: "I never put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self." "Be a whole man at everything," wrote Joseph Gurney to his son, "a whole man at study, at work, at play."

"I go at what I am about," said Charles Kingsley, "as if there was nothing else in the world, for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men; but most of them can't carry it into their amusements."

"Attention," said Lowell, "is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius."

William A. Mowry gives a good illustration of this power in his "Talks with My Boys." A boy of fifteen once agreed to commit seven long stanzas of poetry in twenty minutes, with his companions allowed to use every possible effort to disturb him, provided they would not touch him. Amid such a pandemonium as only boys can make, the task was accomplished. That boy, George S. Boutwell, was afterward governor of Massachusetts, a United States senator, and secretary of the United States treasury.

Probably very few have ever had this power more completely than Horace Greeley. With an immense procession passing up Broadway, the streets lined with people, and bands playing lustily, he would sit upon the steps of the Astor House, use the top of his hat for a desk, and write an editorial for the "New York Tribune" which would be quoted far and wide.

Offended by a pungent article, a gentleman called at the "Tribune" office and inquired for the editor. He was shown into a little seven-by-nine sanctum, where Greeley sat, with his head close down to his paper, scribbling away at a rapid rate. The angry man began by asking if

this was Mr. Greeley. "Yes, sir; what do you want?" said the editor quickly, without once looking up from his paper. The irate visitor then began by using his tongue, with no reference to the rules of propriety, good breeding, or reason. Meantime Mr. Greeley continued to write. Page after page was dashed off in the most impetuous style, with no change of features, and without paying the slightest attention to the visitor. Finally, after about twenty minutes of the most impassioned scolding ever poured out in an editor's office, the angry man became disgusted, and abruptly turned to walk out of the room. Then, for the first time, Mr. Greeley quickly looked up, rose from his chair, and slapping the gentleman familiarly on the shoulder, said, in a pleasant tone of voice: "Don't go, friend; sit down, sit down, and free your mind; it will do you good,—you will feel better for it. Besides, it helps me to think what I am to write about. Don't go."



If you acquire this mental power, which you can do at home, you are in an important sense an educated man, whether or not you ever saw a college; since, with the power to do this, you can acquire what you will, when you will. This power, too, is so closely allied to the power of original thinking, that, in instituting comparisons between this and that you will find your mind flexible and servicable, whatever may be the mental problem which you need to solve.

What I have said is by no means all that is involved in a well conducted self-education. Mental honesty, well balanced judgment, patience, thoroughness of investigation, breadth of study and mental charity are among the points that might be spoken of. Yet he who is determined to win in this game will learn for himself far more than I have now told him.

"And it is left for each," says Edward Everett, "by the cultivation of every talent, by watching with an eagle's eye for every chance of improvement, by redeeming time, defying temptation, and scorning sensual pleasure, to make himself useful, honored, and happy."



## THOUGHT, THE LIFE BUILDER

AS HE thinketh in his heart, so is he.—PROVERBS.

SUCH as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by thy thoughts. —MARCUS ANTONINUS.

THOUGHT is the parent of the deed.—CARLYLE.

IN A disturbed mind, as in a body in the same state, health cannot exist. —CICERO.

IF ANYTHING affects your eye, you hasten to have it removed; if anything affects your mind, you postpone the cure for a year. —HORACE.

THERE is but one thing of which I am afraid, and that is fear. —MONTAIGNE.

FEAR is the proof of a degenerate mind.—VIRGIL.

OUR alarms are more than our dangers, and we suffer oftener in apprehension than in fact. —SENECA.

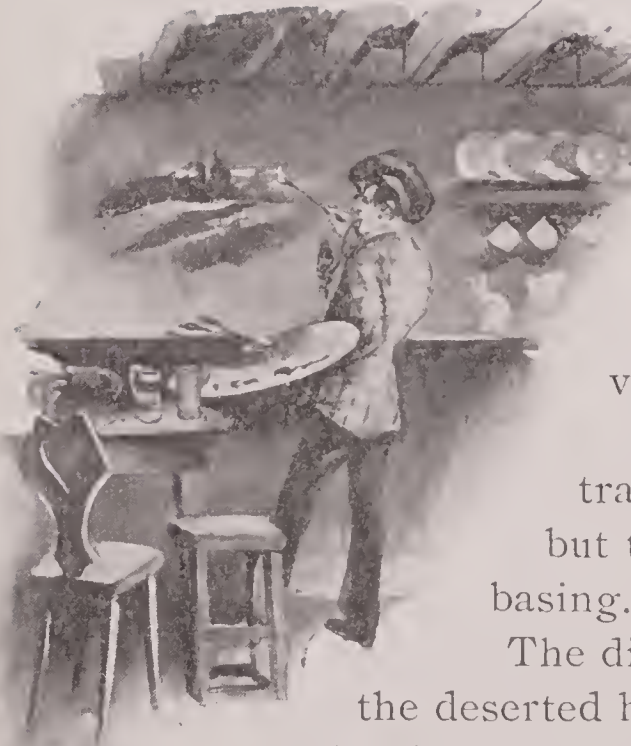
OUR remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to Heaven.  
—SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGHT takes man out of servitude into freedom.—EMERSON.

THE mind conquers everything, imparting strength even to the body. —OVID.

IT is the mynd that makes good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happye, rich or poore.  
—SPENSER.

THE mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.  
—MILTON.



IN MANY little European towns frequented by artists are inns with curiously decorated dining rooms. On the walls and ceilings appear landscapes, figures, faces of astonishing variety. Each artist guest has done his part, and left a souvenir of his sojourn.

In deserted houses, unwatched and uncared for, tramps leave their pictures and inscriptions on the walls, but these no tourists go to admire. They are foul and debasing.

The difference in the wall pictures in the artists' inn and in the deserted house comes from the kind of guests entertained. Just so the thought-guests we entertain in our minds leave their impress, according as they are beautiful, pure, and beneficent, or ugly, vile, and evil.

The life, which is the expression of character, must partake of the nature of the thoughts which the mind has harbored. If we entertain

thieves and robbers, blackguards and scavengers, we cannot expect that our mind-house will remain sweet and wholesome; nor will those who visit it or pass it by fail to notice its pollution. We shall some time realize that every bad or undesirable thought-guest we entertain will leave his foul scrawl or picture on the wall, and it takes long, hard effort to cover them with pure white so they will not show through. Even then they are always there, and, sadly enough, have a trick of reappearing just when they mortify us most. Unlike the beautiful frescoes sometimes found beneath the rough whitewash on the walls of Italian churches, they are only too easy to uncover, too hard to conceal. Professor James, of Harvard College, an expert in mental science, says: "Every small stroke of virtue or vice leaves its ever-so-little scar. Nothing we ever do is in strict literalness, wiped out."

We are, however, on too familiar terms with casual thoughts. All our lives we have had thoughts; they came unbidden, and we dismissed them at will if they suited us not. We accepted them as a matter of course, as natural as breathing, airy trifles of no consequence, to be indulged, or disregarded, or played with. The sages of all time have known better than to be thus careless. They have dinned into the ears of the people that thought alone is eternal, that thought is the master of our fate, the ever-present, solemn reality of life, making or marring it. But the people heeded not. Only now is the mass of mankind beginning to realize the power of thought to shape circumstances, to bring about desired conditions, whether of mind, of body, or of affairs. More than this, it is coming to be known how we may control these powerful agents, and make them such that all good things of the world may be ours, just as all bad things must be our portion if we make bad use of our God-given tools. A sculptor's chisel in the hands of a bungler may mar the highest beauty; in the hands of a criminal, it may become a burglar's tool or a murderer's bludgeon.

First of all, our thoughts are a part of ourselves. Their first effect is on ourselves, and through us they act on all else in the world; for, as an integral part of the universe, all that we are or do affects the universe in some degree.

It is said that people who live on any special kind of food tend to become like this food in character. People who live largely upon pork, for example, are often coarse, brutal, lacking the refinement and delicacy of people who live upon finer nutriment. "Who drinks beer, thinks beer." Physiologists tell us that a meat diet excites the passions and tends to bring out the ferocious elements in man. When wild animals are being tamed in menageries, it is necessary to cut off their meat diet; and, even after they have been tamed for years, meat must sometimes be withheld from them when they become ferocious and dangerous.



If this principle is true as to the physical nature, how much more powerfully must the mind food act upon the delicate, invisible mind structure, where every thought is recorded, and every suggestion leaves its indelible impress. The food of mind is thought, and the character has no other nourishment. The mind, and hence the character, must be like the thoughts entertained and contemplated. That which you long for and yearn for, upon which your mind dwells constantly, you will approximately achieve and become.

The candidate for the highest success, which must include the highest character, must guard with a jealous care every avenue of approach to his mind against the little enemies of his achievement, for every one that enters his mind will cut down the chances of his possible success.

It is the little enemies, the suggestions of possible failure, the envy-thoughts, the jealousy-thoughts, the little discords, that rob us of comfort, whittle away our energy, cripple our ability, and despoil us of our legitimate success. We are on the lookout for the great faults, while the little ones take us unawares. Little leaks sink great ships as surely as big ones; it takes only a little more time. Selfishness in all its forms is one of the greatest enemies to success and happiness. It destroys all peace of mind, kills self-respect, hardens the character, and petrifies the affections. It is really at the bottom of all discord and unhappiness. Greed is one of its worst forms. Man is naturally generous, and greed is a disease, which demoralizes the entire moral system.

Malice is a great enemy of character, and destroys all that is manly and noble if long cherished. Dishonesty and lust are great demoralizers of all that is noblest and best in man. A foul and diseased imagination blights and blasts the flower of virtue more quickly than any thing else. Nothing good or noble can grow in its atmosphere. It is like the deadly miasma of malarial swamps.

Health of body is the result of the harmonious action of all of the bodily functions, and this symmetry of action is dependent upon harmony of the mental faculties. Without peace and tranquillity of mind, there can be no real health of body, and hence no real success in life. Health is as much the result of harmony of all the mental faculties, as perfect time is the result of the harmonious action of all the parts of a chronometer. It is impossible for the body to manifest harmony if the mind is affected by the active operations of any of its enemies. There is nothing truer than the saying, "To be carnally minded is death." Whenever jealousy, selfishness, revenge, fear, or any other of the success-enemies is on the throne, disease and discord are in the body politic.

Every function of the mind and body is materially affected by the predominant emotions. How little we realize the power of emotions and unbridled passions to mar character, health, and, through them, the

success-ideal, and so to lessen our chances of achievement. Every emotion tends to sculpture the body into beauty or into ugliness. Each mind phase is soon pictured outwardly on some part of the body.

It is well known that sudden and violent emotions have not only weakened the heart in a few hours, but have even caused death and insanity. Strong mental emotion often causes vomiting. Extreme anger or fright may produce jaundice. A violent paroxysm of rage has caused apoplexy and death. Indeed, in more than one instance, a single night of mental agony has wrecked a life. Grief, long-standing jealousy, constant care, and corroding anxiety sometimes tend to develop insanity and even crime.

Every thought tends to reproduce itself, and ghastly mental pictures of disease, sensuality, and vice of all sorts, produce scrofula and leprosy in the soul, which are reproduced in the body. The mind devours everything that is brought to it,—the true, the false, the good, the bad,—and it will produce soundness or rottenness, beauty or deformity, harmony or discord, truth or error, according to the quality of the food we give it. The body is governed by the thought.

Fear has always been the arch enemy, the great bugbear of the human race. In whatever form it comes, it is a robber; often it is a murderer as well. It is death to harmony wherever found. It casts gloom over the happiest life, and drags its long shadow of terror into the most desirable surroundings. Of all destroyers of success and happiness, nothing else is to be dreaded quite as much as this hideous monster.

Excessive fear of some inevitable and overpowering danger, as in railroad accidents or disasters at sea, may give a shock so great as actually to extinguish life itself, stopping the action of the heart instantly. It has in many instances destroyed the coloring matter in the hair in a few hours, turning it completely white. Sudden fear dries up the secretions quickly, destroys the red corpuscles of the blood, and makes the body more susceptible to the invasion of disease. A sudden fright given a child, "just for fun," has caused dangerous convulsions. Physicians have been able actually to see the physical effect of bad news and fright on the digestive functions in the case of Beaumont, whose gunshot wound healed, leaving an aperture into his stomach. A sudden mental shock would stop immediately the secretion of gastric juice, and hence any digestion in progress, the lining of the stomach becoming dry and feverish.

It is well known among physicians that the dread of some impending danger, as the fear of the loss of property or of failing health, oftentimes upsets the whole system and results in many discordant conditions. A horse or a dog will lose its appetite and flesh, or even starve in the presence of food, when kept in a constant state of fear.



Ambroise Paré, describing the comet of 1520, says: "This comet was so horrible and dreadful that it engendered great terror in the people, so that many died, some with fear, others with illness."

The Plague, stopped and reproached for killing a hundred thousand in the city it was leaving, truly replied: "I killed but ten thousand. The rest died of fear."

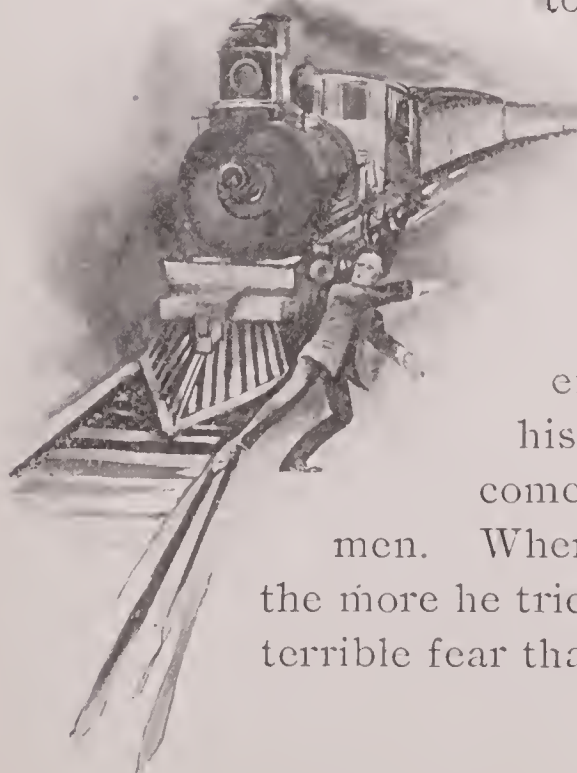
In Philadelphia, several medical students agreed to experiment upon a companion. On meeting him, each would ask him what was the matter, adding that he looked ill. The young man went to bed, sick, and in a few days, died. Another man in a hospital was made to believe that a patient had just died of cholera in the same bed he was occupying. The alleged symptoms of the man who had died were described minutely, and soon similar symptoms were manifested by the listening patient, and he died, although the whole story was a fabrication.

A Pennsylvania farmer, while at work in his field, killed a large rattlesnake without any injury to himself. When ready to go home, he inadvertently put on his son's coat, which was of the same cloth as his own. On attempting to button it as he walked along, he found, to his surprise, that it was much too small. His imagination at once suggested to him that he must surely have been bitten by the reptile he had killed, and that he was thus swelling from the poison. He grew very ill and went to bed. The family, in alarm, sent for doctors, and the usual remedies were applied, but the patient grew worse every minute. At dark the son came with his father's coat dangling about him. The father's revival was instantaneous.

A man in Providence, Rhode Island, while engaged in putting down a carpet in July, 1891, drank from a goblet in which tacks had been placed, and, on being told of this fact, was at once afflicted with great pain from a tack lodged in his throat. He tried in vain to remove it, but the swelling increased, inflammation set in, and he consulted a doctor.

The latter sent him for treatment to a hospital, where a careful examination showed that no tack had lodged there. The pain at once disappeared, and the man felt no further annoyance from the mythical tack.

Dr. Henry A. Vesey, in his able article on the "Influence of Fear in Disease," in what he calls "frog accidents," gives an interesting example of the terrible effects of fear. A trainman sometimes catches the sole of his boot in the "V," that part of the switch where the rails come together. This seems to be greatly feared by railroad men. When a man finds that his foot is caught in the "frog," and, the more he tries to extricate it the tighter it sticks, in the condition of terrible fear that comes over him of the possibility of a locomotive or



car approaching, he is so completely paralyzed with terror that, in case his foot is then cut off by a locomotive wheel, his chances of recovery are very small, compared with those he would have if the same accident should happen without any notice at all. The few awful moments of hopeless terror so unnerve and poison the system that the wound usually results fatally. The shock, not of the wound, but of the terror, so completely demoralizes the blood and the entire nervous system that recovery is doubtful.

The entire character of an individual has been changed in a few minutes, under the frightful influence of some terrible impending disaster.

If such frightful results follow a temporary shock, what must be the influence of a constant dread and apprehension, an environment of fear, which hangs about one's life for many years? Physicians now know that such thinking will in time produce paralysis; that the constant brooding over probable trouble will cause dangerous melancholy and actually destroy the integrity of the nerve cells, producing nervous debility, and even insanity itself.

Nearly everybody you meet carries this fearful burden of fear. He may not be able to define it, he may think that he has been educated above it; but in reality he is always regulating his life with some terrible cloud hanging over him. He worries because he is fearful about something; the getting or losing of money; the manner in which society or his friends have treated him, or may treat him; the way business may turn; or love, or some other matter. Fear holds the whip of worry over almost every soul.

From our birth we live in the presence and under the dominion of this demon, fear. The child is cautioned a thousand times a year to look out for this and to look out for that; it may get poisoned, it may get killed, and something terrible may happen to it if it does not do so and so. Men and women cannot bear the sight of some harmless animal or insect, because, as children, they were told it would hurt them. One of the most cruel things imaginable is to instil into a child's plastic mind the terrible image of fear. The baleful shadows of such blasting and blighting pictures may hang over the whole life and shut out the bright sun of joy and happiness.

Fear is the acknowledgment of inferiority,—that is, of not being equal to the occasion. If we once convince ourselves that it is disgraceful to be afraid; that it is absolutely foolish, and that it places us in a ludicrous light to acknowledge our inferiority, we can finally overcome it.

The child or man who is in constant dread or fear of some impending peril, who is worrying and fretting, shows that he does not believe in the great Divine Cause; that he lacks confidence in that power which



creates and preserves. This, after a while, makes a man servile, destroys his independence and his self-respect, and his whole character becomes disintegrated.

Fretting, stewing, and worrying are really forms of fear; that is, if we feel absolutely equal to the emergency anticipated, we shall not worry.

It is as impossible for a soul to unfold its beautiful petals, and to fling out its natural fragrance, when haunted by constant fear, as it would be for a rose to blossom in a dungeon. A human soul develops naturally and normally only in an atmosphere of love; it shrivels, becomes sickly and dies in an environment of fear, and cannot breathe its deadly air without losing its divine beauty and fragrance.

Under the bondage of fear, we become dwarfed, irritable, unhappy, and discordant.

Fear is not the only emotion which slashes and scars our moral and physical natures. A violent fit of anger will often completely destroy the function of digestion, because it changes the saliva to a poison; in fact, anger acts like a poison to the blood and the other secretions. Some people do not get over an angry fit for days; and often, even then, the ill effects are left in the system. It upsets the whole physical make-up; and, by reaction, the mental; and again, by reaction, the moral. Nothing is more destructive to harmony than loss of self-control in any form. A fit of anger may work more harm to the body and character than a drunken bout. Anger in the mother may poison a nursing child. Rarey, the celebrated horse-tamer, said that an angry word would sometimes raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. If this is true of a beast, what can we say of its power upon human beings, especially upon a child?

Jealousy will upset the entire system, and is one of the most deadly enemies to happiness and success. Victims of jealousy oftentimes lose their health entirely until the cause is removed, and become so demoralized mentally that they commit suicide or go insane.

A strong continual hatred will sometimes not only destroy digestion, assimilation, and peace of mind, but absolutely ruin character.

Envy has much the same effect upon the body as jealousy.

It is now well known that even selfishness in its various forms renders the body more susceptible to disease.

It has been claimed by scientists that there is a chemical difference between that sudden cold exudation of a person under a deep sense of guilt and the ordinary perspiration; and the state of the mind can sometimes be determined by chemical analysis of the perspiration of a criminal, which, when brought into contact with selenic acid, is said to produce a distinctive pink color.

Grief is one of the best known and most recognized of these killing emotions. Most of us have known some person who, because of grief at a death, has pined away and died in a few weeks or months. Correggio is said to have died of chagrin that he received only forty ducats for the picture, "Night," or "Dawn," which is now one of the treasures of the Dresden gallery. Keats died of criticism too keen for his sensibilities. Instances are not rare of young girls dying from disappointment in love.

Even joy kills when its impact is too sudden. The daily papers sometimes tell of an aged parent dying on the sudden arrival of a lost child. A man in Paris recently died as his number was called out as that of the winner of a prize in a lottery.

Surprise at her son's bringing home a bride killed Mrs. Corea, of Copake, New York, in five minutes.

If I have dwelt so long on the dark side of thought-influence, it is only to impress the necessity of changing all these sad conditions; for that is the joy and the glory of understanding thought. All these dark pictures may be changed to bright ones. All these vices of the mind can be changed into glorious virtues. All these poisons can be turned to sweetest nectar. Life,—your life, and mine, and all those about us,—can be made beautiful, happy, and healthy. It is no fairy-story, though it is just as wonderful. It is an every-day fact, that each one may apply; a remedy, a panacea, that costs nothing but a little effort; a touchstone that we all possess. *Thought* does all these wonderful things, and we have only to know how to use it.

I believe it possible to change entirely the structure of the mind, the disposition, the character, in a comparatively short time, by entertaining, firmly and persistently, only uplifting, inspiring, cheerful and helpful thoughts. The mind earnestly set in one direction will soon change the nature of one's atmosphere. I have known people to have a morose, sour, disappointed, melancholy and gloomy cast of mind changed to a bright, cheerful and sunny one in a few months by the systematic rooting out and destruction of the fear-thoughts which had previously dwarfed and blasted their lives. Every one has seen the expelling force of a noble sentiment in the transformation of a rude, unkempt, perhaps vicious youth by his love for a charming girl.

If we can preserve the integrity of the mind and protect it from its enemies, evil and vicious thoughts and imaginations, we have solved the problem of scientific living. A well trained mind is always able to furnish the concordant note in any condition.

Every man builds his own world and makes his own atmosphere. He can fill it with clouds of doubt and despair and gloom so that his whole life will be engulfed in storm and tempest and disaster, or he can keep



the atmosphere clear and transparent by expelling every stormy, cheerless, envious and malicious thought-cloud.

It is not a very difficult thing to learn to bar the enemies of our success and happiness and characters from the mind, after we have practised it awhile. Like everything else, the expelling faculties, the recording faculties, the photographing faculties, increase with use, and it is astonishing how quickly one can discipline the mind to bar its doors to all undesirable comers.

When the mind and character have been sufficiently trained, they naturally shrink from and repel the enemies of their well-being. Then, as like qualities naturally flock together, the moment we forsake the sordid, the selfish, the false, the bad, they flee from us, while the opposite qualities cling to us, because we become more and more akin to them. So the quickest and most radical way to get away from the wrong is to cleave to the right.

Paul recognized this power of right thinking in this earnest counsel to the Philippians:—

“Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think on these things.*”

He did not mean think of them once in a while, but to hold the mind earnestly to these virtue-thoughts.

It is well known that the suppression of any one form of selfishness tends to weaken all the other expressions. Just so the suppression of worry, anxiety, a habit of fretting, or anger, tends to eradicate all the other forms of fear. All of the fear-thoughts belong to one family, and where one goes, the others go; if they are encouraged, they remain; if one is excluded, the others follow in time. Like a field cleared of weeds, and diligently cultivated, the cleared mind is soon filled with the flowers of thought which produce the beautiful fruit of manhood and womanhood.

I am glad to see that thinkers are beginning to prove that fear is absolutely unnecessary, and can be easily eliminated during childhood. In fact, among the people who think, it is coming to be considered not self-respectful to be a slave to a thing which exists only in imagination, and is as unreal as the ghost which is a nightmare to the child.

The time will come when children will be taught to banish every particle of fear, of morbid dread and apprehension, from the mind, as they would expel a temptation to commit crime. Every child should be taught that perfection and harmony are in reality everywhere; that the

discordant, the gloomy, are only apparent, and that everything which the Creator touched and pronounced good, is, and must be, forever perfect, and that nothing can mar that perfection and beauty or bring discord into the real harmony, when we once understand the reality of things and our relation to them.

The man who holds steadily in mind the consciousness of his divinity is not likely to drift very far from that divine harmony which gives power. The consciousness of self-dominion will spring to his aid in great emergencies, if he holds the divine thought. When a man comes to the full realization of the oneness, the unity, of his better self with the Infinite Mind, he will then grasp the key to all power, arise to his true dominion, and be capable of infinite achievement. He will never again be satisfied with the limited, the commonplace.

We are not miserable, helpless creatures, buffeted by chance, and liable to be snuffed out by accident; we are as immortal and unchangeable in principle, in the truth of our being, and as incapable of being effaced, as the laws of the multiplication table. We cannot conceive the time or place that two and two do not make four, nor can we conceive of any railroad accident or any disaster at sea that would change one iota the fact of our being or the truth of our reality.

If all of the pianos in the world, and all of the violins, and all of the other musical instruments of every name and nature were put into one huge pile and burned, the eternal laws of music, of harmony, of melody, would not be affected any more than the erasure of a school-boy's problem on the blackboard would affect the laws of mathematics. Man is the perfect idea of the Creator, and the idea can no more be destroyed than can the Creator himself.

Learn to assert your divine right boldly, for boldness is born of confidence and gives power.

A firm, defiant determination to rise to our dominion, to be something and do something because it is our birthright, because God intended us for great things, because he planned us and adapted us in every detail of our marvelous structure for success and enjoyment, is half the battle. If we carry constantly this conviction, we shall accomplish infinitely more in life than if we go with our heads down, with doubt in our hearts, and fear as to our success. The world makes way for the determined youth, it stands aside for the man who has a program, a mission, a throbbing compulsion within to do something. No man gets very far in this world until he catches a glimpse of his higher self, until he feels that the divinity which is stirring within him, and, which impels him on, is a proof of his ability to reach the high ideal which haunts him. Then there is no keeping him down, no holding him back, if he is made of the right material.



The Creator has not mocked us with a yearning for infinite achievement, with a longing for unspeakable accomplishments, without giving us the ability, the opportunity, for achievement, any more than he has mocked the swallow or the wild goose with an instinct to fly south in the winter without making any south to match the instinct. The fact is, we do not half know our possibilities.

I wish it were possible to impress upon the minds of the young the tremendous power which right thinking has on our possible success, the power of the conviction that we were intended for great things, and that it is a positive sin to disappoint our Maker. This one idea would revolutionize the achievements of the future, could it be thoroughly realized.

The philosophy of character-building is this: that everything one stoutly affirms as true strengthens the quality so affirmed, and every negative statement or admission weakens the positive quality. Plus thoughts build; minus and negative thoughts tear down. We build and grow as we think. Whatever we assert, firmly believing, we *tend* to become, and every affirmation strengthens our position. Affirmation of virtue makes character.

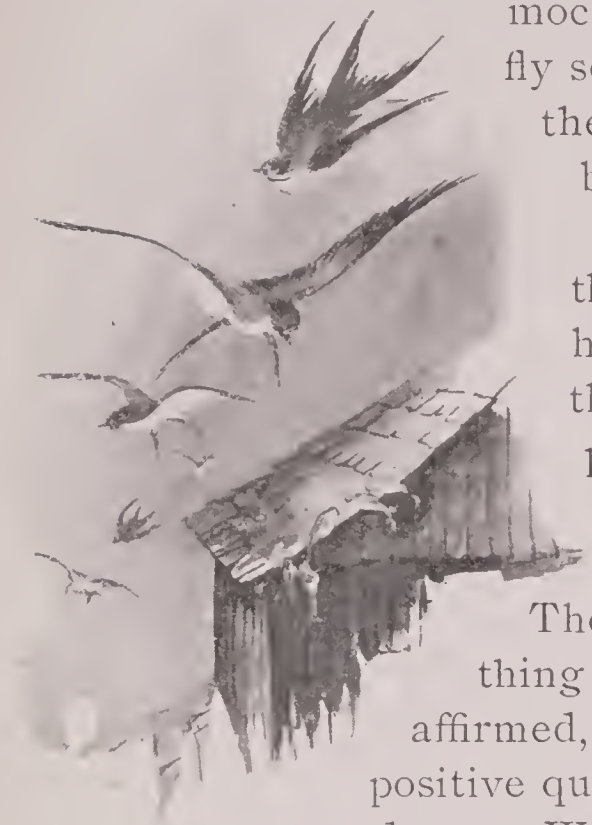
The moment one begins to affirm the power to give an uplift to the life by all thoughts which are inspiring and ennobling, and to demoralize and mar life and character by opposite thoughts, he gets an insight into the real philosophy of right living.

Again, the moment we affirm the power of the right, the good, and the true, the less real the opposite qualities seem to us, and the less power they have to mar our lives. It is the perpetual affirmation of the true, and the denial of the false, that makes strong characters.

It is comparatively easy to strengthen deficient self-confidence by a daily habit of asserting, over and over again, that you actually possess this quality. Every time you doubt your ability to do anything, substitute for it the stout assertion that you possess the thing you desire. In this way you will gradually develop the self-trust cells or faculties by exercise, until you will be surprised to see how strong they will become under this daily practice.

Learn to assert firmly the possession of whatever you lack; that is, if you lack courage or staying power, learn to assert these qualities as yours by Divine right; be thoroughly convinced that they belong to you, and that you must possess them, and you will win.

Grant had this quality preëminently. There was no negative in his make-up; he never stopped in a great crisis to consider that failure



was possible; he never denied, but constantly affirmed; he did not doubt; he was always on the plus side, never on the negative.

It is the positive Lincolns, the positive Washingtons, who achieve results. The negative men never carry confidence, no matter how much ability they may possess; they are not relied upon in emergencies. It is the staying power of the positive, the plus man, which is relied upon in great crises, national or individual.

Positiveness, prompt and strong decision, are the qualities of leadership. The negative man cannot be trusted, not because he is not honest, but because he lacks the firmness of decision, the positiveness of affirmation, which are necessary.

The same is true in business; it is the positive man that is wanted everywhere—the man with the plus qualities of leadership. As a rule, he is more fearless, more courageous, and his conviction is born of a positive belief in his ability to do the thing he undertakes.

The positive, the plus quality, when very pronounced, is sometimes disagreeable, and may amount to disgusting egotism; but, after all, there is usually the power of conviction behind it all which is an indication of the power to do the needed thing.

The power of thought as a success producer cannot be overestimated. A habit of holding in the mind a firm conviction that you can succeed, and that you will succeed, is a wonderful help to achievement. Never allow yourself for an instant to admit that you are inferior to the situation which confronts you, for this is to invite defeat. Deny nothing but the power which would keep you back. Stoutly affirm that you can do the thing; for, the very moment you acknowledge weakness or harbor a doubt of your ability, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to weaken the very foundation, the very possibility, of your success.

A youth might as well expect to get over the Alps by sitting down and affirming that the undertaking is too great for him; that he never can accomplish it; that he is afraid of the avalanches, and of getting lost, as to expect to achieve great things in life while he is expressing doubts and fears of his ability to do them. His achievements will never rise higher than his thoughts. A general always planning what to do in case of defeat will seldom conquer.

Like the actor, a success candidate must have the character of that which he impersonates, as nearly as possible. The true actor lives, for the time being, the character he assumes. He surrounds himself with the atmosphere, rethinks the thoughts, relives the experience of his character. Suppose Henry Irving should attempt to play the part of Hamlet, and every now and then change his character to that of Polonius, or the grave-digger, or some other character in the play; the moment he departs



from the Hamlet thought, the Hamlet atmosphere, the Hamlet experience, the Hamlet life, that moment he fails in his rôle.

How can a man who is always thinking and talking poverty, who is always holding his mind in a poverty attitude, expect to gain a competence? He must think opulence, abundance; he must know, he must be thoroughly convinced, that the Creator owns everything and that he is a legitimate heir; that it is his right, nay, his duty, to have money, property, and comforts; that it is a sin for an able-bodied man, who does not have some terrible reverses, to be just existing from hand to mouth, instead of being well and full-handed. It was intended that the children of the Almighty should not only have comfort and luxury, but that they should also live in happiness and peace, and not in discord or inharmony.

Our thoughts are not prisoners within ourselves. Potent with influence, they fly from us at every instant, working for weal or for woe. We radiate what we feel and believe. If the mind is in harmony and peace, is strong and healthy, we radiate health, peace, and harmony, wherever we go. What we think most about and strive to become, we radiate to others in every conversation, in our manner, in our every letter, in our life. A sort of sublimation of our faculties, peculiarities, and characteristics is constantly being thrown off, and makes up our impression on those we meet. It is our real self we thus give out, not what we would like to seem. It partakes of our qualities, our experience, our ideals, our longings, our ambitions. We can no more get away from it than a leopard can change his spots. If there is selfishness, sordidness, meanness, narrowness, uncharitable intolerance in us, these qualities are quickly communicated to those about us, and help to create their impressions of us.

If our dominant motive is to grasp and to hold, to receive instead of overflowing to others, if our only ambition is to accumulate, we shall and must radiate the impression of mean, stingy, narrow, sordid souls. An egotist cannot radiate joy and good will, because everything for him points inward to his own selfish personality; he gives out nothing useful to others, but, like a sponge, absorbs everything. He cannot radiate sunshine or good cheer any more than a foul swamp can exhale a health tonic. A bitter fountain cannot give forth sweet water, nor a sour-apple tree produce sweet fruit. If a man is sour and mean, cold and contemptible, he cannot send out a warm, sympathetic atmosphere. Gloom and depression emanate from him. Children intuitively feel his nature and shrink from him.

Such a man sometimes calls upon us, and we have the hardest time to entertain him or even to endure him; our minds have nothing in common; we feel cold and gloomy in his presence; his thoughts repel us; there is

no response to ours; the time drags heavily; we do not know what to say, we are mechanical in our thoughts, and there is no spontaneity of expression; the faculties, as if paralyzed, refuse to work, and all our intercourse is forced and cold.

The moment this man departs, and a congenial friend calls, his very presence unlocks all the doors of the mind, the gates of the heart fly ajar, and every avenue to our affections opens up to him. His coming is like sunshine in the spring; our whole nature warms and responds to his genial presence; new hope and courage are born in our hearts; we can say things and think things impossible before. We become prolific, original; our powers seem multiplied. The faculties which, but a few minutes before, were locked tightly, are now responsive. Mechanical expression gives place to spontaneous flow. Shakespeare says:—

“He makes a July’s day short as December;  
And with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.”

What has made the difference? Harmony has replaced discord. Take care that you cultivate the proper thought-qualities to produce the desired nature. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:—

“You never can tell what your thoughts will do  
In bringing you hate or love;  
For thoughts are things and their airy wings  
Are swifter than carrier doves.  
They follow the law of the universe,—  
Each thing must create its kind;  
And they speed on the track, to bring you back  
Whatever went out from your mind.”

The gloomy, pessimistic man, the man who loves shadows, who dwells forever in the gloom and throws a depressing influence, has very little power in the world as compared with the bright, cheerful, sunny soul. “Fate itself has to concede a good many things to the cheerful man.”

A cheerful disposition is not only a power, but it is a great health tonic and strength giver. A cheerful soul can resist disease, and it is well known among physicians that there is more chance for the recovery of a bright, sunny patient than of one who desponds. “Cheerfulness is health; the opposite, melancholy, is disease,” says Haliburton, and Shakespeare tells us that “a light heart lives long.” Gloom and depression feed disease and hasten its development. A cheerful physician often does infinitely more good by his manner than by all his medicine. Hospital attendants have noticed a marked contrast in the effect on patients of the passage through a ward of a cheery, hopeful, encourag-



ing physician, or of a solemn, forbidding one, who seems to see death lurking in every corner and no possible chance for recovery. Sick persons will rally and be better all day just because the doctor says they are looking better and will soon be out. Solomon realized this when he said: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

One of the greatest helps to happiness and success is the habit of saying kind things to others and about others.

Whoever would be happy should make up his mind to see only the good in others, to hunt for the beautiful things in their characters and ignore the ugly things; to look for harmony and to avoid discord.

Never allow yourself to form a habit of condemning or criticizing others. No matter what they do, hold toward them perpetually the kindly thought, the love-thought; determine to see only that which is good and sweet and lovely in them and you will generally find what you are looking for.

If you are always finding fault with those about you, or those who work for you; if you are always looking for the crooked and the deformed; if you are constantly criticizing instead of praising or appreciating, you will ruin your power of seeing the beautiful and the true, the same as a liar loses at last the power to see, appreciate, or tell the truth. "He that hath a froward heart," says Solomon, "findeth no good; and he that hath a perverse tongue falleth into mischief."

Again, to hold loving thoughts, as a mother does toward her children, develops the better side; the delicate flower of manhood and womanhood will not blossom in the chilly, bleak atmosphere of hatred or jealousy or condemnation. It must have the warm sun of love, of praise, of appreciation, of helpfulness, to call out its beauty and produce the luscious fruit.

Many a fair and beautiful life has been withered, blighted, and stunted in a hard, critical, unappreciative atmosphere.

Like produces like; a mean, contemptible thought or bearing toward another can never call out love, gratitude, or appreciation. The mind is a magnet and draws from other minds qualities like its own. If we hold others in loving regard, if we are truly interested in their welfare and are really anxious to help them, they quickly respond in like thoughts toward us.

The cold, hard, exacting parent or teacher who is always scolding, criticizing, condemning, and prohibiting, calls out the corresponding qualities in a child or pupil. Young people are very susceptible to the character of the thought which is held toward them; they know whether the teacher is really interested in them and wants to help them or not. They are quick to feel selfish and unsympathetic natures. No

teacher is fitted for his or her sacred task who is not naturally sympathetic, who does not hold the loving, helpful thought toward the pupil.

The radiation of dominant thought has a most direct effect on success and failure. Your beliefs and convictions are contagious. Many a man has failed because he communicated his doubts to all with whom he dealt until they themselves doubted his ability to succeed. Your own distrust of your powers will quickly undermine your credit. Your eye, your manner, your bearing, quickly communicate your doubt or your confidence. Your employees, for instance, know very quickly when you are in doubt and when you are confident that you dominate the situation. Many a man has failed as a salesman or agent simply because he did not have confidence in his ability to sell, or was constantly worried for fear he would fail, and so projected doubt into the mind of his customer which was not there before. In other words, the salesman who lacks positiveness, vacillates, and doubts; puts obstacles in his own pathway which will often spoil his sale. It is very difficult for any one to decide in the atmosphere of a doubter, while a positive person forces a wavering one to a decision.

The men who carry great conviction of ability to achieve what they undertake are positive, strong characters; others catch the contagion of their constant affirmation of assurance and confidence, and believe this to be proof of the ability to succeed. Life is too short and the world is too busy to allow the minutest investigation of another's ability to achieve the thing he assumes to be able to do; therefore, the world accepts, very largely, a man's own estimate of himself, until he forfeits its confidence. If a young man hangs out his law sign, the world will take it for granted that he is a lawyer, that he is fitted for his profession, until he proves otherwise; and so, if a young man stoutly clings to his ability to achieve a certain thing, we rely upon that confidence until he shows his inability to accomplish it.

If a man is going to succeed in life, he must go at his life-work with the air of a conqueror, with a determination which knows no failure, with a step that has in it assurance of victory.

The power of the mind, both in causing and in curing disease, has been recognized by observers and medical men of all times. Petronius Arbitrarius remarked: "A physician is nothing but a consoler of the mind," and centuries later Sir James Simpson wrote: "The physician knows not and practises not the whole extent of his art, when he neglects the marvelous influence of the mind over the body."

A writer in the New York "Journal" says:—

"Since it is evident that imagination can destroy life, must it not also be true that a reversal of the imaginative KILLING process must strengthen and prolong life?"



"Everybody knows how a feeling of cheerfulness and elation overcome despondency.

"Pleasure excites the heart, increases the activity of the lungs and the consequent absorption of oxygen.

"Every remote corner of our physical bodies must be subject to influences of the mind. That being so, there can be no question as to the importance of controlling these mind influences."

"I am sorry to learn that you are so sick that you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place to-morrow morning, Miss Hysee," said the minister's wife condolingly, according to the Chicago "Tribune"; "and I have hurried over to say that you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the opening anthem. Mr. Goodman and the chorister have arranged that Miss Gonby shall take the part, and ——" "*What?*" The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir at once sat bolt upright in bed. "WHAT!" she screamed. "The old maid with the cracked voice try to sing my solo? Never!" With one hand she tore the bandage off her head, with the other she swept the medicines from the side table to the floor. "Tell Dr. Goodman and the chorister," she said, in a voice that rang through the house like the silvery tones of a bell, "to notify Miss Gonby she needn't mangle that solo. I'll be there."

Did you ever see a delicate mother, who was not half capable of living, rush into a burning building and seize a child, bring it down stairs or hand it out of the window to safety; a woman, who was not able to lift the child before, throw the furniture out of the house, take children out, and rescue many precious lives? In disasters at sea, women and girls have performed deeds of strength and heroism seemingly too great for men.

Did you ever see an elevator boy run up story after story in a burning building, when the hot cable blistered his hands, bringing down people and saving lives, as has been done in Chicago and many other cities? He never would have dreamed of doing such a thing but for the emergency. But when the necessity existed, the mind accomplished the prodigies of strength by physical means quite insufficient under ordinary mental conditions. A maniac, even in a temporary fit of delirium, has sometimes the strength of several men, regardless of his frailty under normal conditions. Any policeman can tell you experiences with crazy-drunk men that prove how much the mind has to do with strength.

Think of the power of the mind which enabled the martyrs of old, men and women who under ordinary circumstances would have shrunk from the slightest physical pain, to stand calmly at the stake without a

tremor; yea, even with serenity and calm resignation, watch the flesh on their limbs and bodies burn to a crisp!

"No, we don't get sick," said an actor, "because we can't get sick. Patti and a few other stars can afford that luxury, but to the majority of us it is denied. It is a case of 'must' with us; and although there have been times when, had I been at home, or a private man, I could have taken to my bed with as good a right to be sick as any one ever had, I have not done so, and have worn off the attack through sheer necessity. It's no fiction that will-power is the best of tonics, and theatrical people understand that they must keep a good stock of it always on hand."

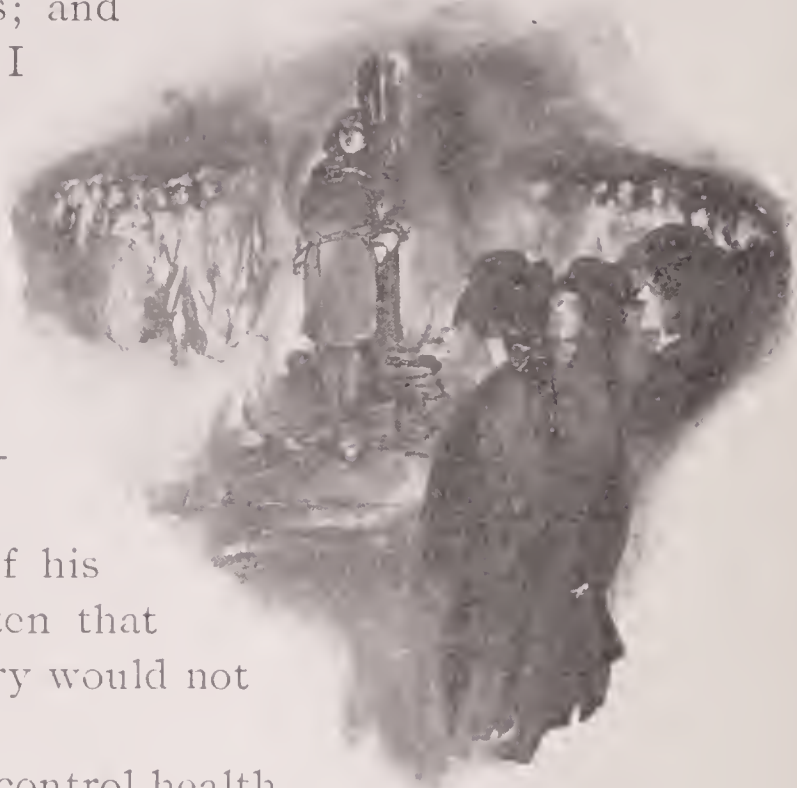
Aaron Burr postponed his death, in spite of his doctor's prediction, till a lady, who had written that she would call, had made her visit. His chivalry would not let him die before.

Such instances of the power of the mind to control health and all the functions of the body could be cited by the hundred. They teach us that we can regulate our own health if we only take the proper means.

The body is molded and fashioned by the thought. If a young woman were to try to make herself beautiful, she would not begin by contemplating ugliness, or dwelling upon the monstrosities of vice, for their hideous images would be reproduced in her own face and manner. Nor would she try to make herself graceful by practising awkwardness. We can never gain health by contemplating disease, any more than we can reach perfection by dwelling upon imperfection, or harmony by dwelling upon discord.

*We should keep a high ideal of health and harmony constantly before the mind;* and we should fight every discordant thought and every enemy of harmony as we would fight a temptation to crime. Never affirm or repeat about your health what you do not wish to be true. Do not dwell upon your ailments nor study your symptoms. Physicians tell us that *perfect health is impossible to the self-dissector*, who is constantly thinking of himself, and studying himself, and forever on the alert for the least symptom of disease. Medical students often get to imagining that they have the symptoms of the diseases they study.

Never allow yourself to be convinced that you are not complete master of yourself. Stoutly affirm your own superiority over bodily ills, and do not acknowledge yourself the slave of an inferior power. Constantly affirm the truth of the principle of health and vigor, and strangle every





suggestion of weakness as you would strangle an impulse to crime. God never made man in His own image, and placed him at the mercy of the "east wind," a draft of fresh air, or the food he puts in his stomach. The fact is that the human race is bound by the slavery of its own erroneous belief and conviction.

If you would be well, strong, and vigorous physically, never admit that you are weak or have inherited any tendency which will injure you. Stoutly affirm your divinity; that the Creator made you to be vigorous, strong, healthy, and happy; that it is your birthright, and that nothing can keep you from the enjoyment of these things.

After a little practice in controlling one's thoughts, it is just as easy to command health-giving thoughts as it is to have thoughts which are laden with disease and deformity.

If a youth would grow up strong and vigorous, mentally, physically, and morally, he should determine at the outset never to admit anything about himself or his possibilities which he would not wish to come true as to his health, his character, or his career. He should never allow himself to harbor thoughts of weakness, of inefficiency, of inability to do the thing he undertakes; he should expel every thought from his mind which would in any way discourage him, as an enemy of his success, as a thief of his possibilities.

The man who is grounded in principle, who believes that he is a necessary part of the reality of things, that he is indissolubly connected with the great course of events, will be so well poised that he cannot be thrown off his center by any emergency or misfortune that may befall him.

Dwelling in principle, the eternal calm, he will not be disturbed by the tempests which wreck the ships that float upon the ocean's surface. The cheerfulness and optimism that depend on environment are shams. A man must feel that he is greater than his surroundings; that he is not at the mercy of accident or disease, but that his real self is a part of the eternal verity; that his birthright of harmony and happiness and success cannot be wrested from him by any untoward circumstances. With that realization comes an indescribable strength.

This is indeed to possess the prize which passeth all understanding, and no man is really successful or happy until he feels himself a part of, in tune with, the Infinite.

THOU must now at last perceive of what universe thou formest a part, and of what ruler of the universe thou art an efflux; and what a term of time is allotted to thee, which, if thou dost not use for clearing away the clouds from thy mind, it will go and thou wilt go, and it will not again return.

—MARCUS ANTONINUS.

## TRANSMUTING KNOWLEDGE INTO POWER

HE THAT wants good sense is unhappy in having much learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that hath sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it. —STEELE.

TO BE proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—BISHOP TAYLOR.

VORACIOUS learning, often overfed,  
 Digests not into sense her motley meal;  
 This bookcase, with dark booty almost burst,  
 This forager on others' wisdom, leaves  
 Her native farm, her reason, quite untilled.

—YOUNG.

WHO learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,  
 Is one who plows and plows but never sows.

—ORIENTAL PROVERB.

SOME minds are so congested with the fuel of mere information that the fire of aim and practical purpose never becomes kindled within them.

—LILIAN WHITING.

KNOWLEDGE is power.—BACON.

KNOWLEDGE is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.

—ADDISON.

WHEN you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and, when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it,—this is knowledge.

—CONFUCIUS.

HE KNEW what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly.

—BUTLER.

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men,  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

—COWPER.

THE prime object of education is power,—ability to cope better with men and things, to become more efficient in the great struggle for existence. True education increases a student's strength to grasp, to hold, to utilize,—especially to utilize. Practical ability to meet issues, to solve difficult problems, is the test of power. It does not matter how much you know, how much theory you have stored up in your mind; if you cannot marshal your knowledge at will, and concentrate it upon the weak place, you are an impractical man and will not succeed. You must make every bit of your knowledge practical or it will not avail you in your success-struggle.

"A man is educated," says Minot J. Savage, "who is so trained in his perceptive faculties, in his analytical powers,—so trained in all his



abilities of one kind and another that, put him down in the midst of difficult surroundings, he will be able to see where he is, able to understand what the occasion calls for, and able to master his conditions instead of being overwhelmed by them. The man who can master himself, and master his surroundings, wherever he may be, only give him a little time,—he is an educated man. The man who is the victim of his conditions and surroundings, with no practical ability or power, may know ever so much, but he is not educated. Useless knowledge, then, is not education. Practical, live, and comprehensive command of one's abilities, and the full development of one's native resources, constitute the true education."

It is said that a man was being carried across a lake somewhere in the Old World by a boatman, and that he was a puffed-up and conceited scholar and literary man. He fell into conversation with the boatman, and asked:—

"Have you ever studied philosophy?"

"No."

"Then a quarter of your life is lost. Did you ever study science?"

"No."

"Then another quarter of it is lost. Do you know anything about art?"

"No."

"Well, then, another quarter of your life is gone."

Just then a violent squall struck the boat, and the boatman turned and said: "Sir, can you swim?"

"No."

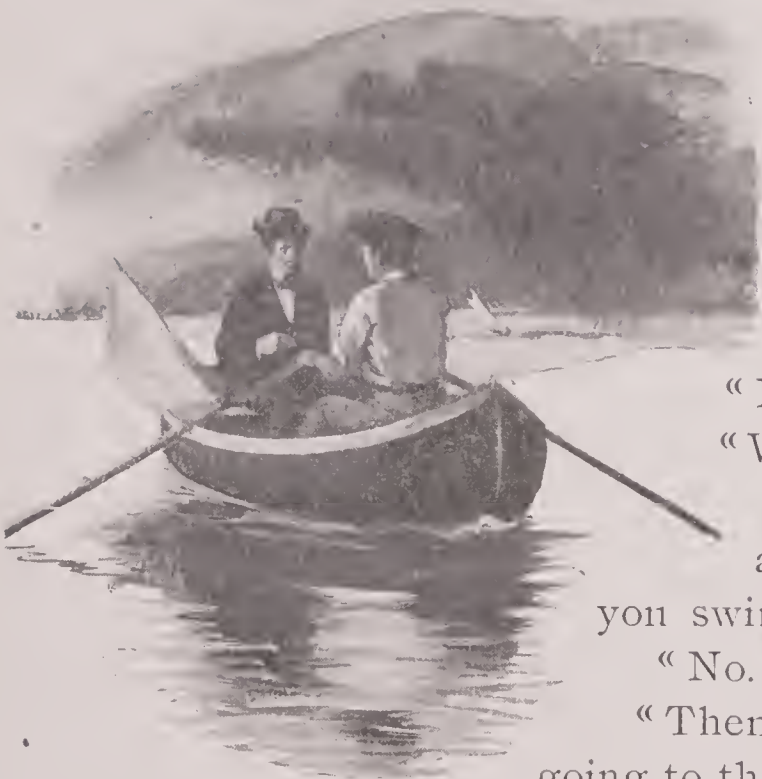
"Then the whole of your life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom."

In an address to teachers, Horace Greeley once said:—

"I have known not less than a thousand thoroughly educated—that is expensively educated—men in New York,—men who have entered German or English or American colleges and have been sent forth with diplomas,—who are yet utterly unable to earn their own bread, and are to-day pacing the stony streets in a vain search for something to do."

"If you should take twelve prize medal men from Harvard University and put them in a sinking ship," said Edward Everett Hale, "they would all drown through inability to construct a raft."

A teacher of a Paris school, writing in one of the French educational journals, gives the facts about his own class by way of comment on the system by which children are crammed with ancient history from



books and allowed to remain in blank ignorance of the facts of contemporary life. He says: "I have forty-two pupils, aged from eight to eleven years. Twelve have never seen the Seine; five have never seen the St. Martin's Canal; twenty-five do not know what Notre Dame is; twenty-eight have never seen the Pantheon; nine have never been in the country, and a living ox is an unknown thing to eight; one doesn't know what a boat is, and two have never seen locomotives or railway carriages. I teach these children the history of the Greek, Roman, and French civilizations."

Investigation of children in the Boston public schools, a few years ago, produced as astounding statistics. A young lady, educated in New York and studying art in Paris, did not know whether hams are obtained from cows, sheep, or hogs, and was equally ignorant as to mutton. All over our land, but especially in our great cities, children's heads have been stuffed with book-facts, to the neglect of knowledge of every-day matters. Happily, such methods are going out of date with increasing nature study, manual training, and a realization of present-day needs.

Never before did the world call so loudly for the practical, the sensible, the useful. Common sense is the genius of the age. In the great rush, the actual is pushing aside theories and theorists. On every hand, we hear calls for men who can do things, not men who can philosophize about them. The great interrogation point of this century is: "What can you do?"—not "What are you?" "What practical things do you know?"—not "Where were you educated?"

Learning is not wisdom, nor vital energy; nor is it a substitute for common sense. Knowledge must be converted into faculty. Colton says: "It is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom."

A head filled with disconnected facts, disjointed ideas,—a head full of knowledge,—is not necessarily educated. A man may be a great eater and yet not be strong, if the system does not digest and assimilate his food and make it into blood, bone, and sinew. A student may stuff his brain with facts at school and yet come out almost as weak as he entered. He may take high rank and yet not have half the power of the slow, stupid boy who takes the lowest rank. The memory is one of the lowest faculties of the brain; it is merely a receptacle. Its function is to hold, not to use; to retain, not to make available; the latter office belongs to the other and higher powers of the brain.

A reservoir of water will not quench a city's thirst, nor put out fires, if it is not allowed to circulate in the mains and service-pipes. Bins full of wheat did not keep the Parisians from starving during the siege, in the Franco-Prussian War, so long as greedy capitalists hoarded it.



A really educated man has a peculiar faculty of transforming knowledge into power. Such ability is the secret of success.

No circumstance, no college, can give this peculiar transforming power. If a boy does not take it to the institution, he will not carry it away. If he has brought a great lump of putty, he will take putty away. It may be in more elegant shape, it may be modified in appearance, but it is putty still. If he has brought a lump of gold, no matter how crude he may be, how awkward, dull of energy, and wholly unconscious of the prize he has brought, he will take away refined gold.

Not long ago, a traveler found three graduates working on a sheep farm in Australia. One was from Oxford, one from Cambridge, and the other from a German university,—college men tending brutes. Trained to lead men, they were driving sheep. The owner of the ranch was an ignorant, rough, coarse sheep-raiser. The quotations of poetry and Latin and Greek and the discussions of theories or philosophies of his hired men were "all Greek" to him. He knew nothing about books or theories, but he knew sheep, and made a fortune out of them, while the others could scarcely get a living. The universities which had graduated these men were powerless to supply gray brain matter, or stamina, or push, or practical talent. All they could do was to work over the material which the students brought, polish it a little, change its form, and make it a little more artistic, possibly, but they were unable to change its quality. The student who brought partially cultivated brains would carry away brains better cultivated, but that was all.

There has been no small amount of discussion, in recent times, about how far college education transmutes knowledge into power.

Some one has well said that the mental capacity of a college graduate is like the power of steam or electricity, which is not applicable to running one kind of engine merely, but any mechanical appliance. "The untrained man makes one think of Niagara going to waste, or only half utilized; or of a team of horses laboring through mud and mire when they might haul tons on a smooth road."

Harvey E. Fiske, the banker, in an article in "The Outlook," on "The Value of a College Education to a Business Man," says:—

"I am a great believer in laying deep, broad, substantial foundations for all undertakings in life. . . . If a boy intends to become something more than an under-clerk or a small tradesman, he will need the best preliminary education that his parents can afford to give him.

"In the early stages of his career in business, a young man will not appreciate what he has missed by not going to college. Assuming that he entered an office or a store at seventeen, and that his friend entered college at the same age, he will feel at twenty-one greatly the superior of his friend in business ability. But five or ten years later, the one who had

the college training will probably be found to be working more easily, with greater confidence, and with exactly as much success as the friend who had four years the start,—if not greater. A college education will strengthen all your faculties, and, rightly used, will be a blessing all through life.”

“A college course,” says a vigorous writer, “is called an ‘education’ through courtesy, I suppose. A college course is not an education—it is only the beginning of an education. It is the foundation, and it should be a good one; but it is for the student to build the superstructure during the rest of his life and by his own efforts. It is a fact which the student cannot too soon learn, that college training does not and cannot teach much more than the rudiments of a science or an art. Instead of educating a man, a college course merely prepares him to study intelligently. A diploma does not stand for a great deal of learning, after all, it is only a certificate that the owner has taken the stipulated course of study in the college which gave it.”

The college is primarily a discipline, a mental gymnasium. It tests one's powers. It teaches one to think. Other things being equal, the college man will outmatch, as a business man, one of less mental training.

“The Anglo-Saxon,” says a great capitalist, “has easily outstripped all his competitors in those things which make for the commercial growth and success of nations, because he has been, above all others, practical. While the preparation for professional life requires advanced knowledge, it seems to me that the vast majority of our young people spend too many of their vigorous years inside the schoolroom, and not enough in the practical work of life. The years from fifteen to twenty-one are especially valuable, for they are years of keen observation, individuality, and confidence. In many cases,—quite too many,—they are spent in cramming the mind with knowledge that is not likely to help a young man in the work he is best fitted to do.”

The average freshman in college is, in four cases out of five, financially dependent on his parents or a guardian; and he is financially irresponsible. His college course does not mend matters. After he is graduated, he enters upon professional studies; but, if he goes into business, he usually has much nonsense in his head that has to be knocked out of it before he will succeed, and he seems at first to fail. Yet, probably, he would not succeed finally if he had not gone to college. His temporary failure is not due to his college training. “Through some peculiarity of temperament, or some lack of positive qualities of character, or some want of adaptability to his environment, or some lack of tact in handling men, he has not come into working relations with mankind.”



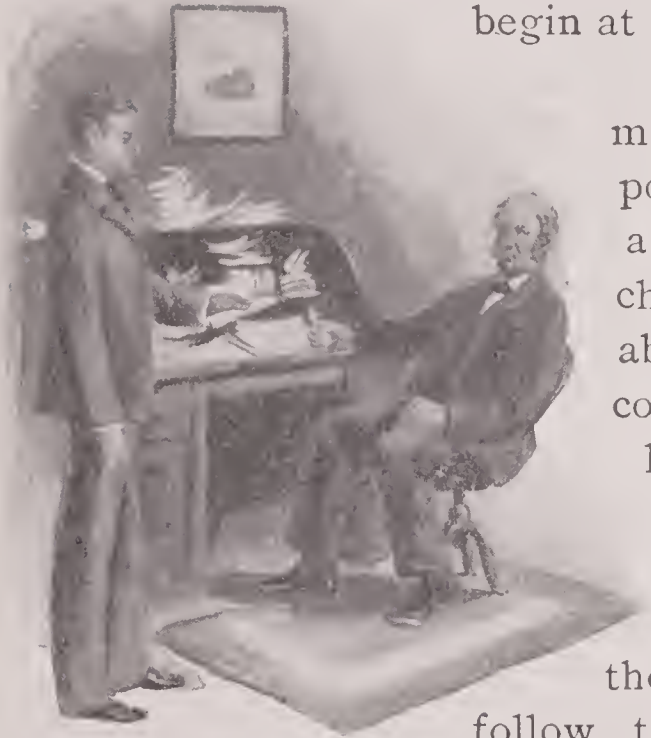
A large percentage of our college graduates have an idea that all they have to do is to call anywhere with their diplomas in their hands and secure what they desire. They look upon their diplomas as insurance policies against failure. Let me say, with all the emphasis of knowledge bought by experience, that the first year out of college is the hardest, and for many the crucial, year of life. They have no knowledge in detail of business, and very little salary will be given them while they are acquiring this knowledge; it will be only after several years of hard, conscientious work that they will be fitted to fill responsible positions. A decision must be made as to what calling is to be followed, and then steadfast purpose and untiring energy must be displayed in gaining the skill necessary to success. It may be hard for the man of liberal ideas, broad views, and cultured intellect to be tied down to the routine duties of an entry clerk, messenger boy, or some other subordinate position, but he cannot escape. If his ambition is to be a banker, he must

begin at the foot of the ladder.

Does he desire to be a journalist? He cannot commence as an editor, even if he has held that dignified position on a college paper. Does he fancy the life of a merchant? He cannot start as the manager of the china department of a large store. He must start just about where he would be obliged to start if he had no college education. Let him know at once what he must learn, sooner or later,—that the college man, like any one else, must become master of his calling before he can command a good position and a large salary. If he is satisfied to begin low, and learn thoroughly all the details of the business he desires to follow, the college man, because of his superior education, will make more rapid progress and get larger enjoyment out of life.

"If the sole object of life is to acquire wealth," says James B. Angell, "then no doubt many young men can attain that end as well without seeking the higher education. But if the young are to ask how they can best develop their manhood and how they can be most useful to society, and if society is to ask what type of men can be most helpful to mankind, then there is no ground for fear that the number of students in the higher institutions of learning will decline, or that the general and final verdict will be that the proportion of them to our entire population is too great, or is in danger of becoming too great."

I advise every youth to get a college education, whenever it is possible. The chances are that, if he makes proper use of the advantages it confers, he will be a happier, larger, and more useful member of society than he otherwise would be.



On the other hand, there is no doubt, from a practical standpoint, that there are some drawbacks to a college course. The methods adopted do not seem to develop practical ability, and do not always evolve the order of mind best calculated to win success. The theoretical, the speculative faculties, those which weigh and measure, and ponder and consider, and turn over and consider again, are often over-developed; while executive ability, which brings things to an issue quickly, which decides promptly and acts vigorously, is frequently undeveloped in the college man.

His training has not demanded of him prompt action, instantaneous decisions; he has had time to weigh and balance and consider, and perhaps to leave things undecided. But, when he gets into the work of every-day life, he finds constantly confronting him conditions which require immediate decision and prompt action; he cannot wait until next week or next month, for they must be settled to-day. Here is where the graduate is often placed at a disadvantage, until he has been out of college long enough to gain practical knowledge.

The great universities of England have been proverbially slow to make changes, and to adapt their educational courses to the needs of the modern world.

Canon Farrar, the distinguished author and philologist, a master of Harrow, for thirteen years a successful teacher, says: "I must avow my distinct conviction that our present system of exclusively classical education, as a whole, and carried on as we do carry it on, is a deplorable failure. I say it, knowing that the words are strong, but not without having considered them well. I say it because that system has been 'weighed in the balance and found wanting.' It is no epigram, but a simple fact, to say that classical education neglects all of the powers of some minds and some of the powers of all minds."

Our American colleges have modified the higher education not a little in the interest of the practical demands of the hour. Competition has compelled them to do this. The industrial and the commercial world are now better served by the colleges. An increasing number of college men, relatively, are entering business instead of professional life. At Yale there are twenty-five men to the hundred more to engage in business than some years ago. About one-third of the graduates become merchants, or they become industrial leaders. The scholar or professional man is no longer the typical college man; he is jostled by the man of affairs.

Hard-headed, practical young men are often greatly benefited by college discipline, and they become most efficient factors in civic life. "There is," says Seth Low, "a natural tendency in college-bred men to feel that the learning which comes from books is an essential element in



a complete equipment, but the experience of mankind shows that many other qualities are no less essential. The hard common sense, the practical wisdom of the men who make their way in the world without many advantages of education, are no less desirable elements in the government of the commonwealth."

The same thing is true of business affairs. The value of that good sense is multiplied, however, if a well-trained mind be joined to it. Men of what John Locke calls "roundabout common sense," when thoroughly educated, not only make the most efficient all-round citizens, but also the most successful industrial and commercial leaders.

Never before was the call for trained men so loud as now. They are in demand everywhere. Not only in the professions, but also in business houses, manufacturing establishments, and even on the farm, they are in great demand. The farmer who understands chemistry, who is able to analyze the forces of nature, to mix brains with the soil, will be the great farmer of the future. There is an increased demand everywhere for college-educated men. We find them occupying the best positions in our insurance, banking, manufacturing, and transportation institutions. Never before was the call for liberally educated men and women so great as it is to-day, and the market for brains and education is constantly widening. A manager of a large manufacturing institution says that his firm will not accept any but college men, or, at least, men trained in polytechnic schools, if it can possibly avoid it. He says that their ultimate success is much greater than that of men not educated at college, and that they are able to adapt themselves to all surroundings, and to meet new conditions better than men with a limited education.

As a rule, great corporations seek college men, because, other things equal, they will ultimately make better heads, better leaders; and this, notwithstanding the fact of the general impression that college men are not practical. The heads of such institutions know very well that, if a man is made of the right kind of material, a college education, although it may temporarily prevent the development of the practical faculties, enables a man to analyze well, and to grasp conditions very quickly. The greatest drawback to the young graduate is that he is too full of theories, too near his diploma to be of very great value; but, after the dream of his future greatness has faded a little, and he settles down to business, he will adapt himself very speedily; and when he once masters the details of a business, he will make rapid strides toward the top. He



has learned in college how to think, how to marshal his mental forces; and, when he has learned the different phases of his business, and how to apply his knowledge, he will be a stronger man than he would have been without the higher education.

"Education," says Charles F. Thwing, "is a great time-saver in a career. It represents the going back a few steps of the one who is to make a leap; it gives a spring, a buoyancy, and a swiftness and effectiveness. The four years which a boy spends in college help him to get into the great places in his chosen calling earlier, and probably to continue in them longer. I chance to know that one of the greatest retail houses in one of the greatest cities—the identity of which I cannot of course, reveal—has recently drawn up articles of partnership to cover the next fifty years. Among the articles of the compact is that every son of these partners shall serve an apprenticeship of five years; but, it is added, every son who has had a college education may have this period of five years reduced to three. This instance possibly receives additional force from the fact that this house is composed of members of that race which, on the whole, furnishes the best merchants in the world,—the Jewish; a race that has not been especially distinguished—despite many conspicuous exceptions—for its partiality toward the higher education. One of the great hardware firms of Cleveland is accustomed to say that, when a college graduate has been in its employ a fortnight, he is of as much value as a high-school graduate who has been in its employ four years; and, of course, after the fortnight, his value increases in a geometrical ratio. This remark of the Cleveland firm seems to me too strong, but I venture to give it as evidence of the claim that a college education is a good investment of time.

"About one-third of the graduates of many colleges are now entering business, and at least a part of the return of the investment made in college education, by those who enter business, should be made in money. Illustrations abound to prove that the financial returns received by college graduates, from their investment in college education, are very remunerative. The graduate begins his business career at the bottom, and receives the wages which the lowest subaltern does and must receive; but he rises rapidly from the bottom, and, the higher he rises, the more rapid is his progress. Only last night, a great manufacturer said to me, 'I am looking for a man to come into my office, to whom I can pay more than \$10,000 a year;' and, shaking his head, he added, 'I can't find him.' The place to look for men who are capable of earning \$10,000 or \$50,000 a year is the list of the graduates of the American colleges of the last ten or twenty years. The Pennsylvania Railroad is taking many college men into the various departments of its service. The pecuniary rewards which these men will receive, in the next forty years, will represent a



very high rate of compound interest upon the sum invested in an education."

"It is true," says J. G. Schurman, "that there is an increasing and, just now, an unusual demand for college-bred men in all walks of life. As to engineers,—fifteen years ago the manufacturers of machinery had to be coaxed to take those pioneers, the Cornell men, into their shops and give them a chance. But where one went, many followed. In the class of 1900, every student in this branch was eagerly bid for two or three times over. One great electrical firm alone asked to be given the entire class. There is observable, too, a gradual increase in the call for college-bred teachers in the public schools, and this demand will grow by what it feeds upon.

"All this is but the sign and symbol of an increasing complexity and organization in our civilization. Rough-and-ready methods are going out, and the untrained handy-man with them. In all directions, as expanding American manufacturers and commerce come into competition with those of Europe, it is daily more obvious that the higher skill and intelligence, making the closest use of its resources, will win. Nowadays, to do the work of the world as the world will have it done, and will pay for having it done, requires that a man be trained to the exactitude of scientific methods, and that he be given the wide mental outlook and the special training which he can acquire in the university, and nowhere else."

"At this university," says James B. Angell, of Michigan University, "we have not for some time been able, even with our very large chemical laboratory, to meet the calls upon us for well-trained chemists."

"There is a dearth of thoroughly trained men in all professions," says David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, "The more exacting the conditions, the greater the need. The thoroughly trained man, nowadays, must be a college man."

"There is, at present," says President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale University, "an unusual call for college-bred men in the various trades and professions,—a demand so great that we are hardly able to meet it. This is a thing which always happens in years of commercial expansion. If we compare the times of prosperity with those of depression, we find that the variation in the value of invested capital is greater than the variation in the value of current product. A college-bred man has invested anywhere from two thousand to ten thousand dollars in himself. The value of that investment follows nearly the same laws as the value of a steamboat or a furnace. When there is an exceptional demand for service, he is the one who feels its benefits most fully. When there is no special demand, and when everybody is striving simply to pay cur-

rent expenses, he finds it impossible to make interest on the investment, unless possessed of special qualifications as a man.

"I think the increase of college-bred men in business and politics will go hand in hand with an increase in the standard of public service and public life. I suspect that it should be regarded as a result of political improvement, rather than as its cause. The existence of new administrative problems at home and abroad is likely to increase the need for men of broad views and thorough training. This must have its effect on the education of our public officials in the next generation."

"After ten years' experience in the business world," says James H. Canfield, ex-president of Nebraska and Ohio universities, "the college graduate will easily lead the uneducated business man, all things considered; but he will have an avocation as well as a vocation; and, while he will be successful, he will work to live, and not live to work."

"Some of the most successful business men I have ever known have told me that they preferred college-bred men because they were able to concentrate their attention upon a given subject; they were generally men of higher character, and of higher aims and ambitions, than the untrained men, and all this tended to loyalty, faithfulness, and general success. The fact that the railway corporations—of the West, at least—and great manufacturing companies are using more and more college men is exceedingly significant."

"A modern, well-equipped, up-to-date college or university, with its faculty all alive and alert and in touch with the great world about them, gives young men the best, the surest, the swiftest, and the most complete preparation for any form of activity to which they may desire to devote themselves in later life."

SIMPLE as it seems, it was a great discovery that the key of knowledge can turn both ways; that it can lock, as well as open, the door of power to the many.

—LOWELL.

WHOSOEVER acquires knowledge, and does not practise it, resembles him who plows but does not sow.

—SAADI.



## THE VALUE OF IDEAS

IDEAS go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots.  
—W. M. PAXTON.

HE WHO wishes to fulfil his mission must be a man of one idea, that is, of one great, overmastering purpose, overshadowing all his aims, and guiding and controlling his entire life.  
—BATE.

EVERYBODY is looking for ideas. Newspapers have men who are paid a good salary for their ideas. They write nothing, they get no news, but they study. The dry goods merchant wants new combinations of cloth, of color, of design. The publisher wants new combinations of type, happy expressions, catchwords for advertisements. Everybody is willing to pay, and pay well, for ideas.

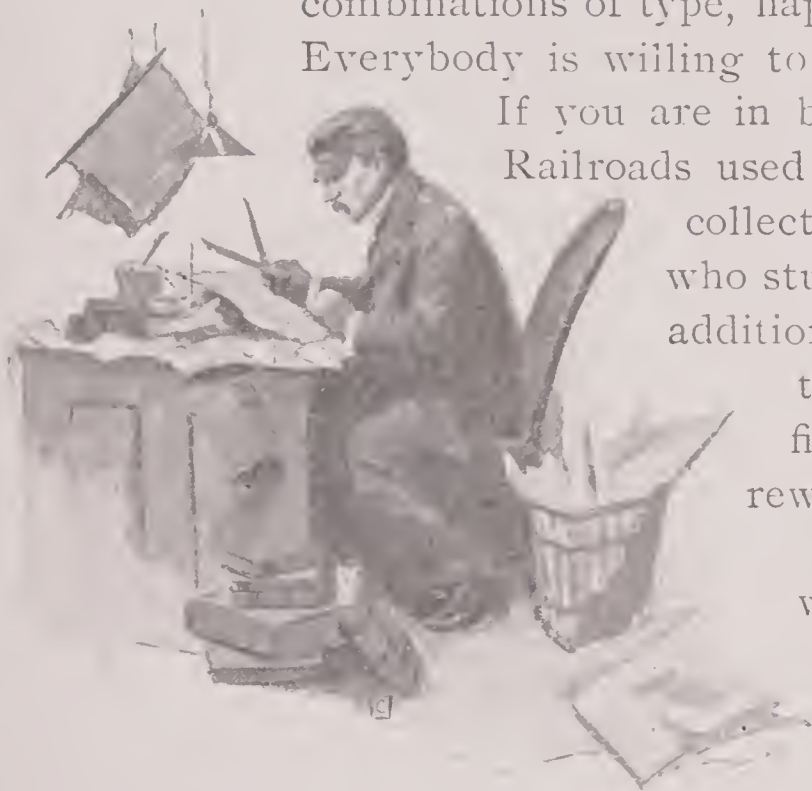
If you are in business, study the problems of your business.

Railroads used to lose thousands of dollars from cash fares collected by conductors, but not paid in. The man who studied this problem and suggested that ten cents additional be collected on every cash fare, this bonus to be remitted on presentation at any ticket office of the receipt for the same, was liberally rewarded. Yet it was a very simple idea.

Master your own business. If you do this you will have ideas about it, and other businesses related to it. If your position seems hopeless, study some other line of business; and, when you have a good idea about it, go to the man in charge and tell him of it. Many times your idea will be found impracticable; but, if it shows originality, it has made an impression for you.

If, from your knowledge of certain conditions, you believe that a particular way of offering goods for sale, an improved method of presenting things, would benefit a merchant, tell him or write to him of your idea. If it is a good one, you are likely to be paid for it. If it is especially good, you may be asked to carry it out, provided you have had the necessary experience.

If you do not have an idea about your business or something you are particularly studying, keep your mind awake, anyhow. Do you go home on a street car every day? Study the advertisements in the cars. Think how they might be improved. Do you walk home? Study the



scenery and the buildings you see. Think how they might be beautified; or, if they are already very beautiful, of what words would most aptly express their beauty. If you read a book, think always how this book is related to other books,—whether the author is too verbose or too concise. Charles Fox used to attend sessions of parliament, listening to the speeches for the purpose of studying how they might be most effectively answered. Keep your brain busy. There are thousands of situations in the most commonplace lives of workingmen and women which, if the mind, eyes and ears were kept busy and responsive, would suggest some need of humanity, and, hence, a way to make a living, perhaps a fortune.

During a blizzard in one of our recent winters, Richard M. Ford, a conductor on the Metropolitan Railway Company, New York, witnessing the bewilderment, confusion, and discomfort of his passengers, who, through the blinding and whirling snow could not see the street numbers, thought what a blessing would be an automatic street indicator, and straightway set about constructing one. When this indicator comes into general use, it will not only be of inestimable value to the public and to conductors, who will be relieved of the necessity of looking out for and calling the streets, but will probably make its inventor wealthy. The great wonder is that so simple an idea should not have come sooner to some brain.

One morning, twenty years ago, a young Russian, Henry Romeike, found himself in Paris almost penniless. He had crossed the Volga into Germany, but spent all he earned there in getting to the capital of France. He decided to leave that afternoon for London, but before he went, a trifling incident occurred to which he owed his great success in England and America.

As he bought a paper at a news-stand, he noticed that the old lady who owned the stand handed to an eminent French artist copies of art papers, for which she received an advanced price. Romeike asked the reason. He was told that the artist had commissioned her to preserve all papers containing notices of himself or his works, and thus save him the trouble of reading the papers and magazines.

It was necessary that Romeike should do something immediately upon his arrival in London. He pondered the incident of the news-dealer and the artist, and argued that if a French artist could pay for notices, surely Englishmen could do the same. He soon appeared before the artists of London with his clippings. Many of them had seen the notices, but some had not, and with these he found his market. He soon became known as the purveyor of artist-information.

Naturally, it occurred to him that politicians, physicians, manufacturers, and others would welcome this service. His head was above water, then, and he at once tried the scheme. It "took," and in a few



months Romeike was known throughout England. Members of parliament and the people interested in everything concerning the British empire were his clients.

"What are you bothering yourselves with a knitting-machine for?" asked Ari Davis, of Boston, a manufacturer of instruments; "Why don't you make a sewing-machine?"

His advice had been sought by a rich man and an inventor who had reached their wits' end in the vain attempt to produce a device for knitting woolen goods.

"I wish I could, but it can't be done."

"Oh, yes it can," said Davis; "I can make one myself."

"Well," said the capitalist, "you do it, and I'll insure you an independent fortune."

The words of Davis were uttered in a spirit of jest, but the novel idea found lodgment in the mind of one of the workmen who stood by, a mere youth of twenty, who was not considered capable of a serious thought.

But Elias Howe was not so rattle-headed as he seemed, and the more the youth reflected, the more desirable such a machine appeared to him. Four years passed, and with a wife and three children to support, in a great city, on a salary of nine dollars a week, the light-hearted boy had become a thoughtful, plodding man. The thought of the sewing-machine haunted him night and day, and he finally resolved to produce one.

After months wasted in the effort to work a needle pointed at both ends, with the eye in the middle, that should pass up and down through the cloth, suddenly the thought flashed through his mind that another stitch must be possible, and with almost insane devotion he worked night and day until he had made a rough model of wood and wire that convinced him of ultimate success. In his mind's eye he saw his idea, but his own funds and those of his father, who had aided him more or less, were insufficient to embody it in a working machine. But help came from an old schoolmate, George Fisher, a coal and wood merchant of Cambridge. He agreed to board Elias and his family and to furnish five hundred dollars, for which he was to have one-half of the patent, if the machine proved to be worth patenting.

In May, 1845, the machine was completed, and early in July, Elias Howe sewed all the seams of two suits of woolen clothes, one for Mr. Fisher and the other for himself. The sewing outlasted the cloth. This machine, which is still preserved, will sew three hundred stitches a minute, and is considered more nearly perfect than any other prominent invention at its first trial. There is not one of the millions of sewing-machines now in use that does not contain some of the essential principles of this first attempt.

One of the largest fortunes ever recorded at Somerset House was made by the railway king, Thomas Brassey. In his early life, he earned his living as a working engineer, and when the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was in process of construction, he applied for work in that department. Through a blunder of the foreman of a gang, he was set to work as a laborer. He said nothing at the time, deeming it useless, but set to shoveling with the rest. He was at once impressed with the terrible waste involved in letting out the work of construction to a whole host of small contractors. One man or at least two or three, he reflected, could do the work better, cheaper, and more expeditiously. Then came the startling thought, "Why should not the one man be me?" A few years passed by, and Tom Brassey was at the head of a great labor army, comprising dozens of battalions, and engaged in building the railways, not only of England and Scotland, but of France, Germany, and Belgium as well; and all because a foreman mistook a skilled for an unskilled workman.

Some years ago, a Rev. Wayland Hoyt, now of Philadelphia, then a pastor in Minneapolis, Minnesota, riding with his brother, Colgate Hoyt, in his private car through the prairie regions of that great state, noticed town after town without a sign of a church of any sort, filled with saloons and gambling dens. Wayland said to his brother Colgate: "Why not build a car and use it as a chapel and run it into communities like these, giving the gospel to these people through some earnest evangelist?" It was a seed thought. It germinated in the mind of the railroad magnate, and, on his return to New York City, he mentioned it to a number of his associates on Wall Street, namely, John D. Rockefeller, James B. Colgate and a number of others, who formed what they called the "Chapel Car Syndicate." The money was soon raised, the contract let to the Barney and Smith Company, of Dayton, Ohio. Five of these cars are in service; the fifth is the "Ladies' Car," the funds having been raised by them. A "Young Men's Car" is proposed. Many men have been "hit" by a word of truth on the wing. Frequently the passengers come in also and hold a prayer meeting, going at the rate of forty miles per hour.

Many stories are told of the novel methods adopted by John E. Andrus, of Yonkers, N. Y., for increasing his income. An idea by which he says he made money easier than he ever has since was suggested by seeing a fight. To earn the money to meet the expenses of his junior year at college, he took an agency for an outfit devised to print letters on cloth. While canvassing a machine shop, he saw two of the employes fighting. One was completely whipped. Andrus's natural sympathy for the "under dog" led him to ask the vanquished man the cause of the fight.



"Why," said the latter, "that fellow has taken a tool of mine. It's mine, but I can't prove it. He says it is his, and he is stronger than I am; so what can I do?" This set Andrus to thinking, and he said to himself, "If a letter can be printed on cloth, why can't one be stamped on iron or steel tools?" He saw it could be done and devised a way for doing it. He returned to the shop, and said to the man who had been whipped in the fight: "If you had your name stamped on your tools, you could prove they belong to you and the other fellow couldn't keep one, could he? Well, I can put your name on your tools for you so no one can take them, and there need be no more fights." He then explained his idea. The man was delighted, and had all his tools marked. So did the other men in the shop. Andrus made enough money in two weeks to pay his college expenses for a year.

Mr. Andrus is engaged in the manufacture of medicinal preparations, which are standard and staple throughout the world. He discovered a soluble form of iron and immediately put it on the market. Physicians had long recognized the value of iron in medicine, but were unable to obtain it in soluble form. The preparation of Mr. Andrus, therefore, met with a great and widespread sale.

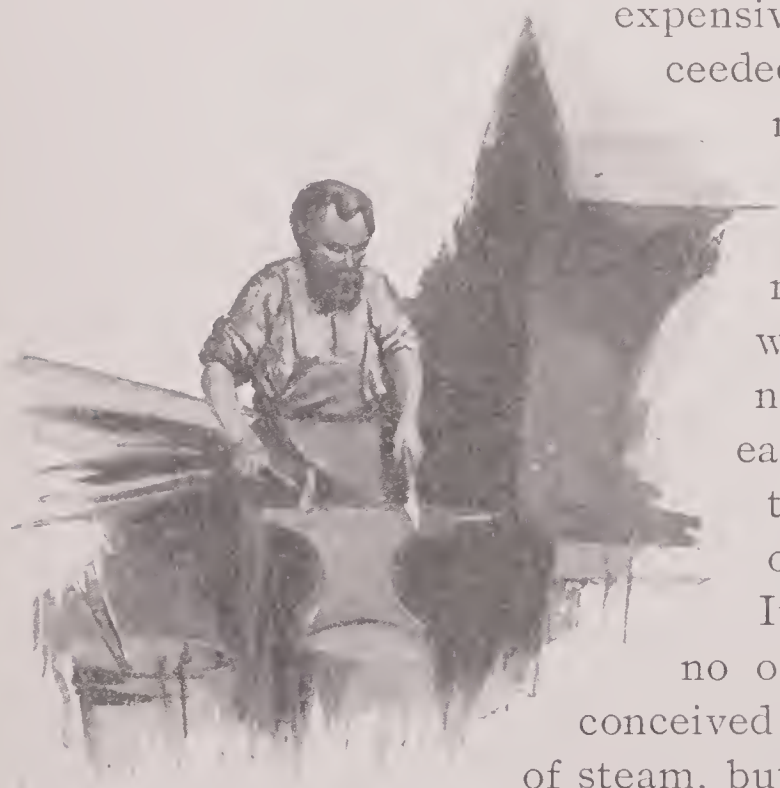
A woman's idea built and set in motion all the mammoth straw shops in which thousands find occupation. One day in 1798, Miss Betsey Metcalf, of Providence, R. I., saw in a shop window an imported Dunstable straw bonnet, a beautiful affair, but far too costly for the usual New England purse. She conceived the idea that she could form a bonnet from straw which should resemble the Dunstable affair and be much less

expensive. She at once set about the task, and succeeded so well that immediately straw hats and bon-

nets began to be manufactured. Twelve years after the making of that trial bonnet it was estimated that the value of straw bonnets manufactured annually in Massachusetts alone was over half a million dollars. Massachusetts now produces over six hundred thousand hats each year, and the city of Philadelphia manufactures over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of straw headgear annually.

It was an English blacksmith, Newcomen, with no opportunities, who, in the seventeenth century, conceived the idea of moving a piston by the elastic force of steam, but his engine consumed thirty pounds of coal in

producing one-horse power. The perfection of the modern engine is largely due to James Watt, a poor, uneducated Scottish boy, who, at fifteen, walked the streets of London in a vain search for work. A



professor in the Glasgow University gave him the use of a room to work in, and, while waiting for jobs, he experimented with old vials for steam reservoirs and hollow canes for pipes, for he could not bear to waste a moment. He improved Newcomen's engine by cutting off the steam after the piston had completed a quarter or third of its stroke, and letting the steam, already in the chamber expand and drive the piston the remaining distance. This saved nearly three-fourths of the steam. Watt suffered from pinching poverty and hardships which would have disheartened ordinary men; but he was terribly in earnest, and his brave wife, Margaret, begged him not to mind her inconvenience, nor be discouraged. "If the engine will not work," she wrote to him while he was struggling in London, "something else will. Never despair."

"I had gone to take a walk," said Watt, "on a fine Sabbath afternoon, and had passed the old washing-house, thinking upon the engine at the time, when the idea came into my head that, as steam is an elastic body, it would rush into a vacuum, and if a communication were made between the cylinder and an exhausted vessel, it would rush into it, and might there be condensed without cooling the cylinder." The idea was simple, but in it lay the germ of the first steam engine of much practical value. Sir James Mackintosh places this poor Scottish boy who began with only an idea, "at the head of all inventors, in all ages and all nations."

What a sublime picture of determination and patience was that of Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, buried in poverty and struggling with hardships for eleven long years, to make India rubber of practical use! See him in prison for debt; pawning his clothes and his wife's jewelry to get a little money to keep his children (who were obliged to gather sticks in the field for fire) from starving. Watch his sublime courage and devotion to his idea, when he had no money to bury a dead child, and when his other five were near starvation; when his neighbors were harshly criticising him for his neglect of his family, and calling him insane. But behold his vulcanized rubber; the result of that heroic struggle, applied to five hundred uses and by over sixty thousand employees.

"Individuality," says some one, "means, in the well-balanced man, leadership." The person possessing this trait or distinction is pretty sure to be successful. Individuality of the right kind is personal magnetism. It is the attraction which controls surroundings and blends the efforts and labors of the employed and imparts the tone of usefulness to enterprise.

"Useful individuality should be content to be the head, as in every business there should be a directing mind. It should not go to the extent to impress upon the assistants that they have no thinking to do and no responsibility. On the other hand, the genuine article of individuality will create such a subdivision of tasks and duties that a business may



be conducted without friction or strain, but with clearly defined method, faithfulness, and successful accomplishment."

But, of course, it matters nothing how good an idea, or how many ideas one has if he does not try to utilize at least one of them. A poor, shabby young man sat one evening several years ago and described his conception of six or seven inventions, any one of which, if patented and put into use, would have been of great benefit to the world, and would have enriched himself. This man is still poor and shabby, and is usually "looking for a job." He never fixed his mind on any particular one of the ideas of which his brain was so prolific, and so it was to him as though he never had them. One idea clung to until it has worked out into tangible value to its possessor and the world is worth a million which are conceived and dismissed. Better get a good bootjack on the market than have a conception how to converse with Jupiter, or to carry all the railroad trains, without tracks, by direct power from the sun, and do nothing more than think for a brief time about these great projects. "Mr. C. spoke last night of an idea which had come to him for a wonderful farm implement," said one man to another. "Said he'd come to Ludlow's smoke talk to-night and we could discuss it." "Yes," replied the person addressed, "and you'll find it will *always* be smoke talk as far as C. is concerned. He has ideas enough—many of them good ones, too—to fill the Patent Office with models, but I never knew him to get beyond talking about any one of them."

The whole history of an accomplishment is the story of people who *never let go* of an idea after they had become convinced that its utilization and materialization would mean the best conceivable thing to them and to the world.

George M. Pullman tried to lie down on a hard seat in a primitive passenger car. In his fitful sleep, he dreamed of a fortune in the manufacture of comfortable sleeping cars. Charles T. Schoen, a few years ago, was casually climbing over some old freight cars in a Pittsburg yard, and saw that many of them were in need of repair and were inefficient at best. He conceived the idea of building pressed steel cars, and to-day the demand for these cars is twenty thousand ahead of the supply. They are wanted all over the world.

It was in the capacity of an elevator boy in the "Bee" Building in Omaha, Nebraska, that Ambrose Ellington picked up the idea that a railroad was needed to connect Grand Island, Nebraska, and Napier, South Dakota. He earned money enough to formulate his plans and present them to capitalists. He succeeded, through his remarkable personality in capitalizing his enterprise, and has put it through. It is, in short, the story of an elevator boy becoming president of a railroad three hundred and sixty miles in length.

The man with an idea, if he is ever to make any practical use of that idea, must never be discouraged or deterred by what people think of him or of his conception. Hardly can a great inventor, scientist, or reformer be mentioned, of whom it was not affirmed by the world in general, and many unusually brilliant intellects in particular, that he was a "fanatic," a "visionary," an "unbalanced man," a "crank," a "faddist," and so on. "Morse might do something and earn a good living if he'd drop his crazy ideas about instant transmission of sound, and stick to his painting," said a man who knew what hardships the artist was undergoing in his efforts to perfect the telegraph.

See George Stephenson, working in the coal pits for sixpence a day, patching the clothes and mending the boots of his fellow-workmen at night, to earn a little money to attend a night school, and giving the first money he ever earned, \$150, to his blind father to pay his debts with. People said he was crazy; his "roaring steam engine will set the house on fire with its sparks;" "smoke will pollute the air;" "carriage-makers and coachmen will starve for want of work." For three days the committee of the House of Commons plied him with questions. This was one of them: "If a cow get on the track of the engine traveling ten miles an hour, will it not be an awkward situation?" "Yes, very awkward, indeed, for the cow," replied Stephenson. A government inspector said that if a locomotive ever went ten miles an hour, he would undertake to eat a stewed engine for breakfast. "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as horses?" asked a writer in the English "Quarterly Review" for March, 1825. "We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We trust that parliament will, in all the railways it may grant, *limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour*, which, we entirely agree, with Mr. Sylvester, is as great as can be ventured upon."

This article referred to Stephenson's proposition to use his newly invented locomotive instead of horses on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, then in process of construction. The company referred the matter to two leading English engineers, who reported that steam would be desirable only when used in stationary engines one and a half miles apart, drawing the cars by means of ropes and pulleys. But Stephenson persuaded them to test his idea by offering a prize of twenty-five hundred dollars for the best locomotive produced at a trial to take place October 6, 1829. On the eventful day, long waited for, thousands of spectators assembled to watch the competition of four engines: the "Novelty," the "Rocket," the "Perseverance," and the "Sanspareil." The "Perseverance" could make but six miles an hour, and so was ruled out,



as the conditions called for at least ten. The "Sanspareil" made an average of fourteen miles an hour, but as it burst a water-pipe it lost its chance. The "Novelty" did splendidly, but also burst a pipe, and was crowded out, leaving the "Rocket" to carry off the honors with an average speed of fifteen miles a hour, the highest rate attained being twenty-nine. This was Stephenson's locomotive, and so fully vindicated his theory, that the idea of stationary engines on a railroad was completely exploded. He had picked up the fixed engines which the genius of Watt had devised, and set them on wheels to draw men and merchandise, against the most direful predictions of the foremost engineers of his day.

In all the records of invention, there is no more sad or affecting story than that of John Fitch. Poor he was in many senses, poor in appearance, poor in spirit. He was born poor, lived poor, and died poor. If there ever was a true inventor, this man was one. He was one of those eager souls that would coin their own flesh to carry their point. He uttered only the obvious truth when he said one day, in a crisis of his invention, that if he could get one hundred pounds by cutting off one of his legs he would gladly give it to the knife. He tried in vain, both in this country and in France, to get money to build his steamboat. He would say: "You and I will not live to see the day, but the time will come when the steamboat will be preferred to all other modes of conveyance, when steamboats will ascend the Western rivers from New Orleans to Wheeling, and when steamboats will cross the ocean. Johnny Fitch will be forgotten, but other men will carry out his ideas and grow rich and great upon them." Poor, ragged, and forlorn, jeered at, pitied as a madman, discouraged by the great, refused by the rich, he kept on till, in 1787, he had the first vessel on the Delaware that ever answered the purpose of a steamboat. It ran against the tide six miles an hour, and eight miles with the tide. Ten years later, in utter discouragement, Fitch committed suicide.

At noon, on Friday, August 4, 1807, a crowd of curious people might have been seen along the wharves of the Hudson River. They had gathered to witness what they prophesied would prove the ridiculous failure of a "crank" who proposed to take a party of people up the Hudson River to Albany, in what he called a steam vessel, named the "Clermont." Did anybody ever hear of such a ridiculous idea as navigating against the current, up the Hudson, in a vessel without sails? "The thing will 'bust,'" says one; "it will burn up," says another, and "they will all be drowned," exclaims a third, as he sees columns of black smoke shoot up with showers of brilliant sparks. It was the opinion of everybody that the man who had fooled away his money and his time on the "Clermont" was little better than an idiot, and ought to be in an insane asylum. But the passengers get on board, the plank is pulled in,

and the steam is turned on. The walking beam moves slowly up and down, and the "Clermont" floats out into the river. "It can never go up stream," the spectators said. But it did go up stream, and the boy, who in his youth said there is nothing impossible, had scored a great triumph, and had given to the world the first steamboat that had any practical value.

Notwithstanding that Fulton had rendered such great service to humanity, a service which has revolutionized the commerce of the world, he was looked upon by many as a public enemy. Critics and cynics turned up their noses when Fulton was mentioned. The severity of the world's censure, ridicule, and detraction has usually been in proportion to the benefit the victim has conferred upon mankind.

Here is Clara Barton who has created the Red Cross Society, which is loved by all nations. She noticed in our Civil War that the enemy were shelling the hospitals. She thought it the last touch of cruelty to fight what couldn't fight back, and she determined to have the barbarous custom stopped. Of course the world laughed at this poor, unaided woman. But her idea has been adopted by all nations; and the enemy that aims a shot at the tent or building over which flies the white flag with the red cross has lost his last claim to human consideration.

"Cranks," "faddists," "unbalanced" people, are every one of these, and myriads of others who have started and caused to be carried on the world's greatest work; but, fortunately, so wedded to their ideas and ideals that no amount of criticism or unbelief could daunt them or turn them aside.

"The mental life of the men we call geniuses," says Carina Campbell Eaglesfield, in "Mind," "presents no other physical conditions than those of ordinary men, except the difference in quantity. Health and disease are not different forms; the only question is whether the vital action of the organism is prejudiced or the performance of the individual deranged. When we establish that, we may call the man sane or insane, balanced or unbalanced, keeping in mind always that the point of view of the observer must differ, being influenced by many causes—as nationality, climate, period, and age.

"Though the unbalanced man has done lasting work in every department of letters and art, it would seem that his special nature accomplishes most in the work of reform and revolution; and it would be difficult to imagine how the same results could have been brought about by a different kind of man. In every crisis of human affairs men have





been raised up with special qualifications for the work. The hour strikes for a great reform and the man appears upon the scene, equipped and eager for the fray. It is he who gives the keynote to rallying thousands, who sounds the bugle, and whose voice is heard in clarion tones above the hesitant multitude. So perfectly adapted to the work do these fiery reformers seem that we seldom feel that they have aimed beyond the mark or have hastened the overthrow of institutions that might otherwise have peacefully passed away. To them may be applied the dictum of Emerson, 'Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction which men and women have, without a spice of bigot or fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency.'

"Such men are vital factors in all revolution. Progress has been wonderfully hastened by these despots of genius, these haters of forms, these natural enemies of everything conservative; and it is true, as Emerson further noted, that 'all progress, every institution, may be regarded as the prolonged shadow of some man of genius—Islamism of Mohammed, Protestantism of Luther, Abolitionism of Clarkson, Garrison, and so on.' If these ardent zealots had not been unbalanced, if they had been capable of seeing the enormous difficulties in their path, they would have fainted by the way. If they had realized their own weakness or incompetence, where would have been their indomitable courage? Among such men rise up the sublime figures of John Brown, Garrison, Clarkson, and Phillips. Must we call them unbalanced? Can we assert that we did not need them just as they were?"

One fact is not to be overlooked; the man who stands by his idea though all the world has ceased to stand by him, or even to tolerate him, has paid the price of originality, and can henceforth demand of that once-scoffing world his own price for his achievements. The following dialogue is given in "Sterne":—

"'And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?'

"'Oh, against all rule, my lord; most ungrammatically; betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling; and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.'

"'Admirable grammarian! But in suspending his voice was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?'

"'I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.'

Though the majority of people will always look at the "stop-watch" of conventionality, of prejudice, of fear, of prudence, or something else,

till compelled to look at something more significant, they finally *are* compelled, and the Garricks, in whatever field, are masters. They ask permission and plaudit of no man, and by their fine daring and disregard gain both. How appropriately are those productions, wrought by divine insanity, human suffering, intense perseverance, unslackening hold, called masterpieces, part of masters.

"The individuality of the producer" says some one, "inevitably appears in the production. A few notes heard, a few pencil-strokes seen, a few sentences read, quickly betray the composer, artist, or author.

"Where'er the ocean inlet strays,  
The salt sea wave its source betrays;  
Where'er the queen of summer blows,  
She tells the zephyr, 'I'm the rose.'"

"How accustomed one is to hearing mental products of all kinds spoken of as the author's children! How suggestive to speak of Händel's 'Messiah,' Raphael's 'Madonnas,' Gibbon's 'Rome,' and Hume's 'England.'"

Stamp yourself on something, seize the ideas that come to you, whether they be to facilitate your mother's dishwashing, to make your sister's ironing less uncomfortable, or your wife's way of tending the baby easier, to form a great epoch-making law, or to fashion a labor-revolutionizing machine. We need them all, big ideas and little, and we want behind them, as stanch godfathers, men who dare to put them into tangible shape though it means isolation, scorn, and suffering. Grand it is to behold—

"The divine insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters nor abates,  
But labors, and endures, and waits,  
Till all that it foresees it finds,  
Or what it cannot find, creates."



## EDUCATION AS A SUCCESS FACTOR

ALL things are ready, if our minds be so.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.

—ADDISON.

IT is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought. Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

—LONGFELLOW.

“WHAT matters,” say some, “a little more knowledge for man, a little more liberty, or a little more general development? Life is so short! He is a being so limited!” But it is precisely because his days are few, and he cannot attain to all, that a little more culture is of importance to him. The ignorance in which God leaves man is divine; the ignorance in which man leaves himself is a crime and a shame.

—X. DOUDAN.

IT is ignorance that wastes; it is knowledge that saves; it is wisdom that gives precedence. If sleep is the brother of death, ignorance is full brother to both sleep and death. An untaught faculty is at once quiescent and dead.

—N. D. HILLIS.

A MIND once cultivated will not lie fallow for half an hour.—BULWER.

THE best system of education is that which draws its chief support from the voluntary effort of the community, from the individual efforts of citizens, and from those burdens of taxation which they voluntarily impose upon themselves.

—J. A. GARFIELD.

THE different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer's operations upon marble; it is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it, to give it gloss and luster, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shape it into a column, or animate it into a statue.

—THOMAS GRAY.

I CALL, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

—JOHN MILTON.

LET the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

—LORD BROUGHAM.

A BOY is better unborn than untaught.—GASCOIGNE.

MUCH may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

**T**O WIN, work intelligently.

The question whether it pays to secure an education—the ability to handle life's duties intelligently—admits of a short answer.

In Alabama, the illiteracy is three times as great as the average of the entire country. So says the latest census. It also says that the people of Alabama have about one-third as much wealth for each citizen as the average of the whole country.

In Massachusetts, the wages average seventy-three cents a day, while the average for the country is forty cents a day. Yet the same census



also shows that Massachusetts gives her children a school year twice as long as the average in the whole country, spends seventy-eight per cent above the national average on her schools, and provides popular library advantages at an expense four times that of the average public library expense of the whole country. She expends twenty million dollars on schools, has an investment of fifty-five millions in school buildings, and expends twelve hundred thousand dollars upon popular libraries and reading rooms; while she receives in return, in wages, two hundred and fifty million dollars a year more than she would receive if the wages were as low as the average of the whole country.

These two states show the value of education as an investment: it pays, and pays in cash, upon a large scale, involving millions of people.

This, in itself alone, answers the question,—How shall I work so as to win? Work intelligently.

The cultured hand can do a thousand things the uneducated hand cannot do. It becomes graceful, steady of nerve, strong, skilful; indeed, it seems almost to think, so animated is it with intelligence.

This is true on an international scale. The industrial superiority of the Anglo-Saxon nations is due chiefly to the scientific and practical nature of their methods of training the young for their duties and functions in life.

“In a large sense,” says Rev. N. D. Hillis, “civilization is a kind of racial memory. Moving backward toward the dawn of history, we come to a time, when man stood forth as a savage, his house a cave, his clothes a leather girdle, his food locusts and berries. But to-day he is surrounded by home and books and pictures, by looms and trains and ships. Now, yesterday was the friend that gave man all this rich treasure. We pluck clusters from vines that other generations planted. We ride in trains and ships that other thinkers invented. We admire pictures and statues painted and carved by other hands. Our happiness is through laws and institutions for which other multitudes died. We sing songs that the past did write, and speak a language that generations long dead did fashion.”

When Germany set out to rival England in producing goods for foreign markets, she did it by reorganizing the lower schools, spending more money, conducting them more intelligently, and building up the popular mind. This plan has proved successful.

What is true of a nation is true of an individual. A writer who makes a specialty of advising those who earn a living by manual labor says:—

“Education broadens a man’s views, makes him more cognizant of his condition, implants self-reliance and determination, stimulates a desire for improvement, and teaches him to adopt intelligent measures to procure it.”



According to that high authority on his own race, Booker T. Washington, "the colored graduates of Tuskegee have raised over two hundred and fifty bushels of sweet potatoes from an acre of ground, in the same locality where the uneducated colored man raises less than fifty bushels to the acre." It pays, and pays in cash, to educate field workers. "The laborer who figures and plans and calculates is more efficient, other things being equal, than one who cannot do so."

Does education conduce to success in life? The late Professor A. C. Packard, founder of a great commercial school, said: "The best-equipped man is as a rule the successful man. It is so in business life. Educated men are always at the front. They take the largest share of the prizes, not only in political and professional life, but in the office and counting house as well. They are found in much more than their numerical proportion occupying the best positions in our great banking, insurance, transportation, and manufacturing institutions. Intelligence and knowledge are in demand in every department of industry. The trained mind, as well as the skilful hand, will always find a market and can always get the highest wages."

In illustration of this he told this story: "In a street car a stranger took a vacant seat at my side, asking, as he sat down: 'Is this Mr. Packard?' Upon my making myself known, he said: 'I have been wanting to see you for a good many years. I have thought of you almost every day for the past seventeen years, since I was a student in your Albany College. I am now a man thirty-five years old, with an interesting family, an established business, and am, in fact, independent; and I owe it all to you.'

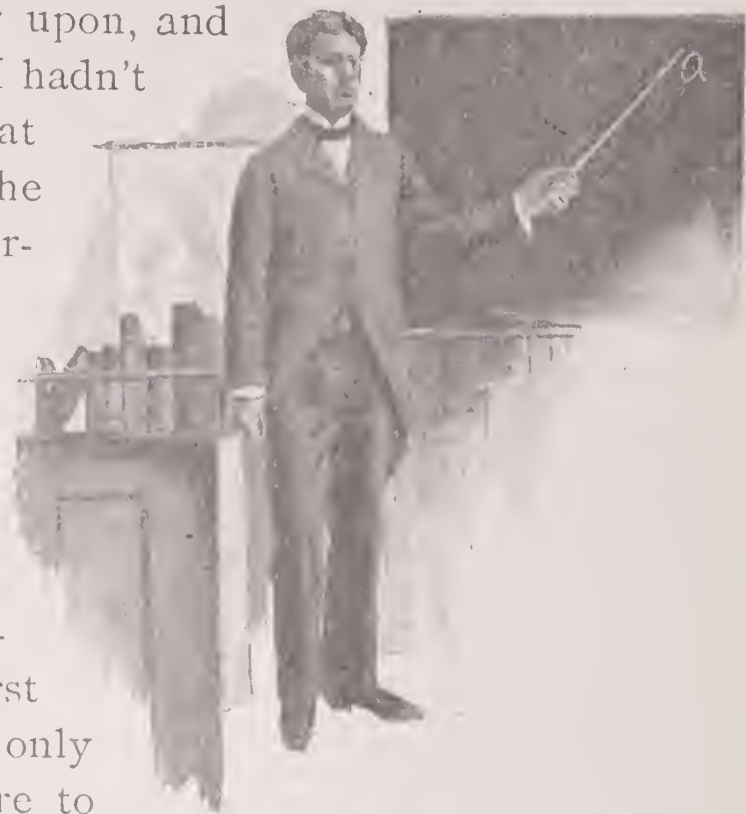
"Of course," said Mr. Packard, "I became interested at once, and at my request he told me the story, which I am sure will bear repeating.

"'I entered your school in the fall of 1857,' continued the stranger. 'I was about seventeen years of age, and had worn out the patience of all the good teachers in Albany. My father was discouraged and disgusted with me, and, when he saw your sign, and discovered that a new school had been started, he said to me, "There's one more chance for you. Try that, and, if you fail, you must take care of yourself." He took me to your school and told you my history, which I thought would disgust you; but it seemed only to interest you. The first lesson I got from you was a writing lesson. You had explained it from the blackboard and called particular attention to the formation of the small letter *a*. I remember your description of the letter, for it seemed to me so novel. You said, "There are two parts to this letter; one is the letter *o* and the other is the letter *i*. They are joined at the top, the *o* leaning up against the *i* as if for support, thus letting the light come up from beneath." I can see the letter now, as you placed it on the board. It

seemed so funny that I shouldn't have noticed that peculiarity, and, when I began to write, I took great pains to carry out the instructions. You came along, took up the sheet I was writing upon, and remarked: "My boy, you're going to succeed." I hadn't been used to this kind of treatment, and thought at first that you were jesting. Then you took the trouble to explain to me that I had carefully carried out your instructions.

"In fact, you said: 'There is not another student in the class who has been so faithful'; and then added: 'If you always remember so well what is told you, and try so hard to do it, you will be a prize scholar.' I made up my mind, from that moment, that you should not be disappointed in me; and when I afterward took the first premium for "excellence in penmanship," the only drawback to my joy was that you were not there to witness the truth of your prediction. Afterward, I came to New York to get business, and succeeded with the first effort, on account of my good penmanship. When the war broke out, I went into the service and was at once transferred to the commissary department, *because I wrote so well*; and so I served the country with my pen instead of my gun, and got out without a scratch. When the war was over, I had no difficulty in finding work, and have been fortunate enough to place myself beyond want. Now I have told you all about it, and am glad.'"

Henry Clews, the New York banker, said, in part, on this same point: "I am always ready to consider applications for positions in my office from bright, intelligent boys from sixteen to eighteen years of age. Such boys should have had a complete course in the common schools, and then they could have some associates who would vouch for their good conduct and integrity. In my employ there are about one hundred and fifty young men, and they were all able to answer the requirements I have stated. I invariably ask young men to make their applications in their own handwriting, and I make my preliminary selections on the score of their chirography. I regret to say that the value of legible penmanship in this connection is often underrated in America. In England it is otherwise. There, writing of the copperplate style is insisted upon. I would advise young men seeking positions to practise good penmanship. It is a valuable thing,—almost a necessity. The first position that I held in New York was with Wilson G. Hunt and Company, who had advertised for an assistant bookkeeper. I was told that I was engaged because of my penmanship. That was the beginning of my Wall Street career."





"I secured," says a correspondent of "Success," "a position for a young man in a large commercial house. The young man was proficient and energetic. He was a pleasant and successful salesman. He made friends, both of many customers and his employers. About one year after the date of his entry into this business, his department manager and buyer resigned. The young man was promoted to the vacated place. Then what happened?"

"Having been a somewhat backward pupil at school, and leaving his studies early, the young man was a sorry novice at ordinary business correspondence. His spelling was crude, his composition faulty, and the house, priding itself on being above criticism, could not afford to have such a condition continue. The buying was first removed to another's charge, and finally our young friend resigned, because injured and discouraged by his own intellectual inability. He has since taken steps to remedy his faults in this direction, and will yet succeed, in spite of early indifference."

An English correspondent writes: "There is much complaint among London clerks because their places are taken by young men from Germany who crowd them out of employment. One of the reasons for their displacement is the superior training of their rivals. To illustrate this I will cite the case of a young Hollander who arrived in London two or three years ago and obtained an important clerkship. He had received at home a thorough business education. He was an expert accountant and bookkeeper, and also stenographer and typewriter. He could speak and write four languages: English, German, French, and Dutch.

"It was not strange that a clerk with so many accomplishments secured a good position and kept it. What was remarkable was his zeal in enlarging his resources as a linguist. Not satisfied with his familiar acquaintance with four languages, he devoted his evenings during his first two years in London to the study of Spanish and Italian. He now has at his command six languages.

"The business in which he is employed requires him to keep accounts in every European currency, and to read and answer correspondence in all these languages. He can take down in shorthand a dictated letter from the head of the house, and translate it into German, French, Italian, Spanish, or Dutch, as the case may be. He can also be sent abroad on a business errand, and not be at any disadvantage from lack of familiarity with the language of the country.

"English clerks do not have this practical training for commercial business. They are not taught at school three languages beside their own, and their preparation for practical business as accountants, stenographers, and typewriters is defective and inadequate, in comparison with that furnished by the German method. Consequently the foreigners

swarming into London from Hamburg and Amsterdam take the places for which they are better fitted than their English rivals.

"London, as the metropolis of the world's trade, is brought into close relation with every country in Europe. The best commercial training is required for mercantile life there, and young clerks from Hamburg and Amsterdam who settle in London, bringing with them three or four languages, invariably secure employment, even when thousands of English clerks are out of work.

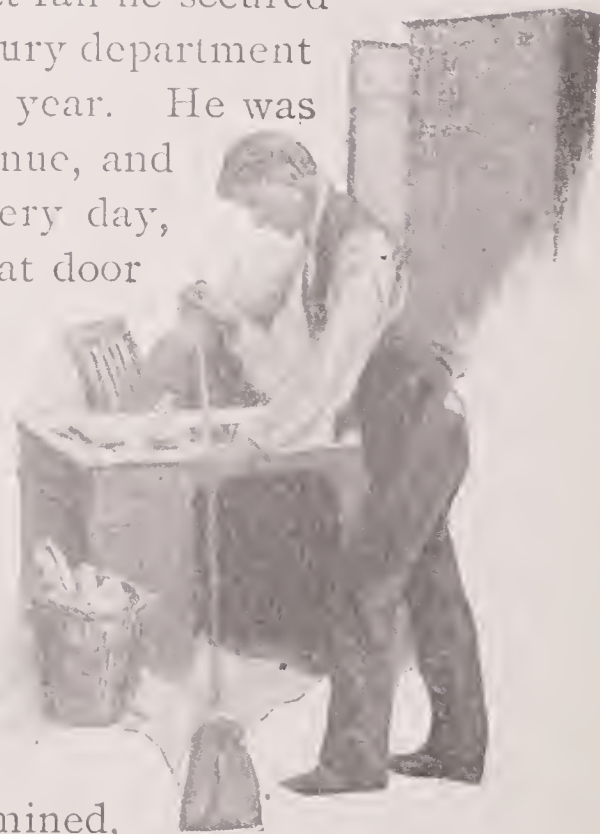
"The young Hollander to whom reference has been made earns about fifteen dollars a week. These are low wages for so expert an accountant and so accomplished a linguist; but he thrives even on his low wages, and lays by a good share of them every year.

"This is a true story. It may open the eyes of some American clerks who think that they are well fitted for success in business, and are having a hard struggle."

Milton E. Ailes, assistant secretary of the treasury, was the oldest of ten children in a Sidney, Ohio, family, and his father was poor. Milton was enabled, however, to go through the Sidney High School. During the summer of 1886, when he was eighteen years old, he was, temporarily, editor of the weekly "Valley Sentinel," of Sidney. That fall he secured an appointment to be an assistant messenger in the treasury department at Washington, at seven hundred and twenty dollars a year. He was assigned to the office of the solicitor of internal revenue, and used to sweep out the room and adjoining corridor every day, after four o'clock, and polish the brass handle of the great door at the north front of the treasury building.

Within a short time he began to study law, attending evening-school lectures in the city. Four years later, he was admitted to the bar. He was then appointed a law clerk at one thousand dollars a year. In 1890, he was promoted to a clerkship at twelve hundred dollars a year, handing in a set of examination papers that averaged within six per cent. of perfect. In 1891, he took another examination, and was marked 96.30 per cent., the highest of thirty persons who were examined, and was appointed to a clerkship at sixteen hundred dollars a year. When Secretary Gage became the head of the treasury, in 1897, and Frank A. Vanderlip was made assistant secretary of the treasury, Mr. Ailes was appointed private secretary to Mr. Gage, although they had been strangers to each other until the beginning of the McKinley administration. In three years he became assistant secretary of the treasury.

It cannot be said that Mr. Ailes had a "political pull" that pulled him through from point to point. He was intellectually bright, and a





hard student. He studied law, while doing eight hours a day of routine work by which to earn his living. He passed his successive civil service examinations with high rank, because he was bright and a hard student. His education has paid; and, without it, he would still be working as a messenger at seven hundred and twenty dollars a year.

A photographer writes:—

“If I could obtain the services of eight or ten young men who have studied chemistry as applied to photography, and who have attended some recognized art school, I could give them positions in my studio. But unfortunately, such men are not obtainable. There are hundreds of photographers, so called, whose services can be secured at any time. But those who understand the art from both scientific and esthetic standpoints are decidedly rare. The young man who will take my hint can always obtain employment, either in my studio or in those of my colleagues.”

A recent writer says:—

“Those who contend that brains are no longer wanted in shops will no doubt be surprised at the statement that to-day a great many positions of good pay in all sorts of engineering industries are seeking for men to fill them. An agency that procures situations for technical men and the higher class of mechanics has on its books dozens of applications that it cannot fill. This shows nothing new. A really capable man is rarely out of a position. Then, the conditions of business are better than for several years, and comparatively few who want work are without it. It is encouraging to men endeavoring to fit themselves for more responsible work to know that the demand for quality is constantly growing, and not only is there to-day a wider field for the bright, wide-awake man, the capable young engineer, and the man with good ideas of design than ever before, but the field is continually enlarging.”

Not one word does this writer say of a continually enlarging field for young men who are not bright, wide-awake, and hard students. There is no calling in life in which one is not benefited, as to his earning power, by studious habits and the acquisition of such knowledge as pertains to the higher positions in that calling.

In New York, a net income of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars annually was earned by a firm. But one of the partners, with rare foresight, concluded that the business was capable of large expansion if he could come into possession of certain technical knowledge. Leaving his partner in charge of affairs, he entered a university in Germany, and for four years applied himself assiduously sixteen hours a day, as only one will do who has a great object in view. A few years later his most sanguine expectations were realized. He became a leader in his particular line, and the profits of the business were increased tenfold.

Will it pay to go to college?

At the outset, examine the census. It appears by this that ninety-two per cent. of our population gain a livelihood by manual labor. Only eight out of a hundred enter upon business or professional life. If your life-work is that of one of the ninety-two, and, if elementary schooling is all that you can easily secure, there are open many paths for acquiring more education, but a college course is rarely one of them. If, however, your life-lot is to be with the eight in a hundred, it will pay to go to college, or to secure an advanced grade of technical training. Many of the colleges to-day have features in common with the great technical schools.

Many mere money-makers have succeeded well without an advanced education, and among them the theory often obtains that elementary schooling is enough, and that distinctive business training should begin at the age when a youth usually goes to college or to a preparatory school. Let this be as it may, mere money-making is not the highest kind of success.

For him who aims to secure the highest development of his faculties, anticipates the joy of achievement, has a worthy life-purpose, and makes it the grand goal of an educational course to fit himself for upbuilding society and the state, no course of schooling can be too extensive.

"As a rule," said Benjamin Disraeli, "the most successful man in life is the man who has the best information."

What a contrast there is between the cultured, logical, profound, masterly reason of a Gladstone and that of a hod-carrier who has never developed or educated his reason beyond what is necessary to enable him to mix mortar and carry bricks! The difference between the two is — carried back to its ultimate causes — a difference in education.

When I speak of eight men out of a hundred, throughout the nation as engaged in other services of mankind, through advanced, mental labor, I might speak of them as men of selected lives, set apart for the conduct of different affairs from those that commonly fall to those engaged in manual labor. In saying this, no disrespect is cast upon the ninety-two; it is the mere statement of the fact. Here we find eight men in the hundred who are to gain a livelihood by intellectual activity, in business or in professional life; such men cannot afford to do without a college course or the most advanced education that is obtainable. Their intellectual tendencies, their inborn leadership, will lead them to enroll themselves with those who seize upon the advantages offered by colleges.

Charles F. Thwing, in an admirable paper, calls attention to one point not always duly emphasized, — that a college student puts his own personal work into his studies, and into all the conditions that make up his col-



lege life; but he takes out of the college far more than his own investment of time and work,—he takes out of it the work which his teachers and comrades put into the college, and these elements are of far greater significance than his own individual work would be, if it were not thus supplemented. He becomes in this way an organic part of a great guild of highly educated men, whose work for advancing the highest interests of mankind has been carried on during many centuries, upon whose roll are the most eminent names of all ages.

Great men reached the heights, for the most part, through an early education which not only gave them a good start, but also enabled them to progress more rapidly than others, and to reach greater positions than others.

William T. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, is authority for the statement that the chances of success, in respect to securing and holding the most influential positions in a highly civilized community, are, for properly educated persons, as two hundred and fifty to one over the uneducated. This statement is based upon an analytical study of name lists that comprise the most eminent citizens of the nation, in a cyclopedia of biography. President Thwing, I think, first published these statistics.

I have also seen another calculation based upon the per cent. of American youth who go to college, and the per cent of leading positions that are at a given time held by college graduates, showing that two-thirds of the positions are occupied by perhaps only two per cent. of the population; that is, by the two per cent. which is most thoroughly educated.

A very wealthy man in one of the western states says: "I worked in the summer to earn money, and worked in the winter for my board, and studied. I went to school only one winter after I was fifteen years of age, but I was always studying books and men and things. If I had received a college education, I could have gone to Congress. I could have succeeded in many ways where I have failed."

"This does not mean that a two-thousand dollar man can be made out of a two-cent boy by sending him to college," says Rev. N. D. Hillis. "Education is mind-husbandry; it changes the size, but not the sort."

A lawyer of considerable influence says: "I do not think there has been a day in twenty years that I have not felt the need of more education. By personal and hard work, I have acquired something additional to the schooling of early years, but I am far from contented with my outfit in this regard."

Chancellor James R. Day, of Syracuse University, in referring to one's fitness for life's work, and the making or finding a position in which to do the work, says: "The size of yourself and the thorough-

ness and the genuineness of yourself will determine your orbit. A puff ball cannot sail through the orbit of Jupiter. All the diameters between the two are determined by the density, the quality of each star. Men talk about fortune and friends and many adventitious aids to success. There often is a mistake as to what success is. But men of power and quality who have what the world wants cannot be suppressed. Launch a star and it will find the orbit of a star. There are infinite and unalterable laws upon which it may depend to find its orbit. But it must be a star. And it will make its own orbit by what it is. That will determine its relation to all other stars and the field of its own eternal movements."

"Wisdom," says Rev. N. D. Hillis, "comes to all young hearts who as yet have no past, before whose feet lies the stream of life, waiting to bear them into the future, and bids them reflect that maturity, full of successes, is only the place where the tides of youth have emptied their rich treasures. He whose yesterday is full of industry and ambition, full of books, conversation and culture, will find his to-morrow full of worth, happiness, and friendship."

The preparation of stars for their orbits and of orbits, for their stars, is closely connected with the highest ranges of mind-building works in the world's great universities. What one learns in his college days, of language, of history, or the details of scientific study, may die out of memory; but the enriched and beautified life and the gift of power will endure forever.

KNOWLEDGE, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

HE WHO binds  
His soul to knowledge, steals the key of heaven.

— N. P. WILLIS.

THE wish to know,—the endless thirst,  
Which even by quenching is awaked,  
And which becomes or blessed or cursed,  
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked.

— MOORE.

LET knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before.

— TENNYSON.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!

— YOUNG.

THE helm may rust, the laurel bough may fade,  
Oblivion's grasp may blunt the victor's blade;  
But that bright, holy wreath which learning gives,  
Untorn by hate, unharmed by envy lives.

— GRAHAME.



# JOURNALISM AND THE SORT OF CAREER IT OFFERS

By HENRY WATTERSON  
Editor Louisville "Courier-Journal"

(INTERVIEW)



THE newspaper is passing through a period of transition. The old order of partisan journalism, sometimes very brilliantly written, has yielded to the journalism of the extraneous and sensational order, conducted for the most part by robust, ill-educated men, working under pressure, and too often under more or less venal direction and ulterior motive. There is lacking in many cases a proper pride in vocation, such as we find in what are called the learned professions. Thorough-going self-respect, thorough-going sense of responsibility, and thorough-going love of truth for truth's sake, are wanting; and, on every side, we see levity and slovenliness culminating in chronic inaccuracy and occasional malevolence. The little papers

copy the big ones, and the result is that the history of yesterday is ill-told and full of error, having little method, and perfectly illustrating Dr. Rush's famous description of the press as "that vehicle of disjointed thought."

While this has become a general condition, there are happily many exceptions to it among newspapers, and the number of such papers is growing steadily. The time will come when newspaper proprietors will very generally accept the truth that integrity is the first principle of journalistic success, disinterestedness the second, and cleanliness the third.

The word integrity needs no explanation. By disinterestedness I mean entire absence of personal considerations in newspaper editing. The growth of political ambition in an editor, for example, is the measure of his loss of influence in editorial work. A newspaper, to reach a high plane of usefulness, must have behind it a man who sincerely believes that his paramount editorial duty is to the public. I do not mean by this that the newspaper should set itself to remove all abuses or to reform the world. It should not attempt the impossible; but it can print the truth. This should be its primary aim.

We often hear of conflict in a newspaper establishment between the editorial office and the counting-room. In the latter is undoubtedly

located the helm of the journalistic craft, for a newspaper is, first of all, a business institution. But, just as a vessel can be steered better and made to reach her destination more quickly if the sails are so rigged as to have free play and catch all the breeze, a newspaper can attain a sure and permanent place in the public regard by the unhampered expression of honest and sensible conviction. If a newspaper's business principles are wholly honorable, they need not conflict in the slightest degree with the principles upstairs. It goes without saying that a newspaper's purposes should be above reproach. Putting the matter on the low ground of policy alone, it may be stated with certainty that dirty money never pays.

Publishers will see in time,—many of them have long seen,—that what you call the counting-room influence will not only coöperate with honest editorial intentions, but will compel them. If the editor be not a proprietor, exercising original jurisdiction, it will pay those who employ him to give him plenary power and to permit him to consider the character of his work from the standpoint of public as well as personal accountability. The departmental system should be extended and amplified. Each bureau should have a competent and reliable head. Proofs of the whole should pass through responsible hands before going to press. In my opinion, this will be the rule of the future newspaper, and, as it becomes so, will journalism become no less a learned profession than medicine or the law. There is no reason why a man of high ambition and scholarship should not be an excellent journalist, starting at the bottom, and climbing through the various stages of the work to the top. There are, of course, men of this stamp now in the field, but to attract them in large numbers, there must be surer work and better pay, and there ought to be a pension system.

In journalism, as in war, young men achieve the real feats. There ought to be provisions for the meritorious old men. I wonder that some movement to establish a home for disabled and veteran newspaper men has never been inaugurated. Such an institution is greatly needed. Mr. Carnegie, for example, could not divert a fraction of his spare millions to a better or more far-reaching purpose. Every year many men who have long buffeted the waves of the journalistic rapids become exhausted and sink, to be seen no more. They are not necessarily dead. They have simply made so long a journey that their aging legs are tired and can no longer hold the pace; so, like exhausted soldiers, they drop by the wayside. A few journalists have made widespread reputations and are remembered in their graves; a vast majority, even most of those whose names have reached the public ear, are forgotten before they die. This is because a newspaper man's yesterdays are of slight avail to him. What he has done in the past counts for little in weighing his services of



to-day. His reputation does not, by a cumulative process, become a substantial structure like that of the lawyer or physician, upon which the latter may rest comfortably when his days of activity are over. Every morning the newspaper man in the ranks must begin anew. As the years pass he finds that he cannot begin with quite the old vim and energy. His employers, likewise, make this discovery, and he is superseded by younger men. At an age when a toiler in another vineyard may be enjoying the fruits of his long labor, the average newspaper man is superannuated. Like Othello, his occupation's gone, and he is unfitted for any other.

I have heard it said that newspaper experience is an excellent training for business or for a profession like the law. This, I think, is far from the truth. The newspaper man acquires, through his work, a good deal of knowledge, usually superficial, of men and things; he becomes "worldly wise," but, while the minds of men in more stable occupations are receiving a most essential discipline, the newspaper worker's mental development is usually along lines which are far from disciplinary. He bows to no authority, and acquires an unsystematic and irregular mode of life. The lawyer must accept and shape his course by the decisions of the court; the doctor must often yield to the conditions of patients; the merchant must study to please his customers. Their freedom of thought and action is restricted in a much greater degree than is that of the newspaper man. When the latter attempts to do similar work he speedily comes to a painful realization of this fact. He is impatient of unaccustomed barriers, and usually scores a failure.

From what I have said, it may be inferred that I do not advise a young man to go into newspaper work under present conditions. None of my three sons is a journalist. But, after all, the question as to whether a youth shall enter the newspaper field depends largely upon the youth. Some men are born for the work, and to advise them to take up another calling would be both futile and foolish. But the generality of newspaper workers cannot have special and distinguishing gifts for journalism. Any success which may come to the latter must be achieved by dint of hard and careful work, and it is most decidedly to their interests that the conditions in the newspaper field become more stable and regular, that journalism as a profession be put upon a firmer basis. There can, of course, never be such discipline in newspaper work as in the army, in banking, or in any business conducted according to a fixed system during hours of daylight. But there need not be so much of Bohemianism, and in the future I think there will not be. Certain it is that no employment offers greater premium to regularity and self-control, and imposes deadlier penalties upon carelessness and intemperance.

A newspaper worker in the town or small city is more likely to "pursue the even tenor of his way" than is the young man on the staff of a great city paper. Position is surer, competition is less fierce, and life generally is less strenuous in the smaller communities. While no man can be sure of what he may and may not be able to accomplish under the developing influences of urgent and exacting circumstances, it is safer and better for one who does not feel that he possesses unusual ability to remain in a quiet town, as a newspaper worker, than to embark on the tempestuous sea of journalism in a great city. This is particularly true if he be a man with a family and finds his chief pleasure in a tranquil, domestic life. But if he is of restless spirit, always craving for new fields to conquer, new obstacles to surmount, and feels stirring within him a superabundance of energy that can find no adequate outlet in the humdrum work on the home paper, he may as well attempt metropolitan journalism, for he will never be content until he does. The chances are, of course, that he will never rise above the crowd, and in this case his life will be much harder and less satisfactory than if he had remained in the quiet town. On the other hand, he may possess the marked journalistic ability which will be recognized nowhere so quickly as in the great center, and he may attain a position that will give him a broader, more active, and more influential life than could ever have been his in the home town. But this question must be solved, like that other as to whether a young man shall enter journalism, solely on the circumstances of the individual case.

A man of brilliant talents and sterling character cannot, after all, conceal himself from view. Whether in the city or in the country, he will become conspicuous, and in the degree that he is an independent man, his own master, he will be both loved and hated. The good or evil of such a man depends, not upon the particular locality in which he lives, but upon his purposes in life and the use he makes of the opportunities which are sure to come to him.

The basis of success in journalism are good habits, good sense, and good feeling, a good education, particularly in the English branches, and application both constant and cheerful. All success is, of course, relative. Good and ill fortune play a certain part in the life of every man. If Hoche or Moreau had lived, either might have made the subsequent career of Napoleon impossible. But honest, tireless, painstaking assiduity, may conquer ill fortune, as it will certainly advance good fortune. In the degree that a man adds to these essentials large talents,—special training, breadth of mind, and reach of vision,—his flight will be higher.



## THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER

*Representative Opinions and Practical Advice to Young Authors from William Dean Howells, Edgar Fawcett, Amelia E. Barr, the late Charles Dudley Warner, Winston Churchill, Edwin Markham, Louise Chandler Moulton, James Whitcomb Riley, Edward S. Ellis, Beatrice Harraden, Anthony Hope, W. Clark Russell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Many Well-known Publishers*



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE chances for success in literature are brighter to-day than ever before. The young man or young woman who wishes to take up a literary career has many more opportunities to place his work before the public now than he had a few years ago. There are more publishers and more magazines than there used to be, and all of these are on the lookout for new talent and fresh ideas. Because a writer is unknown to the publisher is no longer a reason for his manuscript being rejected without consideration; in fact, if anything, it is even more carefully considered on this very account. Editors and publishers take a certain pride in bringing out new authors; they like to be the means of discovering hitherto unsuspected genius.

A glance over the authors' names in any publisher's list of books will bear this statement out. Many a writer who occupies a prominent place in these catalogues was wholly unknown a year or two ago. It will also be noticed that many, in fact most, of the very successful books of to-day were written by new authors.

Competition in authorship is just as keen as it is in any trade or business, and those who would make literature their profession must have something new and interesting to say. There are many writers struggling for a foothold on the ladder of success, and it requires originality, talent, and an ability to persevere, to secure a high place upon it. Possessing these qualities and an irresistible desire to express the thoughts that are in him, a writer will usually get his work published, and thus have the opportunity to test the public's appreciation of what he has to say. If, after thus safely passing through the ordeal of editorial judgment, a work is found by the public to be new and original, it will be heartily welcomed and have a large sale.

The novel, the poem, and the juvenile story are the three forms of literature most attractive to a young writer, and therefore it will be inter-

esting to see what the most prominent authors in these directions have to say to those who would win success in their particular lines.

W. D. Howells, the best-known American novelist, when asked what suggestions he would give to fiction writers, said:—

“In the first place, the young man or young woman who wishes to be a novelist should have a natural aptitude for writing, and a love for the work. Then he or she should have all the education possible to secure. A college training is not by any means absolutely necessary, although it certainly is desirable. The fact that about two-thirds of the American and English authors have not attended college, shows that a writer may win success without the benefits that a university education affords. Every young author must work, work as hard as he can, and persistently strive for recognition.

“The new writer, in these days, has no difficulty in getting his work to the attention of the publishers. All he has to do is to submit it, and if it is presented in proper form he can be assured that it will receive consideration. He can either offer it himself or put it in the hands of a literary agent to submit it for him.

“An author should by all means make a specialty of a certain class or classes of work and should make himself proficient along those lines. If a novel writer, he should confine himself to the kind of fiction he prefers and therefore can write best.

“Serial publication of a novel before its appearance in book form is of great advantage to an author, for, unless it is a very successful story, he can get ten times as much money for the serial rights as will be realized from the sale of the book.

“Some authors dictate their stories to a stenographer, but, as a general rule, I do not think they can do as good work in this way.

“In conclusion, I would say that the new writer's chances for succeeding in his chosen work are very much brighter to-day than they ever were before, because there are more markets for his wares, and, therefore, more opportunities for him to make himself heard.”

Edgar Fawcett is another veteran novelist, and from him we may gain much practical counsel:—

“A young man or woman who desires to join the multitudinous ranks of our present story-tellers, should, in the first place, gird himself with an indefatigable patience. I remember, when quite a young man, finding it so difficult to embody a short magazine story in just the language and mode of narration I wanted, that the entire summer had passed before I wrote *finis* to my work. There is no use in supposing that flexibility, fluency, and economy of phrase will come without copious and incessant practice. Meditation is vitally important to the most permanent quality of letters, and it is doubtful whether any real masterpiece was ever produced without it.



"Next, I should counsel the young author to select a story worth the telling. I do not mean by this an elaborate, or even ingenious 'plot.' Such plans of story-writing have very justly gone out of favor, except among readers of a rather vulgar and ignorant kind. The result that should be aimed at, however, is a dramatic and interesting combination of events, brought about by the influences of the various characters and personalities, one upon another,—a tale springing out of what the *dramatis personæ* really do and are, and not one which reads as if the author had thought of his incidents first and afterward tried to make certain fictitious human beings fit them. I should advise, too, being realistic wherever you can, and at the same time avoid triviality. Some of the modern novelist's finest effects are produced by a simple, severe realism. But remember that, while fact is truth, truth is not by any means always mere fact. I think imagination and passion the two highest and finest equipments that a novelist can possess; and if the constructive, creative imagination be absent from any story-teller, there is that something lacking in him which places him among the ranks of inferior artists."

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, in telling of how she came to take up the profession of literature, drops some excellent hints for the aspiring novelist. "Though I had written stories to please my children, and many things to please myself," she says, "it had never occurred to me that money could be made by writing. The late William Libbey, a man of singular wisdom and kindness, first made me understand that my brain and hands were security for a good living. From my first effort, I began to gather in the harvest of all my years of study and reading and private writing. There is this peculiarity about writing,—if, in any direction, it has merit, it will certainly find a market.

"For fifteen years I wrote short stories, poems, editorials, and articles on every conceivable subject, from discussions of Herbert Spencer's theories to descriptions of gentlemen's walking-sticks. To every piece of work, however, if it were only ten lines, I brought the best of my knowledge and ability; and so earned, with a great deal of pleasure, a very good living. During the earlier years of this time I worked and read, on an average, fifteen hours a day; for I knew that to make good work, I must constantly have fresh material; must keep up to date in style and method; and must therefore read far more than I wrote. But I have been an omnivorous reader all my life long, and no changes, no cares of home and children, have ever interfered with this mental necessity. In the most unlikely places I looked for books and found them. The fifteen years spent in writing for the monthly periodicals gave me the widest opportunities for information. I had an alcove in the Astor Library, and I practically lived in it. I slept and ate at home, but I lived in the City of Books. I was in the prime of life, but neither soci-

ety, amusements, nor pleasures of any kind could draw me away from the source of all my happiness and profit.

"Suddenly, after this long novitiate, I received a 'call' for a different work. I had an accident which confined me to my room, and which I knew, would keep me from active work for some months. I fretted for my work, as dry wood frets an inch from the flame, and said: 'I shall lose all I have gained; I shall fall behind in the race; all these things are against me.' They were all for me. A little story, of what seemed exceptional merit, had been laid away, in the hope that I might, some day, find time to extend it into a novel. A prisoner in my chair, I finished the book in six weeks, and sent it to a publisher. On Thanksgiving morning a letter was received from the publishers, accepting the book; it can be imagined what a happy Thanksgiving Day that was. This book was 'Jan Vedder's Wife,' and its great and immediate success indicated to me the work I was at length ready for. I was then in my fifty-second year, and every year had been a preparation for the work I have since pursued. I went out from that sick-room sure of my 'vocation,' with a confidence founded on the certainty of my equipment, and a determination to trust humanity, and take my readers only into green pastures and ways of purity and heroism. I ventured on my new path as a novelist."

The late Charles Dudley Warner believed in the value of newspaper work in the earlier training of a novelist. He said:—

"A few years' work on a daily newspaper forms the best training for a writer. By it the young man or woman gets very close to the world. It becomes possible to know what people of all classes are thinking about, and how they look at things. A newspaper reporter should make his every story the very best he is capable of writing, so that each will be at least a little better than the one that went before it. He should write with the same care he would exercise if he were writing something to which he was to sign his name. Meantime, outside reading must not be omitted by him, for it is very important. Newspaper work is likely to produce very harmful results, unless there is a flow of light from the best writers constantly illuminating the mind of the young reporter. If he is working in a large city, where schools and colleges are available, he should seek to study in one of them. Thus he will have a practiced hand to guide his reading.

"As to rules for writing, the best one I have ever known is this: Never write anything, if possible to avoid it, in the same way it has been done before. Shun hackneyed phrases. If a writer sticks to this, he is very soon likely to have a style of his own."

"I have always regretted that I have had no experience in practical journalism," says Winston Churchill. "Experience gained in that profes-



sion is invaluable to a man desirous of following a literary career. It creates and develops qualities that are essential to literary effort."

There is not so much encouragement for the writer of poetry in these days as there is for the writer in prose of any kind. Still, a real poet will be listened to, and his message will be heard, despite the obstacles in his path.

Edwin Markham, who, by his "Man with the Hoe" and numerous other very striking poems, has become the most successful of our poets, was good enough to contribute the following information and suggestions for those who write poetry:—

"The statement that a poet is born and not made is only partly true; he must be both born and made. That is to say, he must come into the world with a certain fineness and tension in his structure; and then he must have a certain training to bring him into the possession of his powers.

"Perhaps nothing is more important to the poet than a passionate heart, and a far-seeing eye. He must have both fervor and insight. He must have a feeling for Nature in all her moods and mysteries, together with a passion for humanity in all its sorrows and aspirations.

"The ordinary scholastic education may be helpful or harmful to the poet, all depending upon the spirit of his teachers. If they are dull formalists, if they deal only in the shells and shards of knowledge, they may chill the generous currents of his soul. If, on the other hand, they are alert, knowing that the universe is alive, and that God is momentarily present in the movements of nature and history, then they may help to awaken the poet's soul. The cold prose mind can neither understand nor instruct the warm lyric mind.

"After the verse-writer has assured himself that he has poetic feeling and expression, there is still, usually, a toilsome road before him to popular success. He must have the long purpose, and the strength to live unheard. In fact, to my mind, a poet has not in him the precious stuff of a great soul if he is much disturbed by lack of fame or fortune.

"To make himself heard, the poet must not be an imitator; he must strike out a new path. This does not mean that he should use archaic words and fantastic meters, but that he should give some fresh insight into life; a fresh sense of the mystery and wonder that surround the existence of man.

"After having done all this, it remains only to give his work to the world, in whatever way he can, and then to trust to the just apportionments of time.

"The kind of poetry that seems to be successful now is the sort that has always been successful—poetry weighted with passionate thought, and lit by the hues of the imagination."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has some encouraging words for the young poet.

"I think," says she, "that editors and publishers are always glad to get the work of new writers; provided, of course, it is good. For

instance, speaking on this subject, one of the most distinguished editors I know once said to me: 'Granted that two poems are absolutely equal in merit, we would rather have the poem of the new writer than that of the one who has been a long time before the public.' I believe, other things being equal, a young writer has the better chance, for he is just beginning to build up a reputation, and publishers like to have the credit as well as the profit of introducing new writers to the public."

James Whitcomb Riley, another successful poet, has these excellent suggestions to make on the prime requisites of success in literature:—

"The most essential factor is persistence — the determination never to allow your energy or enthusiasm to be dampened by the discouragements that must inevitably come. I believe that he is richer for the battle with the world, in any vocation, who has great determination and little talent, rather than his seemingly more fortunate brother with great talent but little determination.

"Many persons have spoken to me about Kipling's work, and remarked how wonderful a thing is the fact that such achievements could have been possible for a man comparatively so young. I say, not at all. What do we find when we investigate? Simply that Kipling began working on a newspaper when he was only thirteen years of age, and he has been toiling ever since. So, you see, even that case, when we get at the inner facts, confirms my theory, that every man must be 'tried in the fire,' as it were. He may begin early or late, and in some cases the fight is longer than in others, but of one thing I feel sure,—that there is no short-cut to permanent, self-satisfying success in literature, or anything else."

Writing for young people presents ample prospects for success to those who can learn to do good work of this kind. The competition is not so keen as it is in other directions, and, although the market is comparatively limited, first-class books for boys and girls are always wanted. One of the best-known writers of juvenile stories, Edward S. Ellis, has given us his views on the subject, and they will be found of value to those who contemplate writing for boys.

"As long as there are boys in the world," he says, "the right kind of boys' books will always be popular. Publishers pay well for stories that are clean, healthful, and natural. Boys love to read of adventure, and though the incidents may sometimes tread close to the improbable, they should never cross the line. Above all, they should inculcate manliness, truthfulness, obedience, and respect for those in authority. The Golden Rule should be the basis of all books for the young. I have no patience with the 'smart' boy who disobeys his teacher, deceives his parents, and plays mean tricks on his associates. It is as true of literature as of the





drama, that stories which tend to make boys better have a more lasting popularity than those of the opposite tendency. Of course, they should not be namby-pamby, milk-and-water dispositions, but the needful lessons should be taught by the incidents themselves. The author who has ability to meet these requirements is always sure of a good publisher and a big clientele."

Having seen what some of our successful authors have to say to their fellow-workers on the profession of authorship, let us turn to the publishers and learn how they look at it from their standpoint.

F. N. Doubleday, of Doubleday, Page & Co., when asked about the chances for young writers with the publishers, the kind of matter wanted, the terms of payment, and so on, said:—

"We are always glad to examine the work of unknown authors, and it is given very careful consideration. Every manuscript submitted to us, whether it is from an unknown or well-known hand, is examined by at least two readers. If it does not possess the qualities that in our opinion make for success—and these I should say are originality, good English, sincerity, and common sense—it is sent back. But should it seem to the two readers to be worth more consideration, it is handed to other readers, often four or five being called upon to pass judgment upon it. If it is considered favorably by all these critics and accepted, an arrangement is made with the author by which he is paid a royalty on every copy of the book sold, and this is usually ten per cent. of the retail price.

"It is difficult to say just what kind of novels are most in demand now. The taste of the reading public varies. Fiction of all kinds is in great demand, and next to that, good books on nature study are wanted. Works of travel formerly had a good sale, but they are not so popular now. Volumes of poems have very slight chances for success, and few publishers will risk their money upon them, for the reason that they do not sell. Only one book of poems during the past five years has had anything like a large sale, and that is 'The Man with the Hoe.'

"All manuscripts submitted to a publisher should be typewritten and made in every way thoroughly presentable. We dislike bad manuscripts. A soap manufacturer puts up his wares as attractively as possible,—why should an author send out his work in its most unpleasing form?"

A representative of D. Appleton & Co., who have brought out a number of new writers recently, made the following statement:—

"Historical fiction has been for some time in great demand, but this class of novel has probably been rather overdone, and descriptions of actual life seem likely to be taken up now. Aside from fiction, the kind of literature most likely to be successful at present is, roughly speaking, popular instructive books. Works of travel have not the vogue they had some years ago, and publishers do not care as much to handle them as they formerly did. Books of poetry are what is called 'a drug in the market,' for the reason

that they rarely sell. Kipling's 'The Seven Seas' is a shining exception to this. This volume of verse had a very large sale and continues to be most successful."

Pursuing the course of securing opinions directly from the publishers, the writer called next on Henry Holt & Co. "When we receive a manuscript," said a representative, "the usual course is to give it preliminary examination in order to learn if it is worthy of further consideration. If it seems to have merit, then it is passed on to special 'readers' for further examination and criticism. A manuscript is often read by three or four 'readers.' If the preponderance of opinions be decidedly in favor of publication, arrangements follow for bringing it out.

"It is difficult to describe just what a manuscript must be in order to make it acceptable, but, if it is deeply interesting and of good literary quality, the publisher is glad to secure it.

"The majority of manuscripts are published on the royalty basis. If a book proves successful, this is better for the author than outright purchase.

"Good novels are at present the best selling books. There are fashions in these as in other things. We have had the 'character study' novel, the 'romantic' novel, and, lately, the 'historical' novel, and it seems to be about time for another change.

"Outside of fiction, biographies and letters are selling as well as anything else of late. Books of travel are not, perhaps, as popular as formerly."

From conversations with other publishers, much additional information that will be of interest and value to the yet unknown author was gleaned. One publisher told of the number of copies of a novel that are usually issued as a first edition. He said that when the author is well known, or has a certain following of readers, his publishers could, without any risk, print a large edition; but when the writer has not yet made a reputation, only about 1,500 copies are brought out at first. If these sell, another edition of the same number is issued, and, if the sale continues, other and larger editions are printed according to the demand.

When asked how he accounted for the phenomenal sale of some novels, he said: "This is usually traced to something outside the merits of the book itself. Timeliness is generally the real secret. Current events or a public fad or mood in which a novel just fits will assert. If an author who can write fiction could only foretell the public mood, there would be no doubt about the great success of his book if he wrote it to fit that mood. Still, the best work is not done in this way. The only really good literature is that which comes from an author's brain spontaneously, gushes forth because it is there and must come out with-



out regard to whether it will please or displease the public. If it is strong, original, and possesses real merit, it will be successful, even if it does not strike a passing fad, for good work pays well, although it may not have an abnormal sale."

Another publisher gave some information in regard to the terms of payment for accepted books. He said that the ten per cent. royalty plan is sometimes misunderstood; while the writer of a \$1.50 book gets fifteen cents, the publisher has to sell the book to the wholesale dealer at forty per cent. off the regular price, or ninety cents,—in some cases fifty per cent. is given. Then, when the cost of composition, engraving, press-work, paper, and binding are reckoned, it will often be found that the publisher receives in profit little, if any, more than is paid the author as royalty.

In addition to the two methods already mentioned, a publisher will sometimes bring out a book at the author's expense. When this is done, instead of the publisher paying the author a percentage of sales, the latter pays a commission for the use of the publisher's name and his facilities for putting the book on the market. It is erroneously supposed by many persons that a publisher is willing to issue any book, no matter what its character or quality, if the author will assume all the risks. Reputable publishers, whose imprint is of any value, are jealous of their reputations, and will not attach their names to a book that they do not think worthy of publication.

Of the different publishing arrangements, the best for the author is the royalty plan. He should never allow himself to part with his copyright by selling his work outright.

Beatrice Harraden did this, and she has uttered a note of warning to other writers, to retain the copyright of their books. Through ignorance of publishing methods, she sold her novel, "Ships That Pass in the Night," outright to an English firm, who paid her twenty guineas down, and later, because of the success of the book, eighty guineas more, making, altogether, one hundred guineas. For the German edition she received \$100; and in this country, where the book was pirated everywhere, as there was no copyright here, she was able to secure only \$150, which one publisher paid her in order to announce his edition as authorized. Thus, she received about \$800 for a novel of which half a million copies were sold, while, if she had retained the copyright in her hands, she would have made something like fifty times as much.

It is always well for a fiction writer to first try his hand at the short story. There is always a good demand for work of this kind, and if the author can make some reputation in this way it will add materially to the chances of his novel being accepted. The short story, however, is

not easy to write. Some authors who have tried both say that it is more difficult than the composition of a novel.

In writing the short story, the first requirement is that it have a motive—a plot; then that this plot be worked out consistently and in an attractive style. The story must have a definite purpose, a definite aim, and whatever this is, whether it is to depict a certain character, describe a particular incident, or recount a strange adventure, everything must bend to this, lead up to it, help to enforce it, and all that does not bear upon it must be left out.

The style in which the controlling idea is presented, and the attractiveness of the picture shown in its unfolding, have fully as much bearing on the success of the short story as the cleverness of the plot.

The style may be strong and vigorous, or tender and sweet. It should reflect the author's individuality. The young writer should read all he can of the work of those who have gained success in this direction, note carefully their methods of expression, and search for the cause of the subtle, indefinable charm that pervades their stories. This will train his mind in the meaning and proper use of words. Then he should proceed to employ this knowledge in his own way, letting his individuality assert itself in the formation of a style of his own. He should express himself in a simple, straightforward way. There should be no striving after effect. If he knows just what he wants to say, and it is struggling within him for expression, he should let it flow freely, naturally, from his mind. Arlo Bates says: "Style is the personal impress which the writer inevitably sets upon his production. It is the expression of one man's individuality, as sure and as unique as the sound of his voice, the look from his eye, or the imprint of his thumb."

The characters in a short story are of the utmost importance, for it is what is called human interest that is most attractive to the general reader. The one, two, or three personages who figure most prominently in the story should be so drawn as to make them appear real, alive, with distinct personalities, so that the reader shall feel that he can see them and thus have his sympathies enlisted in their fortunes and misfortunes. In order to create this interest and sympathy in a character, the author should not go into minute detailed descriptions of him, but should rather let him reveal his personality in his actions and conversations.

For proper artistic effect, the length of the short story depends entirely upon the story itself, and it should have no more words, nor any less, than are actually required in its presentation. But from a commercial standpoint, that is, the standpoint of salability, it should be between 1,000 and 4,000 words. The editors of the magazines want their stories very short and those that come within this length have a much better chance of acceptance than have longer ones.



The prices paid by the magazines for short stories and serials vary greatly. Some will pay as low as four dollars a thousand words and others as high as twenty dollars per thousand, while there are some that pay from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars for a story, regardless of the number of words it contains, provided it falls within their limits, the amount depending upon its value to them.

When the young author is able to write short stories that are found worthy of a place in the magazines, he then can turn his attention to the more ambitious novel, and this will come easier to him for his training with the shorter form. In writing his novel he should, as far as possible, bring out strongly its dramatic possibilities, in order to make it available for publication as a serial before its appearance in book form, for the reason that, if it is accepted by both a magazine and a publisher, he will receive payments from two sources, and, as Mr. Howells says, he is likely to get ten times as much for the serial rights as he will realize from the sale of the book.

In the longer story, the relative importance of the style and plot are, to a certain extent, reversed. Anthony Hope says:—

“In my style of literature, the ability to invent a plot is the first requisite of success. Style is excellent; it can be acquired, I think, but it is absolutely useless without plot, and this is a natural gift. To have something to say is the first thing. Many people can say it. Some writers have a good style, but no merit of thought. Some have something to say; and, even if they say it poorly, it brings them success.”

In the novel, the characters are of as much, if not more, importance than in the short story. They should appear real, not only to the readers, but to the author. He must become wrapped up in them, and allow them to work out their own destiny without any apparent help from the writer. Mrs. Burton Harrison says:—

“In writing a story, the characters govern me, not I the characters. I may have the outline and ending of a book in my mind, but the characters take everything into their hands, and walk independently through the pages. I have always found it best to obey. The ending of ‘Anglo-Maniacs,’ which caused so much adverse criticism, was not as I had planned. I was helpless under the caprices of the characters. At first, I was displeased with the ending; but now, looking back upon it, I am well satisfied. If I did not believe in my characters I would be unable to write; for the time being I am living and observing a dozen lives.”

Owen Wister, a writer of stories of ranch life, is another who confesses to the hold the characters take upon him when he writes.

W. Clarke Russell, who wrote from life and observation, got the idea for his book, “The Wreck of the Grosvenor,” from what he saw at a

trial of some sailors who had mutinied because of the bad food supplied them. The men were sent to jail for terms ranging from three to five weeks.

"When I came away from the magistrate's court, after hearing the men sentenced," says Mr. Russell, "I found my mind full of that crew's grievance. I reflected upon how much of the hidden parts of sea life remained to be exposed to the public eye, to the advantage of the sailor, providing the subject should be dealt with in a romance. I found I must import the machinery of the petticoat. The pannikin of rum I proposed to offer must be palatable enough to tempt the lips of ladies to sip it. My publishers would want a market, and if they would have none of me I should write in vain; for assuredly I was not going to find a public among sailors. Sailors don't read; a good many of them can't read. Those who can, have little leisure, and they do not care to fill up their spare hours with yarns of a calling which eighty out of every hundred of them loathe. So I schemed out a nautical romance which should have a definite purpose and still appeal to the general public. In two months and a week I finished the story of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor.' "

When a manuscript is finished and ready for placing on the market, the author should either turn it over for disposal to a literary agent, who makes it his business to know what is wanted and where it is wanted, or make a careful study, on his own account, of the style of serial stories used in the various magazines and the character of books issued by the different publishers, so as to learn as nearly as possible to which magazine or publishing house his manuscript is most adapted. In this way the time and annoyance of offering it at places where it would not be at all suitable are saved.

But there are scores of cases where great successes have been made from books that were rejected by numerous publishers. "David Harum," "Mr. Barnes of New York," "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "The Wide, Wide World," "King Solomon's Mines," "Sartor Resartus," and "Archibald Malmaison" are examples of this.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says of rejected manuscripts:—

"Many a successful short story or poem passes through the reading department of a half dozen magazines and weeklies without having its merits discovered until a seventh editor accepts it. Poems of my own, which have later met with much favor from the public, I have seen return with a dejected and dog-eared air, from eight or nine offices, whither they had gone forth, like Noah's dove, seeking for a resting place. A charming bit of verse, written by a friend of mine, took twenty-one journeys from the maternal hand to the editor's table before it found an appreciative purchaser."



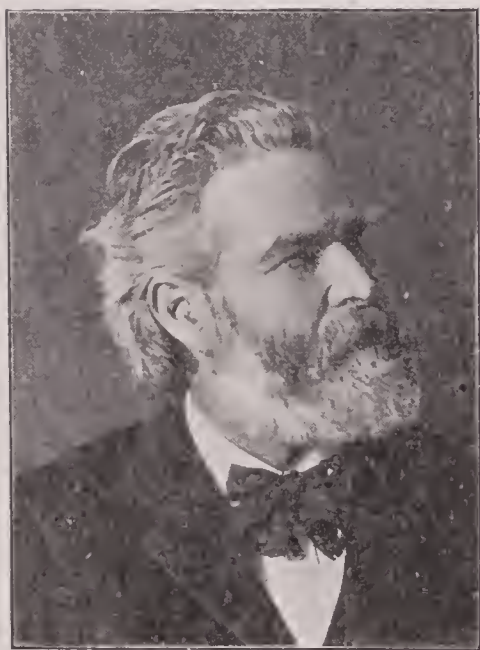
Whenever a manuscript comes back, it should be read over carefully to see if the cause of its rejection can be discovered in some inconsistency previously overlooked. Hall Caine revised his book, "The Shadow of a Crime," after each refusal. At last the verdict was "magnificent," but even then the *dénouement* had to be changed. "'If you kill that man Ralph, you'll kill your book,' I was told. So I rewrote the conclusion, and the story was accepted as a serial."

From what we have said, and from the statements of prominent authors and publishers, it will be seen that young men and young women have excellent opportunities for successful literary careers, if they have anything new to say and will cultivate their talents by careful reading, study, and observation.

## POETRY, AND WHAT THERE IS IN AMERICA FOR THE POET

By EDWIN MARKHAM

### I



CERTAIN critics are saying that poetry is doomed to perish, to be sponged out by the hand of science.

As well say that poetry will obliterate science, for each stands on its own ground, separate and secure, co-equal, eternal, like Jungfrau and Matterhorn. Others, again, are saying that the world of poetry has been exhausted by the poets themselves—that nothing new is left to see or to say. But this, too, is an idle word.

When Homer had given Troy to flame and immortality, no doubt there were those who said: "Poetry can no farther go." But after Homer was Æschylus, who came with gorgeous tragedy and sceptered pall; Dante, who journeyed the laborious way from the Infernal Pit up to the Rose of the Blessed; Shakespeare, who disclosed to us the long, sad, glad procession of humanity.

And who shall say that a fellow of these, if not a greater, shall not yet appear? Humanity is infinite, nature inexhaustible; the world is still young, wonderful, unfathomable. In spite of the searchlight of science, life is still veiled in immense mystery. Who has uttered all the secret of the sea; all the confidences of the stately, still, primeval woods? Who has given us all the youth and wonder of the morning? Who has

pillaged all the flaming beauty of the sunset? And has not the heart of man grown yet deeper, more unsearchable, with the process of the suns! Shall poetry perish? No; we have had as yet but the first few golden syllables of the inexhaustible Song of Life—the song from which the worlds arose.

## II

But who is the poet, the man who comes speaking some syllable of this mighty song? Certainly he is not a mere molder of golden meters and sugared rhymes; “a pleader of lovely and pleasant causes, nothing perilous.” No; if he is a poet worth while he enters with serious steps the chambers and gardens of the Muses. In his loftier moods, his words may well be said to be oracular, prophetic. In the youth of the world he appeared to his people as the impassioned seer. Religion, in the Vedas, the Eddas, the Scriptures, descended as a song, as a poetic vision of the Creative Man.

How far away from this august ideal of the poet is that cheap conception of him as a dexterous *dilettante*, a dainty ornament of the drawing-room, a picturesque lounge in a tavern, a dreamy idler mooning on a bank of violets. Yes; in his true function, he is one of the substantial forces in the world-movement; as essential to the growth and glory of a people as is a blossom to the pomegranate.

Of course, it is not alone this bard of prophecy and protest for whom there is need and place. There is room for the homely near-by poet, also, with his humbler ministries—for the lark or the wren that nests near the ground, as for the eagle clinging to the crag or circling to the sun.

So delicate, so daring, so elusive a craftsman as the poet can be described only imperfectly, and then only by use of many changing metaphors. The poet is a dweller between two worlds, the Seen and the Unseen, and he beholds objects and events in their large outlines. He never rests with the sensual, the apparent. He frees us from the tyranny of the moment. His mission is an eternal quest for the absolute reality and veracity behind the veil of the senses. The Fact needs the Ideal to give it genuine reality, as the body needs the soul. The ideal completes the fact, giving to it a new and larger reality. The fact is always a liar: it needs to be seen in full circle, as fact is only part of truth. The poet's device is that deep saying written upon an ancient page: “We look not at the things which are seen and temporal, but at the things which are not seen and eternal.”

To the poet, then, the world is not substance but symbol. Therefore, he is forever pressing on through the shows of things to the significant,



the permanent, the universal behind them. He ignores the mere shell and gives us the spirit and splendor. So his report is truer than history and deeper than science. A page of Homer gives us a deeper insight into Greek life than do a hundred pages of Grote. A canto of Dante gives us more of the heart of "the ten silent centuries" than do long chapters of Buckle. Symonds offers us many volumes on the Renaissance; but some brief monologue of Browning, perhaps, will give us more of its real essence, its spiritual aspiration, its clogging carnality. "Of all the writers under the sun," says bold Sir Philip Sidney, "the poet is the least a liar!"

It is indeed good fortune for us that the poet comes with power to open paths for our feet into the lofty places of the Ideal. For by these paths we escape from the hard monotony of our daily lives, from the iron despotism of the actual. Indeed, the ideal is more real and urgent than the fact, more essential to the needs of the soul. And the ideal must be preserved, even at the cost of martyrdom. When it perishes, the home will shrivel to a house, the grave to a pit, the nation to a horde. The poet's work, then, pulsing as it does with the ideal, is as practical as seed-sowing and house-building. What Novalis says of philosophy can well be applied to poetry: "She can bake no bread, but she can procure for us God, freedom, and immortality!"

So it is that the poet, dwelling on exalted heights, comes to judge the world as it is, in the light of the world as it ought to be; comes to infuse into the hearts of men the lofty courage of life; to create for their consolation and joy that nobler, "wilder beauty than earth supplies." So he gives us his "Tintern Abbey," his "Oberman Once More," his "Rabbi Ben Ezra," his "Men of England," his "Locksley Hall," his "Parable," his "Eve of Revolution"—poems that face the tragic facts of life, and help to build up the hope of the world. The poet is forever chastening our souls with a strange beauty, forever disturbing our easy optimism with a bugle of battle. He sends a noble discontent,—a divine impatience,—the impatience of the acorn to be an oak. Into the world of the Imperfect, he sends not peace but a sword—a sword bathed in heaven. He points away from the selfish, ephemeral concerns to the eternal concerns, thunders his averments that to be something is more than to get something; that to make a life is more than to make a living; that to be just, to be brotherly, are the highest interests of practical men.

### III

But where can the poet find the stuff of song? Does he need the great personage, the great spectacle, the great event? No; even simple things are great to the cunning listener and the far-looker. There is

poetry in the commonplace and the near-by, if one goes deep enough to find it. The lines of all things, seen under the revealing light of the imagination, run out into infinite orbits. All things somewhere touch infinity. To the seer no life is common or empty. To him the meanest life may come freighted with tragedy, with pathos, with beauty. The broken figure of an old woman leaning wearily against a wall may carry more import to the poet's eye than the pageant of a dead queen borne in purple to her sepulcher. To the poet the world is forever young, forever strange, forever springing up out of the abyss of wonder and mystery and silence. It is necessary only to look steadily, with the eyes of the heart, at any thing, for that thing to grow significant and impressive.

It all depends upon the soul that surveys. The genius, the man with the seeing eye, finds field for his powers in any nation, any epoch. The shallow mind is always waiting for a great crisis upon which to spend itself — "the woes of Thebes or Pelops's line." The discerning man sees the great in the little, the uncommon in the commonplace, the abiding in the fugitive. To Keats, a moldered urn calls up an hour of buried Hellas to live immortally in the memory of man. To Blake, a fly upon the leaf touches him with kindling sympathy and sends upon his heart a vision of the oneness and the wonder of all life. To Lowell, the aimless circling of the gold-fish in the globe calls forth a lyric scripture on the meaning and the mystery of existence.

#### IV

While it is true that the material of the poet is everywhere, still in our America there is an especial affluence for a noble poetry. The field, however, is not wholly virgin : a stray sickle from time to time has already touched the edges, from the sterile hour of Mistress Anne Bradstreet down to the greatening hour of Louise Chandler Moulton and Edith Thomas. We are clear of that old, weary time of artificial, second-hand, ready-made landscape, warmed-over emotion, and sucked-out philosophy. Our poets no longer walk by the Merrimac and the Charles to gather English primroses and hawthorne, or to listen to Philomel and the skylark! At last our poets have discovered America! The Rhodora, the dandelion, the wild poppy, now glow through their meters; the blue-bird, the bobolink, the mock-bird, now carol through their rhymes.

But not only have we flower and bird to tempt the poet's heart, but we have also beauties and glories, myriad and marvelous — mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, stretching a thousand leagues away — America . . . home! The mere vastness of our land appeals to the imagina-



tive passion. All the spaces and faces of our country, like the ideas of our people, have the large outline, the limitless sweep.

Our Niagaras, our Sierras, our Yosemite, our inland seas, our tragic deserts, our starless swamps, the tremendous journey of our Mississippi, the eternal thunder of our Oregon, the illimitable stretches of our prairies, the twilight silences of our primeval forests — from these must come our "As You Like It," our "Ode to a Skylark," our "Sunrise Hymn to Chamouni." And not all the leagues of Europe, from Land's End to the Golden Horn; not all the leagues of Asia, from Ararat to Fujiyama afford so white a field for a harvest of the Muses.

Of course we are not bereft of poets who have seen some of these larger grandeurs of our land and framed them into song. We have Emerson's "Monadnock," Lanier's "Marshes of Glynn." Hamlin Garland has sung the prairies; Joaquin Miller, the Sundown Seas. But there are yet long reaches of land and water and sky untouched by song. They await the hour when some poet with a splendid word shall give them to man and to immortal memory.

It is the poets of the Old World who have cast the color of romance upon the yellow Tiber, the blue Danube, the brooks of Vallombrosa; who have irradiated the dark pines of Pelion and Ossa; and to the Ægean given a lyric fame that shall endure —

"Till glory and song and story and all things cease."

It is the poet who has given immortality to the towers of Notre Dame, the arches of the Colosseum, the dungeons of Chillon. And it is the poet who must give to the beloved paths and places of America a fadeless charm, a fair eternity.

## V

And our people, they too are unique and picturesque, made of the mixings of all the tribes of men. As they will gather at the last trump in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, so they are gathered here — Caucasian, Malay, African, Mongolian; men from Moses's land, Homer's land, Dante's land, Goethe's land; from the land of Omar, of Cervantes, of Hugo, of Ibsen, of Turgenieff.

This blending of many nations into one new nation gives a fresh impulse to literature, a new basis for poetry. From this massing and adjusting and inbrothering, spring new activities and audacities of the soul; new purposes, new perils. Out of this melting pot of the race, with its traditions, its superstitions, its nobilities, its vulgarities, its seething potentialities of good and evil, must come an organic unity — a new type of man. And it is the flame and hammer of imagination that must accomplish this mighty mixing and molding. Through the power of

imagination God made and poised the worlds. Through the power of it, men and nations are banded and held in social unities. It was imagination that shaped and held together that stupendous dream of the Middle Ages—the Holy Roman Empire. It was imagination, fired by poet and fed by tradition, that fused England into a solid wall that has held against time for nearly a thousand years. And it is the imagination that must shape the plastic clay of our commonwealth into a stuff that will endure the chances and changes of time.

Great, then, is the opportunity—shall I say the duty?—of the poet of democracy. The old nations are partly held to solidarity by the iron bands of custom and heredity, by the pressure of ages. But, in the Old-World sense, we have no custom, no heredity. We must be held in oneness by the power of the Idea—the idea of progress and fraternity. Let the American poet hold aloft that great Idea, till we shall feel that we are not only compatriots but also brothers—that we are conscripts of one heroic hope, comrades of one destiny.

America furnishes to the poet the inspiration of great achievement. She holds now high place in the constellation of nations; she has snatched secret powers from the forces of nature; she is on her way to vast victories in the markets of the world. It is to the poet that we must look for an interpretation of the glories of our stronger Carthage, our greater Tyre. It is he who will throw upon our patent office reports, our census returns, our ledger accounts, and our enlarging maps, some light from the ideal; who will speak the spiritual significance of events. It is he who in the perils of our prosperity must keep alive in the people a faith in the unworldly enterprise, "the unprofitable risk."

Our America lacks one source of poetry—a shadowy antiquity; the shrines, ruins, and memories, of a long-reaching, fateful, and pathetic past.

As a nation we are only in the youth of things. It was but yesterday, as run the calends of time, that we set our adventurous faces toward the western wilderness. It was but yesterday that the little brigs of England folded weary wings at Plymouth Rock, and the caravels of Spain went blundering up the coast of the Californias. Brief as our past is, it nevertheless holds men and events worthy of song and story. Thus far we have an epic of the Indian, a genial rhyme for the Yankee, a pastoral for the Puritan, a dithyrambic for the *Camerado*. But there wait unsung many an idyl and epic of the home-making of the Pioneer, of the gold-seeking of the Argonaut, of the passing of the Spaniard, of the chaining and the unchaining of the African.

But, if America has no spacious past, she has a spacious future. She has a Messianic mission to the nations of the earth. What poet's heart can fail to believe that she has been reserved to these later ages by the



Higher Power for some vast purpose, some transcendent manifestation? Here certainly is to be worked out the highest freedom that the world has ever known.

So Democracy comes as the supreme fact of the century. But the rise of the democratic spirit has sent new impulses, new accents, on all art. We are beginning to see the significance in the common and human. The sabot is pushing aside the purfled shoe; the blouse is obscuring the velvet mantle.

To the life of the people then, the life of the toiling millions, art is beginning to look for a new inspiration, a new courage, a new joy. Painters have caught its homely tragedy. Poets are realizing its terrible pathos, its tender beauty, its epical force. And with this new art ideal, a new economic ideal is beginning to demand a new world wherein I shall ask nothing for myself or my child that all others cannot have on equal terms. Man is progressing, but each step of his progress seems only to reveal new rights to demand, and new freedoms to conquer. We have achieved religious freedom and political freedom, and now we are in the early beginnings of a struggle for industrial freedom — the greatest struggle that has yet come upon civilization. It will not be the conquest of princes, but the conquest of poverties. But the realization of this new liberty will demand the sinews of heroes, the wisdom of sages, the passion of poets. The Crusades, the Christianization of Europe, the emancipation of chattel slaves in two worlds — all the moral adventures of the past are dwarfed in the presence of this new ideal that now begins to press upon the conscience of nations. Into this world-struggle the poet of America will be drawn for a new prophetic utterance.

The Book of Kings is closed and the Book of the People is opening. The old epic was "Arms and the man," but the new epic is Tools and the Man!

## ORATORY AS A MEANS OF CULTURE AND AS A PROFESSION

*By CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON*  
*President of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston*

IF I were asked my reason for giving the study of oratory an important place in the education of our young people, I would reply: because true oratorical culture is a preparation for the life-work of an individual, whatever may be the province of that work.

Oratory, as an art, is dignified, elevated, and inspiring. It is potent in its appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. It is the most personal of all the arts, in the sense that it is the one most inseparable from the personality of the artist. Hence, its development involves the personal culture of the individual.

What is demanded of the orator? He must have a message for the world; he must be able to direct all the powers of his being toward imparting that message. Here, then, we have the two-fold basis of true oratorical training: it must have reference to that quantity of being which we call character,—for one cannot express—"press out"—what is not within; and it must seek to lead out that which is within, through the avenue of the physical agents, in adequate expression.

"But," says one, "if character-building is inseparable from oratorical training, then I need not enter a special school to study oratory, for the end of all education is character." True; and if the educational scheme in your school is realizing its highest end, your oratorical powers are growing. Why, then, have I deemed it worth while to devote my life to teaching the art of oratory? Not primarily for the sake of the art itself, noble though it is; but because there is no other discipline to which the individual may be subjected that is so potent in developing the possibilities of the being as is the persistent endeavor to marshal all the powers, latent and actual, in adequate, spontaneous, expression. Character itself is dependent upon expression. Expression is necessary to evolution.

What do I mean by true oratorical training? I mean a continued process of holding beautiful and truthful objects of thought before the mind of an individual, while leading him to respond, in expression, to





the truth and the beauty. Is that all? No. Oratory is the art of influencing minds, by means of presence, gesture, and speech. Then this spontaneous expression must have an objective point. It must recognize other minds, in order to fulfill its highest end. The criterion by which an orator must be measured is this: to what extent does he influence his audience? It is never: Does his audience approve of him? What, then, is the ideal of the orator? To see truth in its relation to humanity; to be possessed by a burning desire and an unswerving purpose to serve humanity through the relation of truth; and to be the transparent medium through which truth may shine upon humanity. The latter ideal demands that the entire person be surrendered in perfect obedience to the dominant purpose of the soul.

By holding before us this ideal, which must eventually supersede all lesser motives in the teaching of oratory, we can arrive at an appreciation of the educational value of systematic training in oratory. In the first place, such discipline affords the only complete physical culture possible. The mission of the body is to serve the soul. We too often, in our thought, limit this office of the physical organism to a ministration to the lower, material wants of the person. We ask, is my body skilful and enduring in enabling me to provide for its wants? But this, although important, is not the highest ministration of the body. There is a higher ideal of physical perfection. Does my body serve me as a free channel through which I may move out upon the world? Is it a transparency through which the soul may shine unhindered? Do I stand for the infinite possibilities of my soul, constantly influencing my fellow-men, through my presence, toward the highest truth that has been revealed to me? Or, is my body a wall of clay that shuts me from my fellow-creatures? Must I pass through life halting and stammering, unable to suggest in my person anything of the inmost beauty of my soul?

The highest physical education is that which renders the body the free expressive agent of the soul. That course of discipline by which the physical agents are brought into the freedom and harmony of action necessary to unity of expression, must secure the symmetry upon which health and beauty are dependent. And such a course of discipline is nothing less than the persistent endeavor to influence other minds toward the beautiful, the true, and the good, by means of every agent at the command of the speaker. The person may seem sadly restricted at first; but little by little, under the potency of a mighty purpose, one agent after another will respond, until the entire person seems spirit. Then it is that the body is redeemed; it has become the free servant of the soul.

Any complete system of training will supplement this process, any daily physical exercise which obeys the laws of the human organism and

the criteria of art. As the agents become free, and a consciousness of graceful, centered movement is established, the body will respond with ever-increasing effectiveness to mandates of the master. Thus is realized the ideal suggested by Browning:—

“Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul.”

Again, true oratorical training involves the most effective discipline for the mental faculties. Discriminating thought must be the basis of every effort. A student of oratory, who is constantly led to direct the thinking of his audience, learns to think keenly himself. He soon learns that no amount of previous preparation can take the place of present vital thinking at the time that he is speaking. The imagination is strenuously exercised, for he can make nothing live in the minds of his hearers until he himself experiences or realizes it in imagination. In the genial atmosphere of this new realm of the imagination, all the creative power within him begins to stir. The discipline of the emotional nature follows that of the intellect, as a matter of course. The province of education is to present right objects of thought. “We needs must love the highest when we see it.”

The will, too, is undergoing strict and relentless discipline. Every time a speaker, regardless of mood, commands dramatically, holds a situation, or personates character, he attains the requisite concentration by sheer force of will. He is learning to lift himself above himself.

As to the quickening of the spiritual life, that is inevitably attendant upon the oratorical training that takes cognizance of spirit as the only power in oratory; that rests absolutely upon the faith that spirit will govern form; that, therefore, never attempts to dictate form to spirit, but rather leads the spirit out in spontaneous expression, knowing that the forms of expression cannot but be truthful and vital if they are unconscious. Indeed, a student subjected to such a course of discipline acquires a habit of considering spiritual conceptions as the only realities. Love for all conscious being becomes the spring of his every motive. He learns that he develops his own powers in the ratio that he has served others; hence, service becomes his ideal.

Develop, therefore, your powers of oratory, whatever may be your aims and ambitions in life. I urge this because the development of your oratorical powers means putting you in possession of your faculties, adapting you to meet the conditions of whatever sphere may claim you, and realizing the potentialities of your nature.

But you say, “Yes, I should like to be an eloquent speaker, or an effective dramatic reader, but I am convinced that I have no talent in that direction, and it would, therefore, be of no use for me to try.”



Let us see. Expression means a pressing out of what is within. It is a law of nature. You cannot help expressing, in some measure, what you are. The question is, are you content to express yourself feebly, ineffectually, or do you choose to stand before the world for the truth which you represent? What you are in the depths of your being, you can become free to reveal to the world. Whatever of beauty and of truth you can appreciate in a great work of literature, you can learn to reflect to other minds. The law is inevitable. What you see, you can eventually, through constant endeavor, make others see. To deny that you have any "talent" for expression, is to assert that you have nothing to express. What I ask in the incipient orator is weight of being, a desire to serve, and a genius for work. These granted, I say nothing about "talent."

So far, I have been advocating the study of oratory because oratorical training involves, to a greater extent than any other discipline of which I know, an all-round personal culture that is the earnest of success in any field of labor. But doubtless you are wondering if I do not consider the field of a professional lecturer or a public reader a legitimate and dignified one. Beyond question, yes. It is a legitimate calling, to interpret to men and women beauty and truth, wherever one may find it. Even the entertainer has his place, for it is a service to mankind to divert them, at times, from the carking care of the world, which is "too much with us." But entertainment must not be the sole or the highest end of the professional lecturer or the interpreter of literature, else his profession loses its dignity and he descends to the level of a clown.

Is there a demand for high-grade platform work? I believe that there is, and that the law of success which governs the universe admits no exception here. Whoever has that which will meet the highest needs of the people, in whatever field, will find a demand for what he has to offer. The fact that the land is overrun with public readers, elocutionists, performers of various natures and grades, does not preclude the possibility of one gaining a hearing if he has a message to proclaim. The world needs, most of all, ideals; and the ideals that have ever been and ever must be potent in shaping the careers of men and of nations have been and must be presented through a living personality. If you would be an apostle of beauty to mankind, you must count no sacrifice of time and labor too great in attaining that personal culture which will render you an unobstructive medium of truth; then you must speak fearlessly the truth that is given to you, in all faith that it will find an immediate response in the heart of your fellow-man.

## A FEW THOUGHTS FOR THE PUBLIC SPEAKER OR READER

ORATORY is advocacy.

Stand for what you advocate.

Spontaneous expression is truest.

A cynic cannot be an orator.

The great orator has more than ordinary faith in human nature.

Let no orator ever complain of what people think. He must compel their thoughts.

Pretense has no power to move men.

Oratory is conversation elevated. One may speak colloquially and still flame with eloquence.

An artist uses few lines, but they are bold ones.

The primary endeavor of the speaker or reader must be to interest his audience in his theme.

One must speak out of the needs of the audience, else he is no orator.

The orator must have everything within him that makes a warrior strong and a saint holy.

Avoid introspection while speaking. That you are purposing to do a thing is the best evidence that you are doing it.

One must become like a little child, in oratory, as elsewhere, if he would enter the kingdom of heaven.

The minds of an audience are the canvas upon which the orator paints pictures.

Clean-cut thought will reveal itself in clean-cut articulation.

An orator is an advocate, not a critic.

If called upon to condemn, one must do it by elevating the ideal.

The world wants not imitators, but men and women of creative power.

There is a difference between positiveness and aggressiveness.

Oratory is a power to make an audience act upon the truth.

An orator speaks with his audience, not to them.

Performance may command admiration and wonder; unity of expression, impelled by consecrated purpose, commands the soul.

The things that do not attract attention are often the things that have the deepest influence.

Progressiveness is not marked by mere force of voice. As we progress, we approach the heart of things.

An orator must present the thing itself, rather than facts about the thing.

"I am come that you may have life" must be the undeclared text of every discourse.

Animation, which must become habitual in an orator, is not dependent upon loudness of tone.

Only continuity of thought will produce smoothness of tone.



Ease in force must be an ideal for every effort.

An orator makes his hearers look for a thing before he says it.

An audience is bored by an interminable stream of sound without pause.

An orator influences his hearers even while silent. As strong an effect is produced by the pauses as by the words.

Pause for the sake of pause is ineffectual. Thoughtful pause, which is unconscious, results from seeing around the subject, seeing it in its larger relationships.

A tone or a gesture that attracts attention to itself, however beautiful it may be, defeats its own end.

Necessity is the criterion of task. Nothing is in good taste that does not serve.

It is useless to preach abstract goodness to an audience. Speak to their experience.

The orator cannot speak what he has not lived.

We build art upon what we have lived in imagination. The imagination gives experience to a man of genius. Genius is imagination.

An orator must assume that his audience is interested in his subject to begin with; but he must not rest upon that possibility in his conscious endeavor.

Go before your audience as if you had something of value to present. They will accept the estimate you set upon your thought. If your manner is apologetic, they will not expect anything of great value.

A profound orator brings to the surface pearls from the depth of thought. An artificial mind tries to appear profound.

A speaker never succeeds by unfairness. The universe is governed by truth.

An orator must never go away from home. He must carry his home spirit with him.

Oratory is essentially a social study. Private lessons may impart much information, but they cannot develop an orator.

Feeling is dangerous unless guided by thought.

Tell your story simply, so that it will be readily understood by the hearer.

The law of purity demands that neither a speaker's personal opinions nor his feelings shall obtrude themselves between the thought and the audience.

When one reaches the plane of art, his mind acts picturesquely.

All great orations have strong picturesque elements.

If you would set others on fire, you must be the living torch.

The eminent orators have always been associated with great movements.

An orator must stand on universal truth, and speak for universal right. There is little weight in personal opinions.

He who bears the welfare of others in conscious purposes is well poised.

Every great orator occupies the pedestal upon which his degree of service placed him.

Weight in oratory is the result of speaking from a high plane. Anything dropped from the heights carries weight.

The highest technique is the technique of the imagination.

The keyboard upon which an orator plays is the minds of his audience; the music which he discourses is mental states.

The one escape from self-consciousness is to have a definite purpose outside of self. "Take no thought"—Keep the purpose in view, not the result.

One can suggest to others anything upon which he can completely concentrate his mind.

A speaker must unite himself with his audience. He must advocate "our" cause.

Never speak down to an audience. Speak to the potential good in men and they will respond.

A good presence is the greatest aid to oratory.

Some people seem to be a transparency between men and the Spirit of Truth.

The ideal voice is soul incarnated in tone.

If you would be heard by more people, you must embrace more people in your consciousness while speaking.

Large bodies move slowly. Give your audience time to comprehend your thought.

An orator is incomparably greater than anything he can say.

Purity of expression rests primarily on vigor of thought.

Previous preparation produces greater present activity, but may not be substituted for present activity.

"Oratory is action"—but it is action in intelligible form.

Unless the emotion seems to make the thought that caused it stronger and more brilliant, it is offensive.

He that is commanded by truth is self-commanded.

Foresight leads the mind of the hearer onward from the certainty of truth already presented, to the anticipation of still greater things to be revealed hereafter.

Art is a servant, not a master; a means, not an end.

All thought and feeling must be subordinated to the spirit of revelation.

Oratory may be compared to a light which reveals everything but itself.

Meet your audience on common ground; touch the common chords.

Proceed from the known to the unknown.

One never rises to the highest plane of eloquence until he forgets himself in his devotion to the interests of others.

An orator, like a poet, is a prophet of God.

Great orations approach the poetical form more nearly than any other prose compositions.

Beatification, an inner joy, must be a well-spring of life within the orator.



The noblest thing in oratory is its teaching element.

Human life must be represented, in some manner, in every effort of the orator or reader.

The ideal in art grows out of the despair of the realist.

When one reaches the point where he despairs of bounding the universe with his voice and action, then his work begins to be suggestive.

The highest art in oratory is limitless in its suggestion.

What have I determined to become? That which I will express, I become only by expressing.

Oratory has been too long regarded as a kind of embellishment, a polish, or a veneer.

What you try to do for others you actually do for yourself.

Human nature was made to respond to eloquence as well as to music.

As David could not fight in the armor of another, so an orator cannot affect human life with borrowed instruments. He cannot assume a voice to fit a state of mind; he must induce a state of mind that will mold its own voice.

Ministers too often make the mistake of presenting grand truths as if they were so old and so familiar to everyone that they have become trite.

Is the truth old that you would present? Then it remains for you to bring it as a fresh revelation, to show something new in the old.

If you surrender yourself, with every agent at your command, to the expression of what you see to-day, to-morrow you can see more.

Authority, the highest test of oratory, is attained only when the entire being is subordinated to truth.

A great bank of darkness envelops the world. Every true teacher is a torch-bearer advancing into that darkness. We cannot add to the general illumination of the world by extinguishing the torches of others.

## STAYING POWER

PERSEVERANCE and tact are the two great qualities most valuable for all men who would mount, but especially for those who have to step out of the crowd.

—DISRAELI.

THERE is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly endures.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

O FRIENDS, be men, and let your hearts be strong,  
And let no warrior in the heat of fight  
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes;  
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe  
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee  
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.

—HOMER.

WE FAIL!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail.

—SHAKESPEARE.

HOLD the fort! — GEN. SHERMAN'S SIGNAL TO GEN. CORSE.

WHEN Napoleon reached Krasnoi, in the terrible retreat from Moscow, he had left but nine thousand men, half-famished, exhausted, and almost without arms, and was hard pressed by eighty thousand well-fed, well-armed Russians, under Kutusoff. The least delay would enable other Russian soldiers to gain possession of rivers and defiles ahead, and possibly to cut off his retreat. But Ney and Davout, who were following miles behind to check the Russian march, had not been heard from for several days. To turn back seemed certain destruction, but Napoleon was not the man to desert his comrades in their time of peril. The order was given to return.

"Set out immediately," said he to General Rapp, pointing to a powerful body of Russians which occupied a strong position on his right; "and, during the darkness, attack that body with the bayonet. This is the first time the enemy has exhibited such audacity. I am about to make him repent it in such a way that he will never again approach my headquarters."

But, after a moment's reflection, he recalled Rapp, saying: "No, let Roguet and his division go. Remain where you are. I must not have you killed. I shall have occasion for you at Dantzic."

Desperate was the battle, all through the night and until two o'clock the next day, when Davoust appeared, but no tidings of Ney could be gained. The westward march through snow and icy winds was resumed, but at the Dnieper, Ney was heard from, and a force of five thousand men returned and rescued him.



"When I was carrying the order to Roguet, to turn back and aid Davout and Ney," said Rapp, "I could not help feeling astonished that Napoleon, surrounded by eighty thousand of the enemy, whom he was going to attack the next day with nine thousand, should have so little doubt about his safety as to be thinking of what he should have to do at Dantzic, a city from which he was separated by the winter, two hostile armies, famine, and one hundred and eighty leagues of distance."

But it was this very absence of doubt, this cool, deliberate, far-reaching forethought, which, supported by lion courage and bulldog tenacity, alone enabled Napoleon to save even a remnant of the Grand Army. He did, indeed, find use for Rapp after they had crossed the Russian frontier.

"I have been watching the careers of young men by the thousand, in this busy city of New York, for over thirty years," said Dr. Cuyler, "and I find that the chief difference between the successful and the unsuccessful lies in the single element of staying power. Permanent success is oftener won by holding on than by sudden dash, however brilliant. The easily discouraged, who are pushed back by a straw, are all the time dropping to the rear,—to perish or to be carried along on the stretcher of charity. They who understand and practise Abraham Lincoln's homely maxim of 'pegging away' have achieved the solidest success."

On the main floor of a large department store in New York, a man was running back and forth, looking very much annoyed, the cause of his distress being his failure to catch an up-going elevator. Standing at the entrance to one, he saw another at the extreme end of the store descending. Starting after it, he reached it just as it had started on the upward trip. Meanwhile, the first had come and gone. Continuing this running back and forth, he finally succeeded in boarding one, having wasted time and energy unnecessarily, and believing himself very much abused.

How typical is this of many lives—how suggestive of the secret of many failures.

If everything does not come our way at once, in our chosen pursuit, off we rush to some other field, only to find that it is filled; that we are not fitted for it, or that if we had stayed where we were, the old proverb might have been proved once more,— "All things come to him who waits." Let us beware of the danger which lies in fickleness of purpose, which may, shortly after the weariness of work begins to be felt, lead one to suppose that he has chosen unwisely, and that some other field of usefulness would be more suitable to his temper and talents.

"Perseverance," says Carlyle, "is the very hinge of all virtues. On looking over the world, the cause of nine parts in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings, and darken and degrade so

much of their history, lies not in the want of talents, or the will to use them, but in the vacillating and desultory mode of using them, in flying from object to object, in starting away at each little disgust, and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to a series of difficulties so large that no human force can conquer them. The smallest brook on earth, by continuing to run, has hollowed out for itself a considerable valley. The wildest tempest overturns a few cottages, uproots a few trees, and leaves, after a short space, no mark behind it. Commend me, therefore, to the Dutch virtue of perseverance. Without it, all the rest are little better than fairy gold, which glitters in your purse, but, when taken to the market, proves to be slate or cinders."

"The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first," said William Wirt, "will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend,—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weathercock to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows,—can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything, he will be at best stationary, and will, more probably, retrograde in all.

"Who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit—that man can advance to eminence in any line."

Nobody has faith in a vacillating, irresolute person.

If a youth has not the quality of persistence in his nature; if he hesitates before obstacles; if he cannot make difficulties bend to his purpose, or cause opposition to give way, he will, at best, make but a partial success in life. He may have shining qualities of nature; may be intellectual, intelligent, industrious, courteous; but, if he is wanting in persistence, that dogged determination which follows its purpose to death or victory, he lacks the one sure foundation for his life structure.

There is, perhaps, no other thing which will advance youth so rapidly as to gain the reputation of being persistent,—of never giving up. Such a reputation is a letter of credit which is honored by all mankind, and is of far more value than an inherited fortune in the hands of a weak-minded person.

There is a never-failing demand for the man who sees longevity in his cause, no matter what others see, or what others say, and who has the pluck and tenacity of purpose, amid ridicule and defeat, to await the issue. It is the home stretch that tests the man. It is he who possesses the ability to abide by his determination, whose staying power will not allow him to loosen his grip on his work, that insures permanent benefit.



"Does he keep at it? Is he doggedly persistent? Does he hold on when others let go? Does he stick to it through thick and thin, when others give up? Is he the most courageous when others are afraid? Does he stiffen when others begin to weaken?" The young man of whom these questions can be answered in the affirmative will make a way where he does not find one. He will succeed in spite of his failures.

A poor lad in London determined to visit every office and place of business in the city until he should find a situation, no matter how long it might take. After persisting in this for a time that would have utterly discouraged most boys, he called at an office where he was told that they never took boys who had not had a situation before, and was asked who sent him there. The old gentleman who was chief in authority was so pleased at the lad's pluck when he told that he was calling at every office and should continue to do so until he found a situation, that he told the boy to go home and write him a letter in his best hand and he would see what he could do for him. Many a boy has lost a situation by bad handwriting, bad spelling, or an unbusinesslike letter; but this persevering youth's letter was neat, and otherwise satisfactory, and he got the situation. He proved a valuable boy, and has been with the firm ever since.

"There is a mark, and here is a ball," said another shrewd employer, to thirty applicants, who had answered his advertisement for a boy; "let me see which one of you, in seven chances, can hit it oftenest." Every one missed the mark. "Come back to-morrow," said he, "and see if you can do better."

The next day brought but one little fellow, who said he was ready for the test; and, when he tried, he hit the center every time.

"How is this?" asked the man in surprise. "Why," said the boy, "I wanted the place very much, to help my mother, so I practised all night in the shed." He was engaged. He was a boy made of the right stuff, and he brought it out for use.

The following story has no written sequel, but it stands very well without it.

"'Do you want a boy?' asked an applicant of the magnate of the office, standing before him, cap in hand.

"'Nobody wants a boy,' replied the magnate.

"'Do you need a boy?' asked the applicant, nowise abashed.

"'Nobody needs a boy.'

"The boy would not give up.

"'Well, say, mister,' he inquired, 'do you have to have a boy?'

"'I'm sorry to say we do,' said the man, 'and I guess you're about what we want.'"

The race is not always to the swift. "The persistent tortoise will outrun the timid hare."

It is said that the ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself, before he will live without a web; the bee can be decoyed from his labor by neither plenty nor scarcity. If summer be abundant, it toils none the less; if it be parsimonious of flowers, the tiny laborer sweeps a wider circle, and still gathers honey busily. Many a moral can we learn from these peoples, exceeding little and exceeding wise.

Timor, the Tartar, being forced to flee from his enemies, hid in an old ruined building. As the weary hours wore away, he sought to keep his mind from his troubles by watching an ant carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. Again and again the little creature tugged away at its heavy load; but, before it reached its destination the grain fell again to the ground. Sixty-nine times the kernel of corn fell, when partly up the wall; but the seventieth time the ant reached the top with its precious burden. Timor never forgot the lesson of perseverance and courage which this little creature taught him.

Robert Bruce, concealed from his pursuers in an old shanty, was lying on his back, discouraged over several failures to win back his crown and the kingdom of Scotland, when he saw a spider fail six times in succession to throw his silken thread from one beam to another. The seventh time the determined insect succeeded. Inspired by the spider's lesson, Bruce sprang to his feet with a new determination, and he soon sat upon his throne.

The romance of perseverance is one of the most fascinating subjects in history. The stories of those who have had the genius of persistency, even though mediocre in ability, read like the "Arabian Nights."

Tenacity of purpose has been characteristic of all great characters who have left their mark on the world. Perseverance, it has been said, is the statesman's brain, the warrior's sword, the inventor's secret, the scholar's "open sesame."

"I know," says an eminent author, "no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port."

"Persistency," says E. P. Whipple, "is the quality separating first-rate genius from all the other rates." Persistency is to talent what steam is to the engine. It is the driving force by which the machine accomplishes the work for which it was intended. A great deal of persistency, with a very little talent, can be counted on to go farther than a great deal of talent without persistency.



"Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed." The growth of the American aloe is, for many years, almost imperceptible. Then, all at once, when the time comes, there is a crisis. The plant shoots up a stalk ten or fifteen feet high, hung with innumerable flowers. Even so is it often with those whom the world has come at last to honor.

"Generally speaking," said Sydney Smith, "the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility,—overlooked, mistaken, condemned by weaker men,—thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. And then, when their time has come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind."

Von Moltke, the greatest master of strategy, perhaps, that the world has seen, stuck to his task until he was sixty-six years of age, before his great opportunity came.

Persistency has been characteristic of our military and naval heroes. Grant, even when only sixteen, had a conviction that to retreat was fatal; when he undertook anything, he was determined to follow it to the very end; so, when he said, "I can do that," he did it. A story related by President Lincoln to an army officer, one evening at the theater, ten days before his assassination, shows the value placed by the

President upon this trait in his "unconditional surrender" general.

"I want to tell you a story about Grant and the mule," said he. "When Grant was a youngster, the circus came to his town, and he went to the tanner and asked him for a ticket. The hard-headed tanner refused him, so Grant, doing the next best thing (as I did myself), crawled under the tent. The ringmaster had an

ugly mule, which no one could ride, and offered a prize of a dollar to any boy who would ride the animal around the ring, without being thrown off. Quite a number of boys tried it without success. Finally young Grant ventured out from behind the seats where he was viewing the show, and said to the ringmaster,

'I'd like to try that mule.' 'All right,' said the ringmaster, and

Grant got on, and rode nearly around the ring, but was finally thrown over the animal's head. The boy got up, threw off his coat, and said, 'Let me try that again.' This time he got on with his back to the head of the animal, and clung with all his might to its tail, and, in spite of all the mule could do, held on, and won the dollar. Now," added Lincoln,



"Grant will do the same at Richmond. He will hang on; he will never give up. He will try again and again till he succeeds."

Stone-wall men, like Grant and Jackson in the Civil War, and like Napoleon before them, have never known when they were beaten. Neither bayonets, nor bullets, nor shells, nor torpedoes, nor mines, nor defeat itself have been able to stay their progress. They were masters of perseverance,—the stern stuff—

"That wins each godlike act, and plucks success  
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

Napoleon used to say that the kind of valor he prized was "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." No doubt this kind of valor was of great service to the emperor; yet one questions whether, after all, he could have attained to the eminence to which he rose without an extraordinary share of what a modern writer has called "five-o'clock-in-the-afternoon courage." After the nerves have been worn and the patience exhausted by the labor and irritations of a long day, it needs a high type of energy and persistence for a man to maintain his purpose, to keep his spirit up to the mark, and not to relax his efforts in the very last hour of the day's work. The writer has more than once seen a choice business opportunity slip from the grasp of a man who should have held it, simply because he lacked five-o'clock-in-the-afternoon courage; and if the secrets of the committee rooms of Congress should be published, it would be found that many a great measure has failed simply because the man who had charge of it weakened at the last moment. If he had hung on a little longer, he would have carried his point. The French say that it is the first step that costs, but it is the last step that counts. The Apostle Paul understood this when he told the Ephesian Christians, "having done all, to stand."

Where will you find "five-o'clock-in-the-afternoon courage" better exhibited than in the heroic perseverance of Livingston? Twenty-seven attacks of fever, innumerable assaults from savages, the lonely journeys in the jungle, brought the brave traveler many times to the verge of the grave, and reduced him to a skeleton; but never in the least degree affected his dogged determination. When his men positively refused to accompany him further, and threatened to leave him in the desert, he said: "After using all my powers of persuasion, I declared that, if they returned, I should go on alone; and, returning to my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul. Presently the head man came in. 'Do not be disheartened,' he said. 'Our remarks were only made on account of the injustice of these people. We will never leave you. Wherever you lead we will follow.'"



George Stephenson was not the inventor of the iron rail, nor of the idea of a steam-driven vehicle running upon a railroad and carrying its own water and fuel; why is it that it was he who was called the father of the modern locomotive, and not Trevethick, in whose earlier engine these leading features were present? Was it not that same "five-o'clock-in-the-afternoon courage" that made the difference between the two men? Trevethick became discouraged and gave up: Stephenson, by careful study, by noticing the defects of others, and seeking a remedy; by careful attention to details, when a less persevering man would have been sure to fail, finally, in 1815, produced an engine—"The Puffing Billy"—that was really serviceable and economical. But his work was by no means done. He still had a hard battle to fight before he could conquer. He was the only man in the world who had faith in the ultimate use of this method of travel. However, he persevered, and, in spite of all obstacles, in 1830 he had a locomotive, "The Rocket," in essential principles the same as to-day, running on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the success of his ideas was established.

Newton discovered the law of gravitation before he was twenty-one, but one slight error in a measurement of the earth's circumference interfered with a demonstration of the correctness of his theory. Twenty years later he corrected the error, and showed that the planets roll in their orbits as a result of the same law which brings an apple to the ground.

Charles Darwin collected facts with almost incredible care and perseverance. One of his subjects of inquiry was the action of the earthworm in the formation of mold. From the time when he first took it up, to the publication of the volume in which he embodied the results of his investigations, forty-four years elapsed. It is characteristic of the patience as well as the honesty of the man who would accept no conclusions unless they were deduced from a vast sweep of consistent facts, that he pursued for so long a period his experiments and inquiries. In December, 1842, he distributed broken chalk over a field at Down, to test the action of earthworms; after an interval of twenty-nine years—in November, 1871—he dug a trench to ascertain the results. The white chalk plainly showed where the earthworms had moved it in the dark soil. Who does not see that it was to this faculty of patient work and conscientious inquiry that Darwin owed his success?

"The only merit to which I lay claim," said Hugh Miller, "is that of patient research,—a merit in which whoever wills may rival or surpass me; and this humble faculty of patience when rightly developed may lead to more extraordinary development of ideas than even genius itself."

"When we go about our work earnestly and perseveringly," wrote Goethe, "it often happens that, although we have to tack about again

and again, we get ahead of those who are helped by wind and tide." He who is helped by the wind and tide of genius will never accomplish anything if he lacks persistence. Stick-to-itiveness and dogged pertinacity are fundamental qualities in every profession, in every trade and calling. They are to all the other qualifications what the string is to the necklace, that which unites individual jewels into an effective and beautiful whole.

Goldsmith thought a few lines a good day's work. He was seven years evolving "The Deserted Village." "By a long habit of writing," he declared, "one acquires a greatness of thinking and a mastery of manner which holiday writers, with ten times the genius, may vainly attempt to equal."

"How hard I worked at that tremendous shorthand, and all improvement appertaining to it!" said Dickens. "I will only add to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous energy which then began to be matured within me, and which I know to be the strong point of my character, if it have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success."

The most beautiful romance that ever came from an American pen—"The Scarlet Letter"—was produced under trials and hardships which would have discouraged a less noble soul than Hawthorne's. Drudgery, drudgery, drudgery, was the record of all his efforts. Nothing was too trivial for entry in his notebook in the preparation of this wonderful work. He had been dismissed from his position in the customhouse at Salem, and many a day had made his dinner of potatoes and chestnuts because he could not afford meat. For twenty years he worked on and on, alone and unrecognized. But he kept saying to himself, "My turn will come," and he persisted until it did come.

How Bulwer wrestled with the fates to change his apparent destiny! His first novel was a failure; his early poems were failures; and his youthful speeches provoked the ridicule of his opponents. But he fought his way to eminence, through ridicule and defeat.

The characters in Sheridan's "School for Scandal," which seem to have been the result of a stroke of genius, thrown off at white heat, were altered and recast again and again. Many of the speeches put into the mouths of *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle* were shifted and remodeled from what they were in the first draft, till hardly two words stand in the same order in which they were originally written. Oliver Wendell Holmes never tired of mending or improving his verses. Longfellow elaborated his poems very slowly, and weighed every word with the utmost care before writing it down. He sent beautiful manuscripts to the



printer, with hardly an erasure, but they often contained only a very little of the original draft. It is said that the whole of the "Divine Tragedy" was rewritten after most of it was in type. Emerson revised his writing with the greatest care. He was diligent, slow, and painstaking. Even his most striking sentences, which seem to be the scintillations of genius, were written and rewritten with persistent labor. His works were carefully revised again and again, portions omitted and new matter added. He was unsparing in his corrections. His manuscripts, which have been preserved, are crowded with erasures and corrections. There is scarcely a page that is not covered with these evidences of diligent revision. One of his biographers tells us that "his apples were sorted over and over again, until only the very rarest, the most perfect, were kept. It did not matter that those thrown away were very good, and helped to make clear the possibilities of the orchard; they were unmercifully cast aside. Consequently, his essays were very slowly elaborated, wrought out through days and months, and even years of patient labor."

Ariosto wrote his "Description of a Tempest" sixteen different ways. He spent ten years on his "Orlando Furioso," and sold only one hundred copies at fifteen pence each. The proof of Burke's "Letters to a Noble Lord" (one of the sublimest things in all literature) went back to the publisher so changed and blotted with corrections that the printer absolutely refused to correct it, and it was entirely reset. Adam Tucker spent eighteen years on the "Light of Nature." A great naturalist spent eight years on the "Anatomy of the Day Fly." Thoreau's New England pastoral, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," was an entire failure. Seven hundred of the one thousand copies printed were returned from the publishers. Thoreau wrote in his diary: "I have some nine hundred volumes in my library, seven hundred of which I wrote myself." Yet, he says, he took up his pen with as much determination as before.

"Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art," said Reynolds, "must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed."

Upon being asked how long it took him to paint a certain picture, Sir Joshua, replied, "All my life."

"The pit rose at me!" exclaimed Edmund Kean, in a wild tumult of emotion, as he rushed home to his trembling wife. "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage yet, and Charles shall go to Eton!" He had been so terribly in earnest with the study of his profession that he had at length made a mark on his generation. He was a little, dark man, with a voice naturally harsh, but he determined, when young, to play the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's drama, as no other man

had ever played it. By a persistency that nothing seemed able to daunt, he so trained himself to play the character that his success, when it did come, was overwhelming, and all London was at his feet.

Sothorn, the great actor, said that the early part of his theatrical career was spent in getting dismissed for incompetency. Talma, one of the greatest actors France has produced, was hissed off the stage when he first appeared on it.

Lacordaire, one of the greatest preachers of modern times, acquired celebrity only after repeated failures. Montalembert said of his first public appearance in the Church of St. Roch: "He failed completely, and, on coming out, every one said, 'Though he be a man of talent, he will never be a preacher.' " Again and again he tried, until he succeeded; only two years after his *début*, Lacordaire was preaching in Notre Dame, to audiences such as few French orators have addressed since the time of Bossuet and Massillon.

"It is all very well," said Charles James Fox, "to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial."

"It is in me, and it shall come out!" cried Sheridan, when, having failed at his first speech in parliament, he was told that he would never make an orator. He became known as one of the foremost orators of his day.

Disraeli, the child of a hated and persecuted race, was coughed and hissed down on the occasion of his first effort in parliament. "The time will come when you shall hear me!" he cried,—and it did. Ridicule was changed to respect and admiration. He, at length, became leader of the house that once would not give him a hearing.

When Franklin Pierce made his *début* at the bar, he broke down completely. Although deeply mortified, he was not discouraged. He said that he would try the experiment nine hundred and ninety-nine times more; and then, if he failed, he would repeat it for the thousandth time. He furnishes but one more illustration of the cases in which opposing circumstances have created strength.

"There's nothing like giving a boy a little encouragement, once in a while," said a wealthy down-town merchant, as related in "Puck." "I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small.

"I was trying to split a cross-grained hickory log, and, as our wood-pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of the farmer, who stopped his team.



"I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crossdest and surliest man in town, and never took any notice of us boys, except to sit in his orchard with a shotgun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I put in my best licks, and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. I hated to be beaten, but there seemed no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin.

" 'Humph! I thought you'd hev to give it up!' he said, with a chuckle.

"Those words were all I needed.

"I made no reply; but the way the ax-head went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots, they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and soon the halves lay before me, and the farmer drove off discomfited.

"But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business, I made mistakes, as every young man will. But, whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise, I remembered that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say, 'I thought you'd have to give it up!'

"In spite of himself, that old farmer gave me the keynote of my success.

"So you see that if a boy has any grit in him, he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and, in that connection, I may remark, a well-placed sneer is often worth more than a barrel of taffy."

Savages, it is said, believe that, when they conquer an enemy, his spirit enters into them, and fights for them ever afterward. So the spirit of our conquest enters us, and helps us to win the next victory.

It were well could more of us make ourselves masters of the quaint cheerfulness breathed in this quatrain written by the Earl of Orrery:—

"Let not one look of Fortune cast you down.  
She were not Fortune if she did not frown;  
But such as braveliest bear her scorns awhile,  
Are those on whom at last she most will smile."

Success is not to be measured by what a man accomplishes, but by the opposition he has encountered, and the courage with which he has maintained the struggle against overwhelming odds.

Reserves which carry us through great emergencies are the result of long working and long waiting. Collyer declares that reserves mean to a man also achievement,— "the power to do the grandest thing possible to your nature when you feel you must, or some precious thing will be lost,— to do well always, but best in the crisis on which all things turn; to stand the strain of a long fight, and still find you have something left, and so never to know you are beaten, because you never are beaten." Every defeat is a Waterloo to him who has no reserves. It is staying power which enables a man to clutch his purpose with an iron grip.

When you know you are on the right track, do not let any failures dim your vision or discourage you, for you cannot tell how close you may be to victory. The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope for him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world, if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with an unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, for all will then be well. It is nothing outside of men but that which is within, that makes or unmakes.

"Man, what is this? and why art thou despairing?  
God shall forgive thee all but thy despair."

"Never despair," says Burke; "but if you do, work on in despair." He who can thus persevere must have the faith in himself without which he can never hope to remove mountains. Opie threw himself down in utter despair of ever becoming a painter. But he had, says his biographer, the determination and pluck to plod on, and to follow the hand which beckoned him higher and higher until he reached the goal which crowns every noble life's endeavor. Colton declares that, in moments of despondency, even Shakespeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael doubted his right to be called a painter. But Shakespeare wrote and Raphael painted. They were too great to give up in the face of the inevitable disappointments and vexations and fatigues incident to their careers. "Genius," says E. P. Whipple, "is ever victorious over drudgery, refusing to submit to the weariness and the deferred hope which attend upon vast designs."

Columbus, in the journal kept upon his most memorable voyage, day after day wrote these simple but sublime words: "This day we sailed westward, which was our course." Hope might rise and fall, terror and dismay seize upon the crew at the mysterious variations of the compass, but Columbus, unappalled, pushed on due west.

Sail westward, if that be your course, day and night; time and inexorable will, let these be your chart and compass upon the laboring seas whereon you sail. Sail westward, which is your course, through sunshine and storm, through hurricane and tempest, through sleet and rain, though with a leaky ship, and with a crew in mutiny. Some night you shall catch a gleam of light betokening your nearness to the land of your long search.





## LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

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*Whose books have delighted millions of "little women."*

A MULTITUDE of people have read, with the keenest pleasure, "Little Women," "Little Men," "Joc's Boys," "An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Moods." Their author, Louisa May Alcott, was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1832. She was the daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, who was widely known as a transcendental philosopher.

A great many people believed that his head was full of "isms," and no doubt to some extent this is true.

But, erratic though he may have been, he was a good man, whose actuating principle was a broad philanthropy, which gave birth to a desire to do something for the betterment of the world. But philanthropic enterprises do not often yield large financial returns, and the case of Mr. Alcott was not an exception to the general rule. He gave delightful lectures

and "conversations" in the interest of his social and moral theories, but the family resources suffered, and it became necessary for its younger members to put forth their efforts as bread-winners.

When Louisa was twelve years old, the family removed to Boston, and six years later, to Concord. From a child, she had shown more than ordinary intelligence, and especial attention was paid to her education, under the tutelage of her father. This was supplemented by attendance at the district school, but she did not have the advantage of a higher education. Early in life she evinced a taste for "solid" reading, and found in her father's library abundant means for its gratification. When eleven years old she fell under the influence of the Transcendentalists, among whom her father was a leader. She was captivated at first, but as she grew older she had little in sympathy with the abstruse and bewildering theories of that sect. Some years later, she gave utterance to her feelings in a story which was published in book form under the title, "Transcendental Wild Oats." It was a retrospect of a period of her life in which absurdities came out in bold relief, while she discerned the misty outlines of high aspirations, as yet but poorly realized.



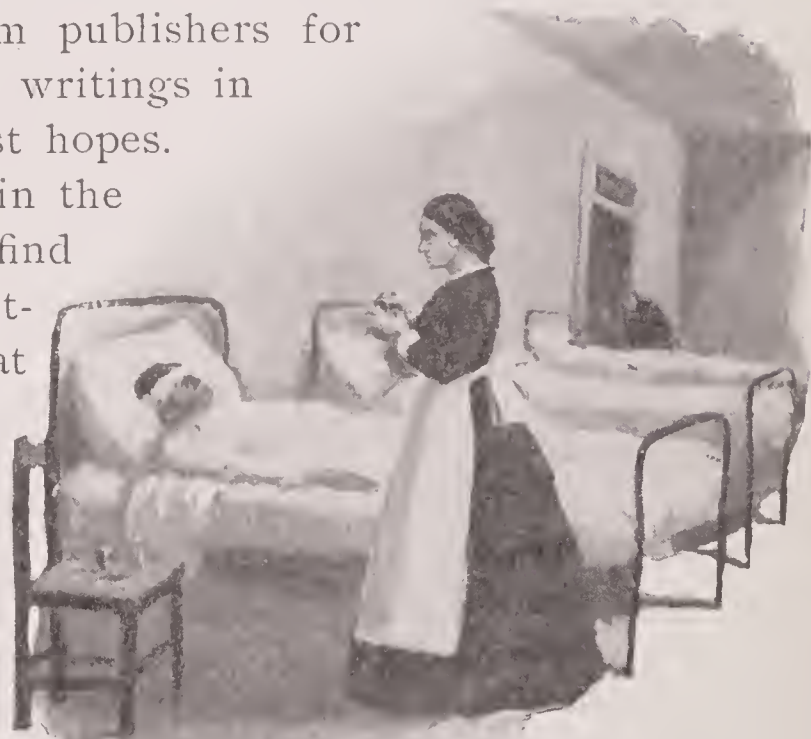
When seventeen years of age, Miss Alcott was seized with a strong desire to adopt the stage as a profession. She was very fond of dramatic entertainments, and at this early age she had written several plays. None of them were produced on the stage, but they have been carefully preserved in manuscript by her friends. It was only at the earnest solicitation of her mother that she was dissuaded from a theatrical career. Miss Alcott began early to write. When sixteen years old she wrote a story for which she received five dollars from a magazine publisher. A period covering the next half-dozen years was the apprenticeship of her life. She practiced much with her pen, producing short stories and sketches, which gradually grew in popularity and in market value—the latter of greater importance to her. Meanwhile, she tried various other occupations, although she did not at any time give up her writing. She felt it necessary to find some vocation that would be more productive. She tried teaching, but this was not congenial to her, neither did she prove successful in that field of labor. It was necessary that she should earn money, to assist in the support of the family, and she undertook sewing. It was a great relief to her when her work with the pen began to be remunerative and she was freed from the bondage of the needle.

At the age of twenty-two, Miss Alcott published her first book, entitled "Flower Fables." It was favorably received, but, more than that, it brought her many applications from publishers for stories, and within two years she found her writings in demand, to an extent far beyond her fondest hopes.

In 1856 she went to Boston, believing that in the cultured atmosphere of that city she would find her greatest success. She made the acquaintance of Theodore Parker, who was of great assistance to her during her early struggles.

In 1862, upon the advice of friends, she established a kindergarten school, and for a short time gave her energies to the work, but the degree of success she attained was not sufficient to satisfy her ambitious spirit, and she resolved to devote herself wholly to literature. She abandoned all else, and from

that time forward gave herself to writing. During the Civil War she joined a corps of nurses, and was on duty for some months at the Union Hospital, in Georgetown, at the national capital. She was unremitting in her attention to her patients, and as the result of exposure she contracted a severe illness, which came near to ending her life, and from which she never wholly recovered. Her letters to her mother and sister, while nursing





the sick and wounded soldiers, were afterward published in a volume entitled "Hospital Sketches." These are most touching in their description of the painful scenes and experiences of hospital work.

It was in 1867 that Miss Alcott wrote "Little Women," which brought her the fame for which she had so long hungered. Within three years, more than one hundred thousand copies of this book were sold. Its author was unconscious of its merits and was surprised at its success. In 1870 Miss Alcott went abroad, where she received much courteous attention, for her fame as a writer had preceded her. Soon after her return she published "Work," one of her most popular and successful books, which added much to her literary reputation. Other works which have been mentioned followed, and she became one of the most admired and beloved of American women. She died in Boston, in 1888, on the day of her father's funeral. Both lay at the same time on their deathbeds. She was not informed of the death of her father, and died in ignorance of the fact that he had preceded her. If it be true that friends on earth are reunited in the life beyond, it is not difficult to imagine the glad surprise with which she greeted her father when her gentle spirit passed into the hereafter.

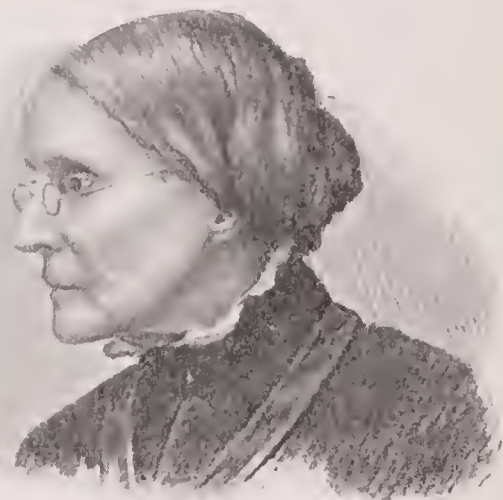
In appearance, Miss Alcott was striking rather than beautiful, as judged by the world's standard of beauty. Her tall, well-proportioned figure was suggestive of the physical vigor and activity that characterized her. She had a large, well-shaped head, crowned with a wealth of rich, brown hair. She was dignified in bearing, and yet easy and pleasant in manner, with that perfect poise and self-control which are the stamp of true womanhood. She cared little for distinction, for its own sake, but took a simple and natural pleasure in the attentions which her celebrity brought her. She greatly enjoyed her association with brilliant, intellectual people. After her removal to Boston it was her privilege to be much in cultured society. Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau were among the associates of her earlier years. Miss Alcott was preëminent as a writer of stories for young people. She excelled in this field, while she failed to reach her ideal when, now and then, she attempted what may perhaps be called the higher planes of literature. She used to say that she was prouder of the thirty-two dollars she received for her first book, "Flower Fables," than of the eight thousand dollars which, years later, were paid her as her portion for the sale of her books during the short period of six months.

## SUSAN BROWNELL ANTHONY

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*A woman whose life was devoted to woman.*

BORN of a Quaker father and a Baptist mother, in 1820, the childhood of Miss Anthony was marked by active strength. Her father had been reprimanded by the authorities of the Quaker church for marrying a Baptist and for wearing a comfortable cloak. He was finally expelled for allowing a room in his house to be used for the instruction of his children in dancing. Though a wealthy cotton manufacturer, he desired that his children should be trained for professions. His daughters were prepared in the best private schools for teaching, which was then the only vocation open to females. At fifteen, Susan became a private teacher in a Quaker family, at one dollar a week and board. When the financial crash of 1837 came, it carried Mr. Anthony's wealth with it, and his wisdom in fitting his children for an emergency was clearly proved. They were all teaching, and were of great assistance to him in his distress. Susan was successful in a marked degree, and devoted fifteen years to the work. She was an active member of the New York Teachers' Association and made many effective appeals for higher wages in the profession and for equal rights and equal compensation for women, in all its honors, labors and responsibilities.



Female teachers are much indebted to Miss Anthony for the improved conditions of later years. In a speech before one of the conventions, she amazed her audience when she said: "Do you not see that so long as society says a woman has not brains enough to be a lawyer, a doctor or a minister, but has ample training to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to be a teacher tacitly acknowledges before all Israel and the sun, that he has not any more brains than a woman?" Elizabeth Cady Stanton once said that she never saw Miss Anthony embarrassed but once, when called upon to make an address. It was when she was asked to talk to the inmates of an insane asylum. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, said of one of Miss Anthony's addresses in behalf of woman suffrage before a committee of the Senate, all the members of which were trained in law, that it was unanswerable.



Miss Anthony early became interested in the temperance cause. She joined the "Daughters of Temperance," and in 1852 organized a Woman's Temperance League, the first in the country. Mrs. Stanton was its president and Miss Anthony, secretary. Convinced that women could do much more for temperance with the ballot, Miss Anthony gave her attention to the latter, saying, "I have not time to dip out vice with a teaspoon while the wrongly adjusted forces of society are pouring it in by the bucketful." She was also a pronounced Abolitionist, and both before and during the war was instrumental in sending to Congress petitions for the abolition of slavery, the signatures to which aggregated many hundreds of thousands. Circulated through the North and West, these were an active and powerful agent to arouse and quicken the popular mind. Charles Sumner wrote to her, "Send on petitions; they furnish the only background for my demands."

She now founded her paper, "Revolution," which was edited by Mrs. Stanton and Parker Pillsbury. Among its contributors were some of the ablest thinkers of the time, and from its beginning it wielded a widespread influence in molding public opinion. It was not financially successful, however, and ran up a debt of \$10,000, which Miss Anthony at once determined to meet by organizing a lecture course, and this enabled her to pay every dollar.

As a lecturer, Miss Anthony has always been in demand. In almost every hamlet of the North her voice has been heard. She has made constitutional arguments before congressional committees and has spoken to assemblies of all kinds, always clear, forcible and entertaining, and never wearying her hearers. She is never in a hurry, uses no sentiment or poetry, but is earnest and practical, with plenty of humor, and always commands a respectful hearing, even from those who do not coincide with her views.

She created much excitement by declaring her purpose to test the fourteenth constitutional amendment, by attempting to vote at the presidential election of 1872. She succeeded, but was arrested and stood trial, on the charge of illegal voting. By the advice of her counsel, who wished to keep her from prison, she gave a bond, which barred her cause before the Supreme Court. When asked by the judge, "Did you not vote as a woman?" she replied, "No, sir, I voted as a citizen of the United States." When the trial was set, she canvassed her county to be sure that all the jurors would understand her idea of a citizen's rights. Her opponents changed the venue to another county. In twenty-four hours Miss Anthony had her plans laid, with dates and posters for a series of meetings in that county. After argument had been presented to the jury, the

judge took the case from its hands, on the ground that it was a question of law and not of fact. He pronounced Miss Anthony guilty, and fined her one hundred dollars and the costs. Turning to the judge she exclaimed, "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God, and I shall never pay a penny of this unjust fine." She always afterward gloried in not having paid it. The election inspectors who received the ballots from her and her friends were fined and imprisoned, but they were pardoned by President Grant.

Those who have followed Miss Anthony have noticed a wonderful knowledge and memory of state affairs; of the formation of political parties; of the parts played by prominent men; of all that has been said and done for women. These acquirements make her a most genial companion, although she is as good a listener as she is a talker. The agitation of the past half century, in which she has had so large a part, has wrought a marvelous change in public sentiment, not only in the standing of women before the law, but in the business vocations of life. Ridicule and derision for Miss Anthony and her coadjutors have been supplanted by courtesy and respect. Society has thrown open its doors to them, and in many distinguished gatherings they are heard in words of sincerity and earnestness. The National Woman Suffrage Association recently celebrated the eightieth birthday of Miss Anthony. It was the occasion for an outburst of spontaneous gratitude and love which has few parallels in the annals of humankind.

Miss Anthony is truly one of the heroic figures of American history. She says her work has been like subsoil plowing, only to prepare the ground for cultivation by women who are reaping the benefits of fuller opportunities and higher education. Wider fields of usefulness are constantly opening to woman, and year by year greater political privileges are accorded her. In half of the states, women now (1901) may vote on school questions; in two states they may vote also at municipal elections; and in three states at all elections, state and national.



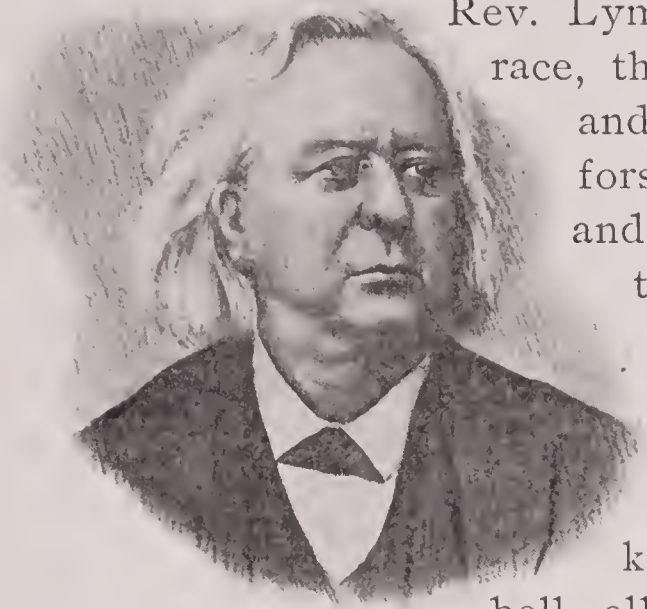


## HENRY WARD BEECHER

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*He swayed millions from pulpit and platform.*

IN THE severe school of New England life, Henry Ward Beecher was brought up. His early days were spent in his native town of Litchfield, Connecticut, where he was born, in 1813. His mother died when he was four years of age. Under the care of a poetic stepmother, he was reared in the doctrines of his distinguished father, Rev. Lyman Beecher, who preached the depravity of the race, the divinity of Christ, the atonement, regeneration and the inspiration of the Scriptures. The son never forsook these articles of faith, but gave them new life and new application, making love, instead of duty, the law of life.



When his father was called to Cincinnati, in 1832, young Beecher spent seven years in charitable work in the West. In a little town near Cincinnati, he preached, trimmed the lamps, kindled the fires, swept the church and rang the bell, all for \$200 a year. He sent half a dozen articles to the publisher of a religious paper to pay for his subscription, but they were respectfully returned; yet he had "true riches, heart-life, soul-life, hope, joy and love." He believed that "victories that are easy are cheap; those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting." He believed in work and kept at it, saying: "If you are idle you are on the way to ruin, and there are few stopping places on it. It is rather a precipice than a road."

Called from the West to the new Plymouth Congregational Church at Brooklyn, New York, in 1847, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher entered upon his great career as a pulpit orator. He was pastor of this church for a continuous period of forty years, and made it famous throughout the world. It was not long until the church was crowded at every service. Mr. Beecher's originality of thought and fertility of illustration were most striking and attracted widespread attention. All those years, Plymouth Church was a magnet that drew within its walls, not only the people of Brooklyn and New York, but many thousands from far and near. Multitudes of persons, from all parts of the

country, who visited the metropolis for business or pleasure, made it a part of their plan during their stay to "hear Beecher." His eloquent utterances were widely published, and were read and quoted more than those of any contemporaneous speaker.

Mr. Beecher was perfectly fearless, in his pulpit or elsewhere—for he spoke much upon the lecture platform and at public meetings on various occasions. Decided in his opinions and exceedingly tenacious of them, he never lacked the courage to speak plainly and boldly. His pungent attacks upon the evils and follies of social life, and upon governments, from municipal to national, which he believed to connive at fraud or oppression, or to be lax in the enforcement of law, aroused bitter animosities, and some public men became his implacable enemies. But for all this he cared nothing. Neither denunciation, threat nor cajolery could turn him from his purpose to expose evil. He early joined the antislavery movement and was a brilliant champion of universal human liberty. His relentless opposition to slavery made him equally odious with Garrison and Phillips to the supporters of that institution.



The following gems of thought are instances of Mr. Beecher's wonderful power of illustration:—

"At the mouth of the Mississippi, how impossible would it be to stay its waters, and to separate, each from the others, the drops from the various streams that have poured in from either side—the Red, the Arkansas, the Ohio, and the Missouri—or to sift grain by grain the particles of sand that have been washed from the Alleghany or the Rocky Mountains; yet how much more impossible would it be when character is the river, and habits are the side streams."

"There is dew on one flower and not on another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off."

"It is defeat that turns bone to flint, and gristle to muscle, and makes man invincible and forms those heroic natures that are now in ascendancy in the world. Do not, then, be afraid of defeat. You are never so near to victory as when defeated in a good cause."

Doubtless the most memorable oratorical success ever achieved by an American citizen abroad, in behalf of the honor of his country, was that of Mr. Beecher in England, during the great conflict of arms then raging in the United States. He left in the summer of 1863, for a tour in Europe, and, as it was known that a large part of the English people at that time were in sympathy with the Confederate cause, Mr. Beecher was asked to discuss the question before



them. At Liverpool, he waged such a battle with the vast, unfriendly and tumultuous throng assembled there to stifle him that he was led to exclaim:—

“I am born without moral fear. I have expressed my views in any audience, and it never cost me a struggle. I never could help doing it. Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war, we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain, you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination to fight this war through, at all hazard and at every cost.”

His last speech was in London. The admission was by ticket. The speech was to begin at seven o'clock, but long before that hour the crowd was so dense that Mr. Beecher could not get to the stand except on the shoulders of the police. When at last he faced that sea of strange faces, his good humor and his great earnestness, combined with his rare talent for effective retort, succeeded in carrying his entire audience. The great effectiveness of the speech consisted in its being an American presentation of the American question, and never before did an orator make such triumphant use of his opportunity.

There are many stories told of Mr. Beecher's desire to purchase books. He used to say:—

“A book is good company. It comes to your longing, full of instruction, but it pursues you, never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even the hire of love. And yet, more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and heart are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit. I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning, nor a scrap of literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs industry as much as industry needs genius.”

Mr. Beecher died in 1887. His name and fame have been widely honored. In 1893 a tablet was erected in Plymouth Church which reads:—

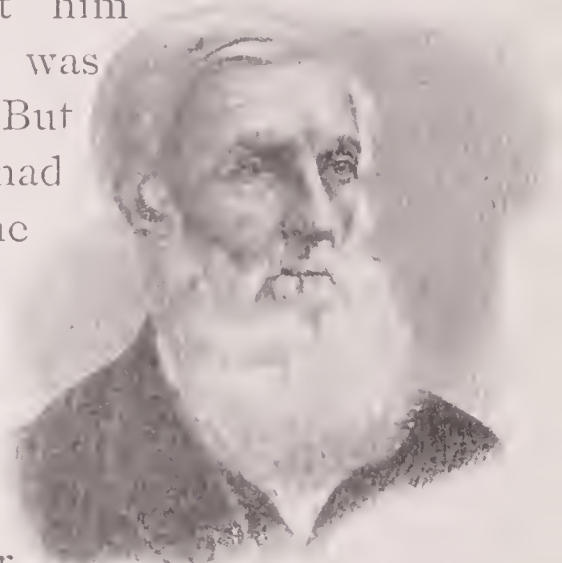
“In Memoriam, Henry Ward Beecher; First Pastor of Plymouth Church 1847-1887. ‘I have not concealed Thy Loving Kindness and Thy Truth from the great Congregation.’”

## GEORGE BANCROFT

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*Who both wrote and helped to make history.*

A NAME which stands high among those of American men of letters and statesmen, is that of George Bancroft, the historian. He was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. His father, Rev. Aaron Bancroft, was pastor of a church in Worcester for more than fifty years. The training which George received at home laid the foundation for the broad, strong character that marked him during his long, active and useful life. During his early years, however, parental influence was not sufficient to restrain his youthful spirits, and his love of mischief often brought him into trouble. He was in no sense vicious, though he was known throughout the community as a "wild boy." But his character developed rapidly, and at ten years he had become steady and studious. At the age of eleven he entered Phillips Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, where he spent two years in preparing himself for college. He was but thirteen when he entered Harvard, but became at once conspicuous in his class for his studious habit, the quick grasp of his mind and the thoroughness with which he mastered whatever he undertook. There was nothing superficial or shallow in his methods. His favorite subjects of study were metaphysics and moral philosophy. For one so young, his comprehension of these abstruse branches was remarkable. After four years of successful work, he graduated at seventeen—about the age when most youths who enter college begin their studies. For many years before the death of Mr. Bancroft, he was the oldest living graduate of Harvard.



Young Bancroft gave promise of a brilliant future. What particular line of thought and labor would give shape to his career was not yet apparent, but it could not be doubted that he would win distinction in his chosen field of effort. No sooner had he quitted Harvard than he planned a comprehensive scheme of higher study, embracing almost the entire circle of sacred and profane history, and ancient and modern literature. His father was able, fortunately, to gratify the desire of his son for a course of study abroad, and at eighteen he went to Germany, to drink at the fountains of learning, in which



that country led the world. He spent two years at Göttingen, where, before he was twenty, he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Here he studied the German, French, Italian, Arabic and Hebrew languages and literature, as well as the literature of ancient Greece and Rome. An enthusiastic admirer of Plato, he studied the works of that philosopher and read nearly all of his writings in the original Greek. By this time the bent of Bancroft's mind and literary taste had become so clearly defined that he decided on history as the branch for special attention and work.

The ardent young student next went to Berlin, where he spent more than a year in delving still deeper into the rich mines of literature. He studied unremittingly and attended the lectures of profound historical scholars. His attainments, extraordinary for one of his years, together with his high character and purity of life, attracted much attention in the most cultured circles of the Prussian capital, and he was a frequent and always welcome guest in the homes of many distinguished men, among them Baron von Humboldt, the founder of Berlin University, and at this time Minister of Public Instruction. While here he became interested in the science of government and made a careful study of the Prussian system. This proved valuable to him in later years, when he was called to serve his own country in the administrative and diplomatic branches of the government. Bancroft devoted a year to further study at the renowned university at Heidelberg. During his stay in Germany, he passed his college vacations in visiting neighboring cities and in short country trips for sight-seeing and recreation. Before his return to America, he spent a year in visiting other countries. His tour included a month in England, a tour on foot through beautiful Switzerland, stops at Paris and other cities of France, and eight months in Italy, where he studied ecclesiastical government, and visited nearly all the places of interest. He sailed for home in 1822, after four years in Europe, during which he had acquired a depth and breadth of learning and a fund of information which, at his age of twenty-two, was almost without precedent. In the completeness and thoroughness of his mental equipment, he had reached a point rarely attained by scholars even ten years later in life.

Bancroft's father felt a pardonable pride in his son, and was extremely desirous that he should enter the ministry. George yielded for a time to his solicitations, and took a brief course of theological study. At the same time he served as tutor in Greek at Harvard University, which position, at urgent request, he had consented to fill for a year. Rather to gratify his father than from any desire on his own part, he tried to preach, and occupied his father's pulpit two or

three times. It is said of him, in a sketch published after his death, referring to his brief ministerial experience, that "his manner was regarded as somewhat superficial, and so different from that which was usual at the time in the pulpit, as to prevent religious services as conducted by him from being wholly acceptable, to either his father or his father's congregation." It was clear that he was not intended for the ministry, and his father did not press the matter further.

In 1823, in conjunction with Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, Bancroft established the Round Hill School, at Northampton, Massachusetts. It was projected to prepare youths for collegiate study, and several learned young men of Germany were employed as teachers. The standard was set too high and the expense of the school was too great, so that it proved a financial failure, and after seven years was abandoned. Yet the institution did much toward improving the system of study and the class of text-books used. In connection with this enterprise, Mr. Bancroft endeavored to make practical use of some of the ideas that he had gained during his stay in Europe. While at Northampton, he published a small volume of poems, descriptive of the natural beauties of Switzerland and Italy. Later in life, when his reputation—not in the realm of poesy—had been established, he repented the publication of his immature verse, which he characterized as a "youthful indiscretion," and did all he could to withdraw the volume from circulation. He wrote no more poetry. History was his proper field, and in connection with his work at the Round Hill School he began the great enterprise which made his name illustrious—a comprehensive history of the United States. His research and labor in carrying out this undertaking were, however, much broken by diversions into politics, statesmanship and diplomacy.

In 1830 he was elected to the General Court, but his candidacy had been forced, contrary to his expressed wishes, and he declined to take the seat. The next year he declined a nomination to the state senate, although his election would have been assured. At this time he had resolved that he would not be beguiled by the allurements of political life. A few years later he was prevailed upon to reconsider this determination, and to become the candidate of the Democratic party for member of Congress. But his was a Whig district and he was defeated. President Van Buren appointed him collector of customs at Boston, and the intelligence, vigor and honesty with which he performed his duties won the applause even of his political opponents. At that time bonds were accepted for duties, and under other collectors, unpaid bonds to a large amount had accumulated as debts due the government. Not a single bond taken during the



term of Mr. Bancroft was unpaid when he resigned the office, and his collections had amounted to several million dollars. He found time to pursue his literary work and also to make political speeches. He was a popular orator and had become prominent in the politics of Massachusetts. In 1844 he was the candidate of his party for gov-

ernor, but was defeated, although he received a larger vote than had ever before been cast in that state for a Democratic candidate.

But in the same year his party elected its candidate for President, and on Mr. Polk's accession, in March following, he called Mr. Bancroft into his Cabinet. He first appointed him attorney-general, for he had supposed him to be a lawyer.

Bancroft told the President that he had been educated for the church and not for the bar, and he was then made Secretary of the Navy. His administration was characterized by rigid economy in every branch of the naval establishment. He performed a signal service for the country by the creation of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Maryland. After a year and a half in the Cabinet, he resigned to accept the position of minister plenipotentiary to England. He discharged his diplomatic duties with the same zeal, fidelity and ability that he had shown at Washington. He negotiated a postal treaty with England, which was ratified by the governments of both countries. At London his high personal character, not less than his exalted official rank, was a passport to the first social circles, and the distinguished American received every mark of consideration. The record of Mr. Bancroft's official life may be finished here. In 1867 President Johnson appointed him Minister to Prussia. He was afterward accredited to the German empire, and remained at Berlin till 1874. He was now past threescore and ten, and his return to America marked his retirement from public life.

Although Mr. Bancroft's public services were eminent, he is best known for his exhaustive and invaluable "History of the United States." Strictly speaking, it is not, however, a history of the United States during its national existence, for it covers only the formative period, from the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. It was published, from time to time, in ten volumes, but these have been re-formed into six volumes. In addition to these are two volumes devoted solely to a history of the Constitution itself. Mr. Bancroft projected this great literary enterprise when he was about twenty-five, and began work upon it, as has been said, while he was engaged in his private school at Northampton. The last volume was published in 1874, so that the



"History" was constantly in his thoughts and largely absorbed his time and effort for fully half a century.

The labor of preparing so full and authentic a history of the early days was infinitely greater than that of one who undertakes to write more modern history, with a wealth of material at his hand, to the most minute detail. It will be readily understood that the records of the early colonial period were sparse, fragmentary and difficult of access. Many documents of great historical value had passed into private hands, where they were treasured as mementos of the olden days. In many cases these could not be found, and the lack had to be supplied from such sources of information as were available. Often when in quest of important facts, Mr. Bancroft seemed to find his way completely blocked, but his unflagging persistence, that would not be baffled, surmounted every obstacle. The pure literary style of the work is such as to challenge criticism. It is often severely plain, but simple and direct, with an entire freedom from attempts to embellish for rhetorical effect. It is in the largest sense the work of a scholar—one who apprehended the true scope of the historian, to record the truth, without bias, fear or favor. The early volumes of the long series fixed, in the estimation of the literary world, the high character of the work. Each volume created a desire for its successor, and each in turn was most cordially welcomed. Such is its recognized value, that the entire work has been translated and printed in the languages of Europe. It is rightly esteemed one of the noblest monuments of American literature.

Mr. Bancroft lived to the ripe age of ninety-one years. After his return from Europe, in 1874, he established his summer residence at Newport, Rhode Island, and his winter home in Washington. He was fond of riding on horseback and spent hours each day, when the weather permitted, in the saddle. His kindly face, with white hair and beard, was a familiar sight in the streets and suburbs of Washington. Mr. Bancroft was a natural orator and was always popular as a public speaker. He was selected by Congress to deliver the eulogy on Lincoln, in February, 1866, and his address on that occasion was finished and scholarly, a masterpiece of oratory. He was a member of many learned societies, and was everywhere recognized as one who had fairly earned the fame with which the world had crowned him. Few, indeed, have enjoyed so wide an acquaintance as did Mr. Bancroft, with the distinguished men of this and other countries. Full of years and of honors, his life peacefully ended, January 17, 1891.





## PHILLIPS BROOKS

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*He had exalted talent as a pulpit teacher.*

PHILLIPS BROOKS belonged to the higher grade of what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "The Brahmin Caste" of New England.

The founder of his mother's family was the Reverend George Phillips, who came from England to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1630. The well-known Phillips academies, of Andover and Exeter, were founded by different individuals of the same family, and they are a monumental testimony to the commercial prosperity and the intellectual character of the family. The Brooks family was founded by Thomas Brooke, who came to this country about the year 1636, and many generations of his descendants lived at Medford, near Boston. It need

hardly be said that the family on both sides became related to, or connected with, a large number of the prominent families in New England.

William Gray Brooks and Mary Ann Phillips were married in the old homestead of the bride's father in North Andover. They made their residence in Boston, where Phillips was

born, December 13, 1835. The family church was the First Congregational. In the Unitarian movement, the pastor and the majority of the church sympathized with that side. As Mrs. Brooks was a Puritan of the evangelical type, this left her without a church. She did not seek another Congregational Church, but selected the St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal. Here Mr. Brooks was confirmed in 1847, when Phillips was twelve years of age—quite old enough to be impressed by the event. Thus the family became Episcopal.

No particular trait or adventure marked the boyhood of the future pulpit orator. He was a creditable scholar, but not a brilliant one; a good writer, but in no way phenomenal. While a pupil in the Boston Latin School, he edited a school paper, and made the usual schoolboy speeches. But thirty years later, in a speech at the dedication of the new building, he referred to what the Duke of Wellington once said of Eton: "Here is where I learned the lessons that made it possible for me to conquer at Waterloo;" adding, "and the same thing made it possible for the Latin and High School boys to win

the victory which came at Gettysburg and under the very walls of Richmond."

He was a member of the class of '55 in Harvard College. His standing, at graduation, was number thirteen, in a class of seventy-six. He was a good reader in his college days, preferring for the most part the older standard English authors. It was here that he acquired that mastery of the English tongue which is so conspicuous in many persons of the higher grade of Harvard men, and in which he excelled.

Though profoundly religious in the undercurrent of his character, he had never passed through the emotional experience of conversion. In fact, he had never been confirmed. It was not until he had decided to study for the ministry, and sought his pastor's advice, that his attention was called to the fact that studying for the ministry was usually preceded by confirmation, and that confirmation was usually preceded by conversion.

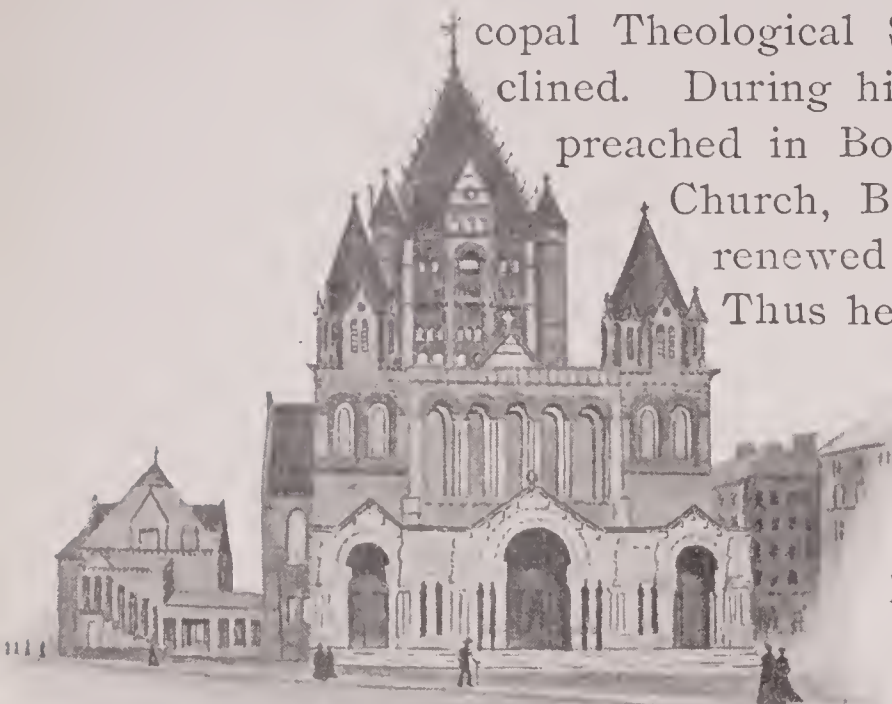
The year following graduation from Harvard was spent as usher, or teacher, in the Latin school. The personal incompatibility between him and the principal was so great that he was practically discharged before the end of the year. This was the cause of intense melancholy, but in a few months he rallied and put all his enthusiastic energy into the study of theology. Brooks entered the Episcopal seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, in November, 1856. A year or two later he was appointed to have charge of the preparatory department. Many of the young candidates came with defective preliminary preparation, and it was the duty of the principal to guide them to the correction of this defect.

The first sermon of the theological student was preached in November, 1858, to a congregation of about sixty persons, in a near-by chapel. The text was characteristic of the preacher: "The simplicity that is in Christ." It was prophetic of the marvelous pulpit career of the great preacher. The last year of his studies in the seminary, young Brooks had charge of a small chapel in the neighboring village of Sharon. One day, while preaching to his usual congregation of about forty persons, he observed two strange gentlemen in the pews. They proved to be a committee from the Church of the Advent, in Philadelphia. After the services they offered him a call which was duly accepted. He was graduated June 30, 1859, and the next day was ordained a deacon. On Whitsunday, 1860, he was ordained a priest in Philadelphia.

Hardly had Brooks taken up his first pastorate when calls from other churches, near and far, came thick and fast. These came from Newport, Providence, San Francisco, Brookline, and elsewhere. There



was also a call from Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. This was at first declined, but, after renewal, it was accepted. The next important call was in 1867, when he was invited to be Dean of the new Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. This was also declined. During his life in Philadelphia, he had occasionally preached in Boston. In 1868 he was called to Trinity Church, Boston. This call he declined, but it was renewed the following year, and he accepted it. Thus he became rector of the wealthiest and most intellectual Episcopal congregation in Boston. In that pastorate he spent nearly all the rest of his life. His people built for him a church costing a million dollars. Not only was it the most beautiful edifice in Boston, but it became the most influential center of spiritual instruction and power.



Within a short time after Brooks took charge of Trinity Church, the auditorium became crowded to the doors. The same condition obtained in the capacious new edifice which his congregation erected on Copley Square. This enthusiastic interest never flagged. Nor was it limited to his own people, or to the social and intellectual class which they represented. Wherever he preached, people came in crowds to hear him. It was the same in the North End that it was in the Back Bay district. When he preached in Faneuil Hall, the room was packed, and the effect of the sermon could not have been greater. When Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, was suddenly taken ill, Mr. Brooks was substituted for him and filled his place as naturally as if he had been all his life engaged in evangelistic work. When he went to New York City and delivered a course of noonday lectures in Old Trinity, at the head of Wall Street, the busiest of New York men turned aside at the busiest part of the day to hear this man give his message of the Gospel. When he went to a college, the young men would leave all work and all recreation to sit at his feet.

A characteristic incident occurred when a gentleman went to a church that usually was nearly deserted, and was surprised to find a surging throng of people, crowding, struggling, elbowing one another in the endeavor to get in. Finding the sexton, a colored man, he asked what was the meaning of the unusual condition of affairs. The reply was brief and comprehensive: "Phillips Brooks, Sah!"

At a time when the ministers and newspapers, religious and secular, were bewailing the falling off of church attendance, Dr. Brooks promptly denied the alleged facts. "I have preached in many parts

of the country and I know that there is no foundation for this complaint. I had personal observation and I know that the churches are always full." In his humility, he did not take account of the personal factor in the equation. In physical stature he was enormous. Six feet four was his height, and he was more than proportionally large. Through his early manhood, and, indeed, well into middle life, his face was not only as round as an apple, but he was as rosy cheeked as a boy. His striking figure would attract attention anywhere. His speech was so rapid as to be the despair of reporters. It was a rare thing for one to catch this man's extemporaneous addresses. Words, clauses, sentences poured forth in a perfect torrent. Many hearers were unable to take in this velocity of utterance. Listening to it sometimes produced an effect like that of watching near-by objects from the window of a limited express train. There is a momentary dazzling and confusion, but at the same time one is conscious of being borne on toward some great destination.

Attempts to analyze his pulpit power have signally failed. Not that they go aside from the truth, but they do not go far enough—they are inadequate. One said of him that "He just took Jesus Christ with him into the pulpit and had a good time." It is true that his preaching produced a sense of the presence of our Lord, but having "a good time" fails to suggest the majestic, awe-inspiring effect of his preaching. Looking over his published sermons, one is first struck with his clearness of speech and manifest enthusiasm. His sentences are not short, his words are not conspicuously of Saxon origin, he rarely utters an epigram, rarely uses an illustration, very rarely tells a story. Yet there is never any doubt as to what he means to say. He has definite grasp of his thought, and not even the cold type of the printed page is able to obliterate the evidences of his intense earnestness. His tender manliness, or his manly tenderness, throbs in every utterance. One day he read his text, "Quit you like men," and began his sermon with the words, "He who wrote these words was in every sense a *man*!" The congregation mentally assented, but in thought they added: "And he who now preaches these words is in every sense a man, a glorious specimen of manliness."

His consciousness of God, a heritage from the generations of puritan devoutness which came to him through his mother, was a conspicuous trait, impressive in all his preaching. The effect of it was to leave the hearer awed, subdued, as if he had had an inner vision of the Almighty. At the same time there was a tenderness of thought and manner that was full of comfort, and a spiritual uplift that put new courage into the heart. Both the bereaved and the disheartened were refreshed and convinced that life was worth liv-



ing, that despite its catastrophes it was an opportunity rich and glorious.

It is still more difficult to classify Mr. Brooks as a theologian. Divers schools of theological thought claimed him as of their number. He was of the "broad church" type, and it is not to be doubted that widely different thinkers found in his words evidences of sympathy, if not of affinity. His theology was spiritual, as distinguished from the formal; it was vital, not mechanical. There are two thoughts—or rather there is one two-fold thought—that imbued every sermon or address: he presented Jesus Christ as man's true idea of God, and as God's model of what he would have man to become.

He was an extensive traveler and had many warm friends, especially in England. Of these, the most prominent was Dean Stanley, with whom he exchanged visits. He was a charming correspondent, and a volume of his friendly letters stands high in that department of literature. His published works are chiefly sermons and addresses, including the Bohlen lectures on "The Influence of Jesus," and the Yale lectures on "Preaching." One of the most beautiful Christmas hymns in the English language, "O little town of Bethlehem," is from his pen.

On April 30, 1891, he was elected bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts, and the election was duly confirmed in accordance with the laws of the Episcopal Church. The ceremony of consecration took place in Trinity Church on the fourteenth of October in the same year. Before entering upon the active duties of the Episcopate, he again went abroad. After his return he energetically took up his Episcopal duties, but he had hardly time to make his influence felt in so large a station as his new field of labor, when he suddenly died, January 23, 1893. A fitting memorial is found at Harvard College, in the Phillips Brooks House, dedicated to his memory, and to Piety, Charity, and Hospitality. The inscription on the tablet is as follows:—

A PREACHER  
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND HOPE,  
MAJESTIC IN STATURE, IMPETUOUS IN UTTERANCE,  
REJOICING IN THE TRUTH,  
UNHAMPERED BY BONDS OF CHURCH OR STATION,  
HE BROUGHT BY HIS LIFE AND DOCTRINE  
FRESH FAITH TO THE PEOPLE,  
FRESH MEANING TO ANCIENT CREEDS;  
TO THIS UNIVERSITY  
HE GAVE  
CONSTANT LOVE, LARGE SERVICE, HIGH EXAMPLE.

## JULIA WARD HOWE

---

*She wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."*

THERE have been many writers who are best remembered and most honored for a single production of genius or inspiration, which has touched the hearts and stirred the emotions of millions. Bryant never wrote anything better, or that will live longer, than "Thanatopsis," which was one of the earliest poems from his pen; Theodore O'Hara wrote nothing that has survived except that brilliant gem of poesy, "The Bivouac of the Dead"; Gray's "Elegy," Poe's "Raven" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" are other examples of poems that have a place in the public estimation above and beyond all others of their authors' works. The name of Julia Ward Howe always brings to mind that most stirring lyric of the Civil War, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic":—



"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The popular judgment has placed this at the head of the long list of poems inspired by the war. It was purposely shaped, in meter and measure, to "fit" the tune "John Brown's Body," and so it caught at once the tongue and the ear of the people, at home and in the army. While it is true that its majestic rhythm and lofty sentiment were less adapted to the rollicking music of the camp-fire than "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," or "Marching through Georgia," the "Battle Hymn" was sung everywhere in the Union army, and none can measure its influence in nerving the hearts and stimulating the courage of the soldiers in blue. A celebrated Confederate commander said to a Federal officer, soon after the war: "If we had had your songs you never could have conquered us!"

Mrs. Howe was the daughter of Samuel Ward, and was born in New York, in 1819. She had the advantage of a good education, covering a wide range of study. During her young womanhood, she became interested to an unusual degree in moral, social and political subjects, and evinced a desire and purpose to engage in reformatory enterprises. At the age of twenty-four, she became the wife of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who was twenty years her senior. Dr. Howe



was prominent in humanitarian work and was widely known as a philanthropist. From 1824 to 1830 he served as a surgeon and in other capacities with the patriot army in Greece, during the war against the Turks. On his return to the United States, he established in Boston an institution for the instruction of the blind and was elected its president. He went to Europe to acquire information to fit him for its management, and while there was arrested and imprisoned for a time by the Prussian government, for distributing supplies to the Polish army. In Boston he became celebrated for his wonderful success in educating Laura Bridgeman, who was blind, deaf and dumb. The world honored him for his original and ingenious methods, by which were opened to this unfortunate girl the doors of intelligence, which it seemed that nature had sealed forever. He also established an institution for the mental development and training of idiots, by improved methods which he had devised. Such was the man who wooed and won the heart and hand of Julia Ward. They were attracted, each to the other, by a congeniality of spirit and purpose, and the disparity in their ages proved no bar to a perfect union, and an ideal domestic life that was only ended by the death of Dr. Howe.

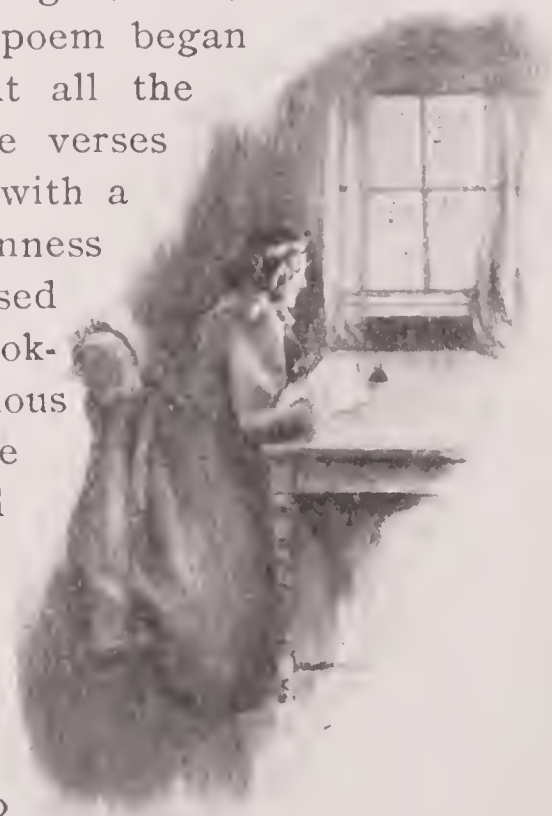
Immediately after their marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Howe made an extended tour of Europe. In 1850 they again went abroad for a year, most of which was spent in Rome. They went a third time, in 1867, and traveled in Greece. This tour was taken to gratify Dr. Howe's desire to revisit the scene of his service with the Grecian patriots, forty years before. He found that he had not been forgotten, and high honors were paid him in memory of what he had done. It was after her return from her second trip to Europe that Mrs. Howe began to use her pen in an ambitious way. She had written occasional sketches and essays on current topics for newspapers and magazines, but nothing in permanent form. Her first book was "Passion Flowers," a volume of poems, which was kindly received by the public. For thirty years thereafter she occupied much of her time in writing. Among her best-known works are, "Words for the Hour," "A Trip to Cuba," "Later Lyrics," "From the Oak to the Olive"—the last being a narrative of her tour through Greece—and, published in 1899, a most attractive volume of "Reminiscences," in which she tells the story of her long life. She was a lover of the drama and wrote several plays. These include "Lenore" and "Hippolytus," both tragedies, and "The World's Own." The last named was put on the stage and played in New York and Boston. Its leading characters were taken by Matilda Heron and E. A. Sothorn, both of whom were then at the zenith of their fame. In her "Reminiscences" she naïvely

quotes the verdict of the critics on the play, that it was "full of literary merit and dramatic defects." Mrs. Howe, during nearly all of her active life, was prominently identified with the movement for the enfranchisement of woman and the enlargement of her sphere of activity and usefulness. She also freely lent her heart, her voice and her effort to the furtherance of the antislavery cause and various enterprises for the benefit of humanity. A gifted, polished and fluent speaker, she was widely known and always cordially welcomed when she appeared before public audiences. For half a century she was a powerful leader among the women of America.

Mrs. Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, in 1861, the first year of the Civil War. She was visiting the national capital with a party of friends and attended a review of a body of troops, at one of the camps near the city. During the return drive the members of the party, animated by the spirit of the occasion, sang snatches of army songs, among them, "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave." One of Mrs. Howe's friends said to her, "Why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" She answered that she had often felt the desire to do so, but had not as yet found any idea that would supply a fitting theme. The question ran in her head during the remainder of the day and the evening. In her "Reminiscences" she says:—

"I went to bed that night as usual and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and, as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night should intervene, as it was only legible while the matter was fresh in my mind. At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I like this better than most things that I have written.'"

Mrs. Howe smoothed the rough draft of the poem, by the change of a word here and there, and showed it to her friends, who could find no words strong enough to express their delight and commendation. It was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly" and received





immediate recognition as a masterpiece. It quickly found its way to the army, and spread among the camps as "on the wings of the morning." It was a happy thought to suit the form of composition to a tune that was on every lip. Had it been otherwise, the poem would have been far more tardy in reaching the popular ear and heart. One of her friends said of her, combining jest and compliment, "Mrs. Howe ought to die now, for she has done the best that she ever will do." Mrs. Howe was exceedingly gratified at the success of the "Battle Hymn"; indeed, she was proud of it, as she had a right to be. She felt an intense interest in the war and its result, but, as she expressed her feelings to her friends, her husband was many years past the age for military duty, and she had no son who could shoulder a musket or buckle on a sword, so that she was glad and happy to know that she had been able to do something that would give fresh inspiration, not only to those who were following the flag, but to those, as well, who were weeping around their darkened firesides, and those who were holding up the hands of the men in the field. Most of the "war songs" written for the time, have been forgotten, except by the veterans who used to sing them in the bivouac and on the march, but the "Battle Hymn" is enduring and has an abiding place in the great heart of the people. It has been sung in swelling chorus, with grand, uplifting effect, by thousands of public assemblages, and it will be sung by thousands more. For it, as well as for her many years of labor in the cause of humanity, Mrs. Howe will be remembered and honored by the generations to come.

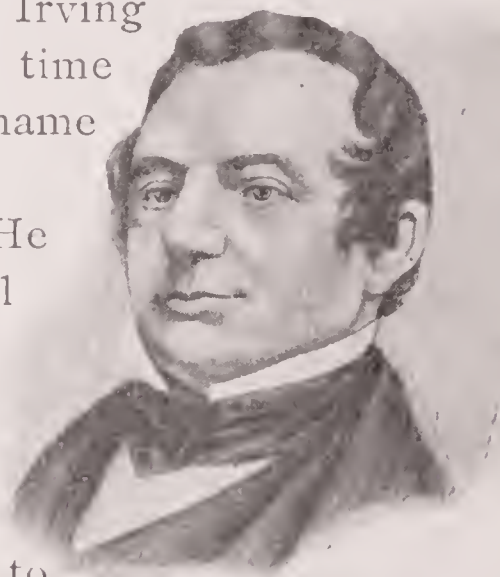
## WASHINGTON IRVING

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*He raised the standard of American literature.*

“FATHER of American literature” is the title that has been bestowed upon Washington Irving. He was born in New York, in 1783. His father was William Irving, of the Orkney Islands, a seafaring man whose family during the Revolution had to flee to New Jersey. When a boy he was fond of the theater, but his father frowned upon such amusements, for he was a church deacon and condemned worldly pleasures. An old revolutionary soldier was Washington Irving’s teacher. “The Arabian Nights” and “Robinson Crusoe” were his favorite books, and these he almost devoured. There was no opportunity for a college education, and young Irving entered a law office, though he devoted most of his time to writing for the “Morning Chronicle” under the name of “Jonathan Oldstyle.”

In 1804 Irving went to Europe for his health. He carried letters of introduction, and visited the principal cities of the continent. He saw the fleet of Lord Nelson at Messina, just before the fight at Trafalgar. He returned home with a literary inclination and joined James K. Paulding in a periodical patterned after the style of “The Spectator.” It failed to catch the popular taste and was of short existence. Irving’s “History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,” is his master work, and upon its publication, in 1809, it met an immediate and remarkable sale. It was most cordially received and its author was at once accorded a place in the first rank of American writers. It brought to Mr. Irving the sum of three thousand dollars.



Irving joined his brothers in mercantile business, but continued to write brief sketches and essays. In 1815 he revisited Europe, where he met many brilliant people in literature and the drama, and enjoyed much of the pleasure of a literary career. Here he produced his “Sketch-Book,” “Bracebridge Hall” and “Tales of a Traveler.” For these three works, each of which was cordially welcomed by the public, he received fifteen thousand dollars. He lived for a time in Paris and later at Madrid, where he was an *attaché* of the United States legation. There he began his “Life of Columbus,” in three volumes, which was completed in 1828, for which he received eighteen thousand



dollars. His "Conquest of Granada" and the charming tales of "The Alhambra" owe their existence also to his Spanish visit, for he actually lived in the Alhambra. While in Spain, Mr. Irving received the appointment of secretary of legation at the Court of St. James, and remained in London three years, winning the high honor of the title of LL.D. from the University of Oxford.

Mr. Irving returned to America in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, and was most warmly received. He purchased a home near Tarrytown, New York, and named it "Sunnyside." He joined John Jacob Astor in the enterprise of establishing Astoria for a fur-trading post on the North Pacific coast. In connection with this project he went West and wrote "Tour on the Prairies" and "Astoria," but refused to receive anything from Astor for this advertisement of his scheme. When Mr. Astor died he appointed Irving one of his executors, and thus abundantly repaid the debt.

In 1842 President Tyler appointed Mr. Irving Minister to Spain. After four pleasant years at the Spanish capital he returned to his home at "Sunnyside." He was now past sixty years of age. He realized that his time for active labor was brief, and applied himself with energy and zeal to the completion of his literary work. He wrote at this time his delightful "Oliver Goldsmith" and "Life of Mahomet." Most of the material for the latter had been gathered during his second residence at Madrid.

Irving's last production was the "Life of Washington." In this Mr. Irving did not do himself justice. The work contains many fine passages, especially sketches of characters and scenes, but its historical value is not such as was to have been expected from so high a source. It is marred by a sectional coloring, and is in most respects so unsatisfactory as to have proved disappointing to the author's friends. He was past seventy when the volumes appeared, and it is impossible to resist the conviction that age had impaired his brilliant faculties before his pen took up the last task of his life.

During these quiet years at "Sunnyside" he revised his voluminous works and arranged them for publication in a uniform edition. After his death, in 1859, his "Life and Letters" appeared. The matter for this work had been chiefly prepared and arranged by himself, but was carefully edited by his nephew, Pierre Irving, before publication. A complete edition of Irving's works embraces twenty-six volumes.

Irving's "Columbus" and "Mahomet" are most fascinating to the reader, though the fame of their author rests not so much on his historical works as on his charming sketches, interwoven with delightful imagery and legendary lore, of which "The Sketch-Book," "Knickerbocker" and "The Alhambra" are illustrations. In their peculiar

vein these are unapproached by the works of any other writer. Almost every boy and girl in our large towns has seen Joseph Jefferson in his "Rip Van Winkle," and has laughed and cried over the touching scenes after his twenty years' sleep in Hendrik Hudson's mountains.

Mr. Irving was stoutly built and carried his head a little on one side. His nature was genial and kind, and he was affectionate and pleasant in speech, with an abundant flow of humor that gave a delightful charm to his conversation. He died at "Sunnyside" in 1859, widely and sincerely lamented.

Mr. Irving's works, since his death, have been sold at the rate of thirty thousand volumes a year. During his lifetime six hundred thousand volumes were sold in the United States. A "Washington Irving Association," formed at Tarrytown, paid public tribute to his memory, and Whittier wrote upon that occasion:—

"It has long been a matter of regret that while he was living I did not feel myself warranted in seeking the acquaintance of one upon whom I could have no other claim than that of sincere admiration. Our literature has assumed large proportions since he has laid aside his pen, but his writings have lost none of their attraction, and the veil of romance which he has thrown over the Highlands of the Hudson still lingers there and 'Crow's Nest' will always loom through it."

Charles Dudley Warner, in his address at that memorial, said:—

"It was Irving, not Hudson, who truly discovered this river and gave it to us. The early navigators used to get aground in it. Irving made it a highway of imagination. Travelers who have never left their firesides, voyage up and down it. In the Indian summer, these shores are golden, these hills are purple and the stream flows on as in a dream. In all seasons, to all the world, this region bears the hues of romance that Irving gave it. His spirit abides here. There is his wild cottage. Here is his grave."



## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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*A favorite poet who sang in many keys.*

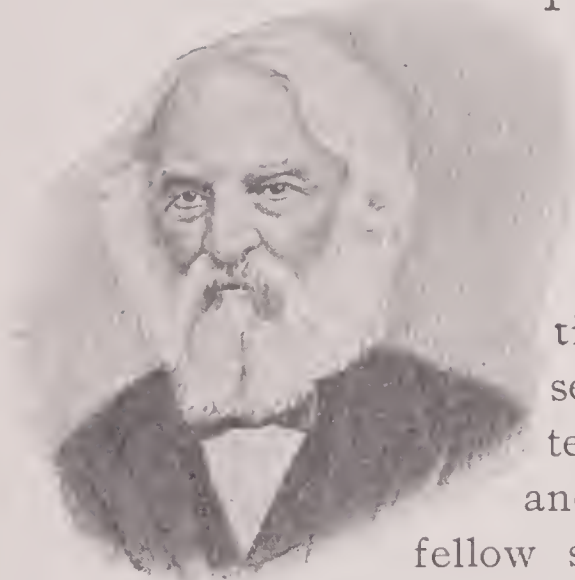
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the poet, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father was Stephen, fourth in line from William Longfellow, an immigrant of 1675. In the same town, Newbury, Massachusetts, in which William Longfellow settled, lived Percival Lowell, the ancestor of James Russell Lowell.

Two hundred years later, these two eminent descendants of those neighbors were also intimate friends and neighbors in another town of Massachusetts, historic Cambridge.

Henry Longfellow started life as a happy boy. His surroundings were pleasant, for Portland, at that time, held a society of interesting people. The town itself was attractive. Its picturesque harbor afforded shelter for ships of commerce, through which both comfort and general intelligence were diffused. As a child, Long-

fellow showed the same characteristics that marked his manhood. He was gentle, cheerful and attractive. His father's library, filled with the best English books, more than anything else received his attention. "The Sketch-Book" of Washington Irving was his favorite volume. Said he, much later, "Whenever I open the pages of 'The Sketch-Book,' I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth."

Longfellow began at thirteen years of age to write verse, which appeared in the poet's corner of a neighboring paper. In 1822 he joined his lifelong friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, at Bowdoin College. In that plain country school he found other companions, who, like himself, were to make their names familiar to the world. Among the thirty-eight who passed with Longfellow into Bowdoin were Abbott, the historian; Cheever, the eminent clergyman; Bradbury, United States Senator from Maine; Cilley, the Congressman from Vermont, who was slain in a duel with Representative Graves, of Kentucky; Horatio Bridge, United States Navy; William Pitt Fessenden, statesman and financier; Franklin Pierce, President of the United States; Luther V. Ball, Sargent Smith Prentiss, John P. Hale, Calvin E. Stowe, later the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other well-known men of a past generation.



Longfellow's early letters to his parents show a desire to excel. He wrote:—

"I will be eminent in something." "You must acknowledge the usefulness of aiming high at something which it is impossible to overshoot, perhaps to reach." "I earnestly aspire after future eminence in literature. My whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centers in it."

Sixteen or more poems appeared in the "Literary Gazette," of Boston, from Longfellow's pen, in 1824-25. Immediately after graduation, he was offered the chair of modern languages by his alma mater. This required a three years' course of study in Europe. The proposition was gladly accepted, and he sailed on his nineteenth birthday for France. He visited Spain, where he met Washington Irving, with whom he had most agreeable association. Thence he went to Italy, and afterward to Germany. He mastered the languages of all the countries he visited. At twenty-two years of age, he began his work, the equal of the older professors; for he had adhered to his rule that he would do with his might whatever his hand found to do. His course at college brought him honor, love, obedience, friends, and at its end he held a position never before surpassed in America by one of his years; yet he was only a junior professor in an institution which Oliver Wendell Holmes called a "freshwater college." There Longfellow married Miss Mary Potter, of Portland. They lived in Brunswick, in an old-fashioned house, before the door of which stood an elm tree which is still pointed out. His "Outre-Mer," containing sketches of his European travels, was published at this time. While not yet twenty-eight years of age, Longfellow was invited to the chair of modern languages in Harvard University, to succeed the eminent George Ticknor. This involved another visit to Europe, that he might study the Scandinavian language.

Accompanied by his wife, Longfellow went in 1835 to England, and thence to Sweden. There Mrs. Longfellow died, after a short illness. In Switzerland, soon afterward, he met the lady who was subsequently to share for eighteen years his home and his prosperity. She was a daughter of Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Boston. He has described her in "Hyperion," published about four years before their marriage:—

"Of majestic figure, her every step, every attitude was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within, and that soul were, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted from above. There was not one discordant thing in her; but a perfect harmony of figure, and face, and soul."

Longfellow returned in the fall of 1836, to enter upon his duties at Harvard. He took the "Craigie House," an old colonial mansion



which had been the headquarters of General Washington. Its historic and congenial surroundings seemed an inspiration to the poetic genius that had dawned. In 1843 he married Miss Appleton and took up his abode at the "Craigie House," which had become his property. Now followed a constant flow of rhyme—full and strong and beautiful. From this time Longfellow's fame steadily increased. "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior," but served to confirm the reputation he had already made. For many years his life was a peaceful charm. His fortunes were prosperous; his home was happy; the products of his pen were awaited and welcomed with admiring interest. The "Spanish Student" was published during the year of his marriage. This was followed by the "Belfry of Bruges," "The Old Clock on the Stairs" and "The Arsenal at Springfield."

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow and brought a friend with him from Salem. After dinner the friend said:—

"I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Acadia, and still current there—the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital when both were old."

Longfellow wondered that the legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him, "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you let me have it for a poem?" To this Hawthorne consented, and promised, moreover, not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. Longfellow seized his opportunity and gave to the world "Evangeline," or "The Exile of the Acadians." After it had appeared, Hawthorne wrote him:—

"I have read it with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express."

The exiles' sad wanderings culminate under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard:—

"In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed,  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

Pressing closely upon "Evangeline" in popularity is the "Song of Hiawatha," which embodies certain curious legends of the aboriginal

race. Fascinating in its narration, it portrays with fidelity the mythology, social customs and language of those romantic people.

Longfellow resigned his chair at Harvard in 1854, after nearly eighteen years of pleasant and successful labor. He wrote to a friend:—

“I want to try the effect of change on my mind, and of freedom from routine. Household occupations, children, relatives, friends, strangers and college lectures so completely fill up my days, that I have no time for poetry, and consequently the last two years have been unproductive to me. I am not, however, very sure or sanguine about the result.”

In the midst of the fullness of employment and happiness which succeeded the production of “Hiawatha” and “Miles Standish,” came the tragic death of his wife. While engaged, at her fireside, in the entertainment of her children, a drop of flaming wax set fire to her clothing and she was fatally burned. It was long after this sad event before he could find interest in life.

Longfellow’s constantly growing fame burdened him with a crowd of visitors and a multitude of letters from strangers. Though pressed for time, and wearied by these incessant demands, he still had a kind word for each and never failed to respond to cases of need. In company with his two daughters, he visited Europe for the last time, in 1868. He enjoyed his sojourn in England, in Paris and especially in Italy. His fame had preceded him and everywhere he was received with high honors. Returning home, he was glad to find the quiet happiness which marked the closing years of his life. Warnings of declining health came in the form of vertigo, nervous pain and depression. On the twenty-fourth of March, 1882, he sank quietly in death. The last lines he wrote were the closing stanza of the “Bells of San Blas”:—

“Out of the shadow of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daylight everywhere.”

The strongest evidence of Longfellow’s hold upon his readers is found in the devotion of the school children. When “the spreading chestnut tree” was cut down, seven hundred children contributed their dimes to have a library chair made from it for the dear old poet. The chair was placed in his library on his seventy-second birthday. After this many schools, not only in New England but in more distant sections, began the practice of celebrating his birthday by reciting selections from his poems and by essays to commemorate his life and work. To many of his young admirers, as individuals or collective





bodies, Mr. Longfellow wrote charming acknowledgments of their graceful compliments. Another honor conferred upon the beloved poet may be found in the "poet's corner" of Westminster Abbey, where a bust of Longfellow holds an honored place among the illustrious bards.

One has said of him:—

"He wrote no line which, dying, he would wish to blot out, or which, living, he might not justly be proud of."

The old homestead at Cambridge is now held by Longfellow's daughter. It was built in 1759 by Colonel John Vassall, who fled to England at the beginning of the Revolution. After serving as General Washington's headquarters till the evacuation of Boston, it was bought by Mr. Craigie, who built the wings. The meadow in front of the homestead was given by Longfellow's daughters to the memorial association, on condition that it should be kept open forever, and properly laid out for public enjoyment. Let these words of Longfellow be his epitaph:—

"Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still traveling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.  
So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

## WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

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*How a man without eyes wrote history.*

IN THE front rank of American literary men, stands William H. Prescott, the historian. No other writer has told so faithfully and so well the fascinating and romantic story of Spain's conquests in the New World, and of the reigns of the most famous of Spanish sovereigns. His volumes, so singularly attractive in their literary charm, and so trustworthy for their historical fidelity, are recognized, the world over, as without a peer in the field which they cover. The life and labors of Prescott present a most striking illustration of the pursuit of a purpose under difficulties that would seem to be baffling in their magnitude. When a young man, he lost one eye by an accident, and the sight of the other soon became so much impaired, that he could only use it a very small part of each day. Much of the time he was almost totally blind. Yet, in spite of this sore affliction, so great an obstacle to literary effort, by patient and unrelenting toil, he conquered adverse fortune and produced the works that brought him an enduring fame.



Prescott was descended from old Puritan stock. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796. He acquired a fair education as a boy in the schools of his native town, and afterward this was supplemented by a course of study in Boston, to which place his parents removed in 1808. When a lad, he had a passion for mimic warfare and for the narration of original stories, which indicated the bent of his mind. It is also recorded of him that he had "a healthy aversion to persistent work." This he overcame later in life, by a most rigorous course of self-discipline; had he not done so, his books would have been forever unwritten. Young Prescott was given the privilege of access to the books in the Boston Athenæum, and he made good use of the opportunity for reading thus afforded him. In 1811 he went to Harvard College, and here, when he had but fairly entered upon his course of study, he met with the accident that so nearly blighted his life. At the boarding-hall, a fellow-student playfully flung at random a hard piece of bread. He intended no mischief, but the flying frag-



ment struck squarely upon the left eye of Prescott. Such was the violence of the blow, that the sight of the injured organ was entirely destroyed. He was soon able, however, to resume his studies, and graduated with honor in 1814. He then began the study of law in his father's office. The following year, his remaining eye was attacked with violent inflammation, a direct sympathetic effect of the injury to the other. The malady refused to yield to treatment, and the gravest fears were entertained that he would become totally blind. It was determined that he should go to the Azores for the winter, in the hope that he might find relief in careful treatment and in the sea air. He spent several months at St. Michael's, chiefly confined to a darkened room. At this time he began that process of severe mental training which enabled him, when he began his literary labors, to compose and retain in his mind long passages for subsequent dictation. His sight was but little improved, and, during the ensuing summer, he visited England, France and Italy, where he had the advantage of the best medical skill. He was informed that there was no hope of restoring the injured eye, and that the preservation of the sight of the other would depend largely on the maintenance of his general health.

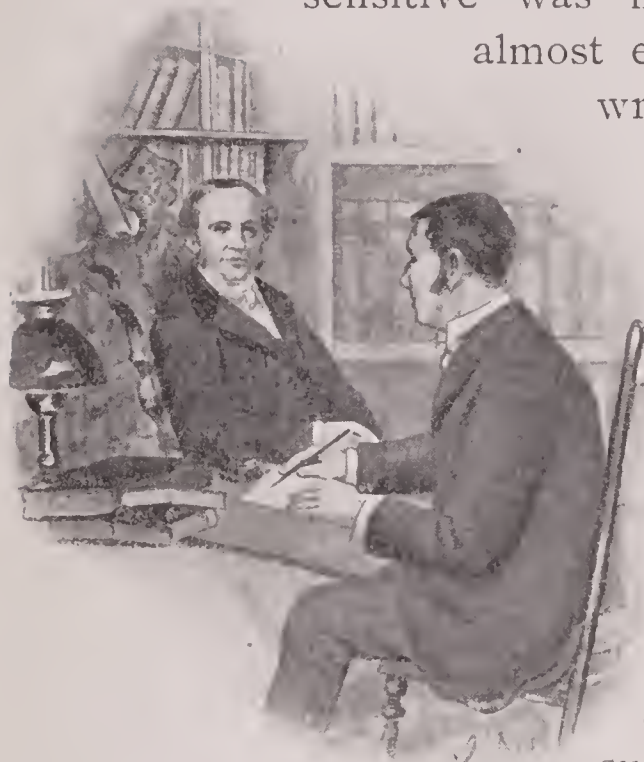
When Prescott returned home, he abandoned his law study, for it was clear that to pursue it was no longer possible. On the advice of his physicians, he made no attempt to use his sight for a time. Fortunately, he was surrounded by loving friends who read aloud to him several hours of each day. As he listened, he was constantly training his mind and memory, and gradually the purpose was developed to devote his life to literature. He had already done some desultory writing, which pleased his friends and gave promise of future success. At the age of twenty-four, he married Susan Amory. The union was a singularly happy one. His wife was his inseparable and devoted companion, and her intelligent assistance was most helpful to him in his historical labors. Prescott was fully resolved that he would do well whatever he undertook, and that he would not engage in any specific work until he was thoroughly equipped for its requirements. For three or four years longer, he continued his preparatory training, by reading or listening to others, by much exercise of thought, and by irregular writing of essays, reviews, etc., by way of practice. His efforts were especially directed to the quickening of certain faculties of mind, the acute exercise of which, would, in large measure, compensate for his impairment of sight. He had always before him the strong possibility of absolute blindness. Bravely and cheerfully he labored to prepare himself for this, determined that even so grievous a calamity as that which darkened his life with its shadow, should not bar his way. The

history of human achievement presents few instances of such systematic and sustained effort to overcome adverse conditions. Examples like this justify the belief that the old proverb from the Latin, "Labor conquers all things," is much more than a figure of speech.

In 1824 Mr. Prescott became interested in Spanish history and literature — and this opened before him his life work. The fascination of the theme was irresistible, and drew him on until his whole nature was engaged. It seemed to him — and such, indeed, was the fact — that this particular and most inviting field had been but scantily cultivated by historians. He resolved to plow and sow, persuaded that, in the fullness of time, he would also reap. From this time forward every thought, every energy of mind and body, was applied to the task which he had undertaken. Happily, he had ample means at his command, by which he was enabled to travel, for much of this was necessary for the collection of material before he could write. In his journeyings he was accompanied by one or more friends, whose assistance was indispensable in searching the dim and musty archives of centuries ago. For this work he dared not hazard his own imperfect and precarious sight, and it was almost entirely done by others, under his direction. It was most fortunate that there were those of his family connection who, not only were qualified for the work, but were so circumstanced that they were able to devote to it their time and labor. But for their aid, the long, patient search would have been impossible. At this time his one eye was so weak and diseased that he was only permitted to use it at brief, intermittent periods. He was embarrassed in his work to a degree that was excessive, — for none could do it as well as himself, — and one less resolute would have given up in despair. He found that traveling affected his sight unfavorably, and his journeys were made only with great difficulty, and often with much suffering. During these months and years of incessant labor, he was obliged to depend very largely upon his devoted friends, who stood faithfully by him to the last. And all these harassing conditions, this lifelong burden of sore affliction, resulted from the trivial act of carelessly flinging a crust of bread!

Material for Prescott's work was gathered from the early archives of the United States, and in Mexico, Peru, Spain, Portugal, Italy and England. How great the undertaking was, magnified beyond measure by the circumstances under which it was accomplished, can scarcely be conceived; and the patient, toilsome effort and the tenacity of purpose that carried it through, must ever command, not less the wonder than the admiration of mankind. Through it all, Prescott's mind was ever actively engaged in sifting, grouping and arranging in systematic order for use, the great mass of data which came into his possession.





Much of this was fragmentary and obscure, and much of doubtful authenticity, enveloped in the haze of legendary lore. To separate the wheat from the chaff, required the keenest discernment and the most careful discrimination. By the time he was ready to begin his writing, he had the matter well digested, and his work clearly laid out in his mind. He worked seated in his study, which was lined on two sides with books. To favor his impaired vision, the room was darkened by green screens and curtains of blue muslin. So acutely sensitive was his eye that these required to be readjusted with almost every cloud that passed across the sky. Much of the writing was done by an amanuensis, at his dictation, but occasionally, for short periods, he was able to write with his own hand, assisted by an instrument called the noctograph,—a writing frame for the blind, by which the hand is enabled to trace across the sheet in regular lines. In this way he jotted down heads and brief notes, which, as they were read to him in turn, he mastered in his mind, shaping the sentences and arranging their sequence, ready for final dictation. The proficiency which he attained in this was a marvel to those about him. Incredible as it may seem, it is related of him that he acquired such power of mind and memory, that he was able to carry therein, matter, in an almost perfect state of composition, sufficient to make sixty printed pages of one of his volumes. His mind was always at work. When he walked or drove, he was thinking,—arranging, perfecting, polishing,—and when his matter was dictated it was so complete in form, so graceful in expression, that rarely was a word changed in the revision. It will be readily understood, however, that the work progressed more slowly than under usual circumstances, by reason of the difficulties which Mr. Prescott was obliged to overcome.

Prescott's first work—"History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," in three volumes—was published in 1838, when the historian was forty-two years of age. It met with immediate and most gratifying success, not only in America, but in Europe. From an obscure reviewer and essayist, its author was suddenly elevated to the first rank of contemporaneous historians. Daniel Webster likened him to "a comet that blazed out, unheralded, in full splendor." American, British and Continental reviewers commended the work in the highest terms, and with a unanimity almost without precedent. The warm reception accorded to "Ferdinand and Isabella" fixed permanently the literary standing of its author, and determined his subsequent course.

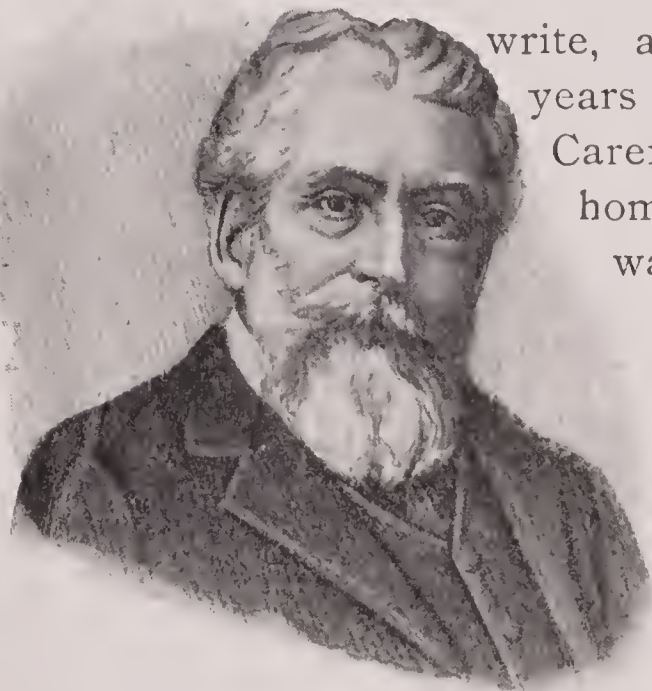
His early purpose had been to enter the general field of literature, but he now resolved to devote himself entirely to history, and in the particular field which he had so successfully entered. He immediately began work on the "Conquest of Mexico," to which he gave five years of hard labor. The reading public had eagerly awaited its publication, and it was received with a cordiality that rose to enthusiasm. The careful methods which the author had adopted bore abundant fruit. The verdict of the critics was emphatic in its approval, and plaudits, without stint, were bestowed upon the man who, through great tribulation, had produced such a work. The "Conquest of Peru" naturally followed, and, within three months, Prescott began to break ground for this. It was finished within four years and added much to his already high reputation. While engaged on the "Conquest of Peru," he suffered a great grief by the death of his father, between whom and himself there was an attachment that was unusually close, even for such a relationship. His feeble eyesight was further impaired, and its total loss was seriously threatened. He was only permitted to use his eye a few minutes at a time, in all not exceeding one hour in each day.

During the last twelve years of his life, Prescott wrote his "History of the Reign of Philip the Second," of Spain, in three volumes. Although this work is complete as far as it goes, the theme was not finished, according to the plan of the author; his sudden death prevented its consummation. Meanwhile, however, he had revised and enlarged Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," and the three volumes of this excellent history are usually included in the works of Prescott, which comprise, in all, fifteen volumes. Prescott's life and labors ended simultaneously. He had been in his usual health and actively engaged in work. On January 27, 1859, he was stricken with apoplexy, and died a few hours later.



## JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

*An American who wrote European history.*



THIS distinguished man of letters, who gave to the world that series of matchless volumes which embrace the early history of the "Low Countries" of Europe, was born in Dorchester—now a part of Boston—Massachusetts, in 1814. He gave early promise of a career in literature. While but a lad he showed a disposition to write, and some of his productions before he was twelve years old, were worthy of one far beyond his years. Careful attention was given to his education, both at home and in school, and at the early age of thirteen he was able to enter Harvard University, from which he was graduated four years later. He then went to Germany, where he spent two years at the University of Göttingen. He devoted another year to travel, chiefly in Italy, when, at the age of twenty, he returned to America. At the end of three years more he had studied law and had been admitted to the bar, and had married.

Young Motley had studied law to gratify his father, but the literary instinct prevailed and he made little attempt to practice at the bar. In 1839 he published his first book. It was a story entitled "Morton's Hope: or Memoirs of a Young Provincial." It did not take the world by storm; it scored a moderate success—just enough to gratify his friends and to encourage him to further effort. In 1841 he was appointed secretary of the United States legation at the Russian capital. He accepted the position and entered upon its duties, but the atmosphere of St. Petersburg and his surroundings there proved to be uncongenial, and after a few months he resigned. At this time he fully resolved to enter the field of literature. For some years his writing was irregular and desultory. He attempted no ambitious work, but confined his efforts to historical and critical essays. These, which seem to have been written for practice, while he was preparing himself for more pretentious undertakings, were published from time to time in the "North American Review." They evinced much care in their preparation and great facility of expression, and brought their author into favorable notice. In 1849 he ventured to

publish another novel—"Merry Mount: A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." It does not appear that this volume added greatly to his fame; it was soon laid on the shelf and was lost to sight under the dust of years.

Three years prior to this time, Motley had conceived the project of writing a history of Holland. He had spent much time and labor in collecting material for such a work from sources which America afforded, but these proved insufficient to supply his needs. A residence in Europe, during the progress of this enterprise, seemed necessary and he removed thither in 1851. He spent five years of unrelenting toil and research before his first work was placed in the hands of the printer. A large part of this time he passed at Berlin, Dresden, Brussels, The Hague and other places, in a laborious search through the state papers, documents and letters of three centuries ago. Everywhere he was given willing assistance in his quest. All the public archives pertaining to that period were placed at his disposal and every facility for the prosecution of so desirable a work was cheerfully afforded. Those were busy years for Motley. When not engaged in the search for facts, he was absorbed in examining his mass of material with careful scrutiny, arranging it for use, and perfecting the plan of his history. He wisely determined that he would not begin to write until the preparatory work had been thoroughly done—and this, in such an enterprise, is far greater than that of actual composition and writing.

When Motley was ready to write he wrote rapidly, and in 1856 he published the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," in three volumes. The literary world had long been in a state of expectancy and the issue of this work awakened the keenest interest. Its theme had been neglected by historical writers, and had proved to Motley not only an inviting but a fruitful one. No other writer had attempted so full and exhaustive a work as that which he had undertaken. There was the greatest curiosity to see how well he had improved his opportunity. In the interest shown throughout the civilized world, the only parallel is afforded by the publication of Prescott's Spanish histories, a few years before. As soon as the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" came from the press, it was eagerly seized by critics and reviewers in every part of America and Europe. Rarely has a verdict been so unanimously sincere and warm in its commendation. In this respect the parallel with Prescott is continued. There were none but words of praise for Motley's volumes, and the highest honors that words can bestow were lavished upon their author. He who scanned the work for the purpose of criticism, in a fault-finding sense, found himself wholly disarmed. On every page there was abundant evidence of the



patient labor and scrupulous care which the author had bestowed upon it; and of the strict impartiality and discrimination with which he had passed judgment upon the characters and lives of those whose public acts form the warp and woof of his narrative.

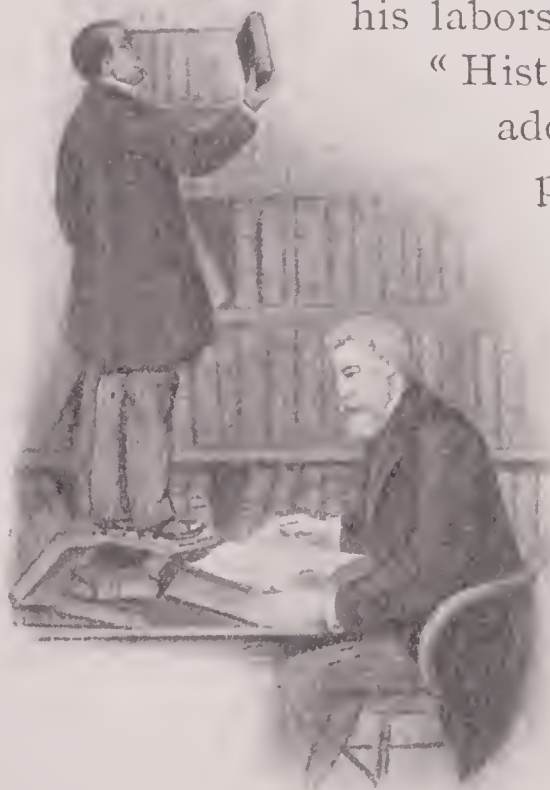
Motley's pure simplicity of style and his singularly felicitous phrasing, give to his works a charm that is rare outside the realm of fiction. The reader finds none of the proverbial "dryness" of history, but instead he is led from page to page by an interest that becomes fascination, as he reads the story of those days long gone. The thoroughness of Motley's work may be understood from the fact that the three volumes of the "Dutch Republic" cover a period of but twenty-nine years. It begins at the abdication of Emperor Charles the Fifth, in 1555, when the republican idea in the minds of the people of the "Low Countries" began to assert itself as an aggressive force. It covers the public career of William, Prince of Orange, surnamed "the Silent," and ends with the assassination of that great and good man, in 1584. He is one of the strong characters of history, and no romance is more thrilling and absorbing than the story of his life and death as told by Motley in this work. A high tribute to the historical and literary value of the "Dutch Republic" was its immediate translation into various languages of Europe and its rapid sale in all civilized countries.

The signal success which had rewarded the historian was the greatest possible incentive to pursue to its end the plan which he had formed many years before. With renewed zeal Motley resumed his labors, and devoted twelve years to the four volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands." These involved much additional research. He was riding on the crest of the popular wave, and there was a strong temptation to hurry his new enterprise, before the wave should recede.

A person less conscientious, and with less thoroughness of habit, might have yielded to this temptation, but Motley was not for an instant beguiled from his purpose that there should be no abatement of painstaking care. He searched and delved and gleaned with tireless energy and patience. Wherever he went he was overwhelmed with compliments for what he had already done, but these, though pleasant to him, did not turn his head, or divert him from his work.

Princes, potentates and distinguished men of all classes did him honor and gave him all the assistance in their power in the further prosecution of his labors.

In 1860 Motley published volumes I and II of the "United Netherlands," while volumes III and IV did not appear until 1868.



This work was received with all the cordiality that might have been expected. It was characterized by the same fidelity, fairness, grace of style and warm, sympathetic spirit that had marked his former production. The high expectation that had been awakened by the "Dutch Republic" was fully realized in the "United Netherlands," and their author was the object of laudations that were almost extravagant in their enthusiasm. The period covered by the latter is from the death of William the Silent to the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

The long interval between the publication of the first two and the last two volumes of the "United Netherlands" is explained by the fact that from 1861 to 1867 Mr. Motley held the position of United States minister at the court of Austria. Volumes III and IV were written during hours of leisure from the discharge of diplomatic duties. In 1869 Motley was appointed minister to England by President Grant, but he was recalled in the following year. He then applied himself to the completion of his historical labors, and in 1874 published the last of the series—"John of Barneveld," in two volumes. This work narrates the life, and more than forty years of service for his country, of the Bismarck of the Netherlands—the prime minister, or "advocate," as he was called—who, in his old age, was beheaded on the scaffold because he had been a champion of the people. It is a pathetic story, which touches the sympathetic emotions, and few can read its closing chapters without moistened eyes. The complete series of nine volumes has been accorded a place among the world's best literature.

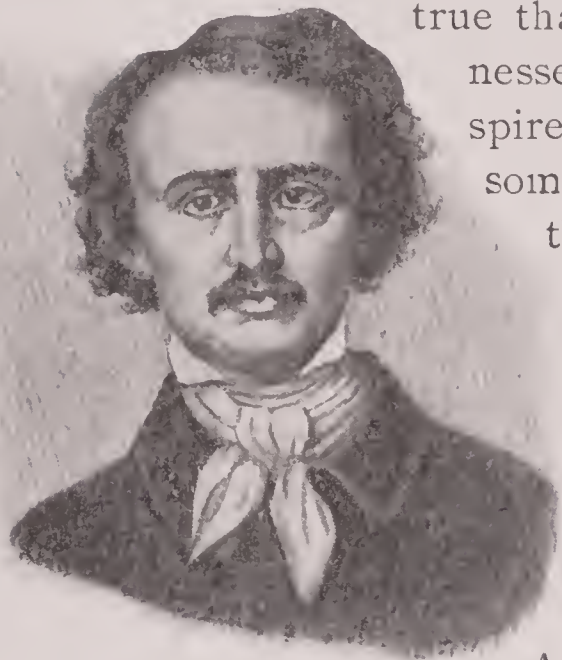
It has been said that no man should attempt to write the history of his own country. This, no doubt, has some force, for it is based on the theory that every intelligent man, in every country, must, of necessity, have a partisan or sectional bias which robs him of that perfect impartiality which is so essential to the true historian. At all events, the fact has been established that no histories better than those of Prescott and Motley have yet been written. Both these authors were Americans, and both found their themes in the old world. Their countrymen are proud of the name and fame which they achieved in the field of letters.

Motley did not live long to enjoy the success that he had won. Soon after the publication of "John of Barneveld," his health showed symptoms of impairment. A general breakdown of the physical system followed. Medical skill was of no avail, and death wrote "The end," May 29, 1877. It is a curious coincidence that Motley was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, and died at Dorchester, England.



## EDGAR ALLAN POE

*Author of "The Raven"—brilliant, weak, unfortunate.*



SOMEONE has said: "It would be well for all poets, perhaps, if nothing more were known of their lives than what they infuse into their poetry." This sweeping assertion is not just to many of the sweetest singers the world has known, whose poetry was but the reflex of the purity of their characters and lives. But it is lamentably

true that in some cases too close a knowledge of the weaknesses, follies and errors of persons who were inspired by the spirit of poesy, cannot but impair, in some degree, the fragrance of their songs. Of all the poets whose lives have been a puzzle and a mystery to the world, there is none more difficult to understand than Edgar Allan Poe. One writer has characterized his life as a "long, unheroic tragedy." It was really a succession of tragedies, of which he, himself, was both the author and the victim. The careers of Shelley and Byron furnish close parallels to that of Poe.

All were endowed with rare and brilliant genius, and their poetry can never be wrested from its enduring place in literature. All died under forty years of age, after lives that had been swept by storms of reckless passion, and marked by a disregard of law, human and divine.

Edgar Poe was born in Boston, in January, 1809. His father was the son of a distinguished officer of the continental army during the Revolutionary War, and was educated for the law; but he became enamored of Elizabeth Arnold, a beautiful English actress, married her, and abandoned his profession for the stage. The home of the Poe family was in Baltimore, but, at the time of Edgar's birth, his parents were members of a theatrical company then playing in Boston. The couple led a wandering life, and died within a short time of each other, leaving three small children, entirely destitute. Edgar, the second child, was remarkably bright and handsome, and was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy, childless citizen of Richmond, Virginia. The boy then took the middle name of "Allan," from his foster father. He was bright to a remarkable degree, and great care

was bestowed on his education. At an early age, however, he showed a tendency to "wildness" and to throw off restraint.

He entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where, though he was always at the head of his classes, he led such a reckless and dissolute life that he was expelled on account of his profligacy. He had gambled heavily, and when he left the college he was deeply in debt. Mr. Allan, though he had been liberal in his allowance, refused to pay the debts which had been incurred at the gaming table. Young Poe, thereupon, after writing an abusive letter to his benefactor, ran away, with the avowed purpose of joining the Greeks, who were then struggling against the Turks for their independence. He did not reach Greece, but, after a year of fortune and misfortune—chiefly the latter—while wandering over Europe, he appeared in St. Petersburg, in extreme destitution, and in police custody for violation of good order. The American minister secured his release and sent him home to Richmond. Mr. Allan received him kindly and secured his appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Here he applied himself energetically to his studies for a time, but relapsed into habits of dissipation and, at the end of ten months, was expelled in disgrace. Poe returned to Richmond, and again he received nothing but kindness at the hands of Mr. Allan, but his conduct was such that Allan was obliged to turn him from his house and forbid him entrance. Mr. Allan died soon afterward, but in his will he made no mention of the wayward youth.

Thrown upon his own resources, Poe resolved to devote himself to literature. He had published a small volume of poems soon after leaving West Point, when he was twenty. It contained nothing notable. Among the poems were some that flashed with beauty and betokened genius, but most of them were but the crude attempts of youth at verse-making. Fickle as the changing wind, after one or two fruitless attempts to earn a livelihood at writing for newspapers and magazines, he suddenly enlisted as a private in the army, only to desert soon afterward. The publisher of a literary journal in Baltimore offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best tale in prose, and the same sum for the best poem. Poe entered the competition and won both prizes, by the unanimous decision of the committee. John P. Kennedy, the novelist, who was one of the committee, made the acquaintance of the young author and became greatly interested in him. Poe was in a condition of abject poverty and greatly in need of the assistance which was extended to him by his new-found friend. Kennedy furnished him means for his present needs and procured for him a situation as editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger" at Richmond. For a short time, Poe devoted himself to his duties with



zeal and industry, and wrote many tales, poems and reviews which attracted much attention, but his habits of dissipation again mastered him and, after a quarrel with the publisher, he was dismissed. While in Richmond he married Virginia Clemm, his cousin, a very young girl, who was as destitute of means as himself, and as illy fitted to buffet the waves of adverse fortune.

With his child-wife, Poe went, in 1837, to New York, where he earned a small and precarious living by writing for newspapers and magazines. The unique originality of his matter gave it a ready market, and, had he not been weighted down by his vicious habits, he would have risen rapidly to fame and fortune. The possibilities of such a genius as he possessed would have been almost without limit. At this time he published one of his tales, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," which brought him much praise, but little money. Then he edited the "Gentleman's Magazine," in Philadelphia, for a year; but at the end of that time it was the same sad story—dissipation, a quarrel with his employer, and loss of position. Another year he edited "Graham's Magazine," but again he forfeited his place by reason of his habits. During all these years, he had repeatedly made spasmodic efforts to reform, but he was utterly lacking in moral principle and in the power of self-control. It seemed that Nature had impoverished herself in endowing him with such brilliancy of genius, and had nothing left to bestow upon his moral nature.

While in Philadelphia, Poe published "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," in two volumes. These stories were in the same wild, weird, gruesome vein that ran through nearly all of his writings, both prose and poetry. He next returned to New York, where, in 1845, he published in the "American Review" his greatest poem, "The Raven." In the realm of fantastic literature, this has a fixed place—without a peer. Nothing else approaches it in originality of conception, and in the smoothly flowing cadence of its versification. The appearance of such a poem could not pass unnoticed. For a time it was upon every lip, and was copied into almost every periodical in the country. It was seized upon in Europe and its author was pronounced a genius of the highest order. Poe became at once a literary lion and his writings were eagerly sought by publishers. He became connected with the "Broadway Journal," a weekly publication, as one of its editors, but it was not long before the inevitable quarrel with his associate created a rupture and Poe was once more adrift.

In 1847 Poe's wife died, after a sadly wrecked life. He soon formed another attachment, the object of which was a woman of Rhode Island, of much literary ability. An engagement followed, but he suddenly changed his mind, and, to disentangle himself, he visited her

home and conducted himself in such a manner that the match was immediately broken. It was to this lady that Poe addressed his beautiful poem of sentiment, "Annabel Lee." Then Poe went again to Richmond, where he gained the affections of an estimable lady of good family and fortune. The day for their marriage was fixed, and Poe started for New York, intending to spend a brief period in fulfilling a literary engagement. He had written to his friends that at last he had a prospect of happiness; the "Lost Lenore" was found. On his way to New York he unfortunately stopped at Baltimore, which had been his boyhood home, and where he had many acquaintances. He stepped into a hotel for refreshment and met some of his former companions. They invited him to drink with them; he yielded and was lost. He spent the night in revelry, wandered the streets in a condition bordering on insanity, exposed to a severe storm, and the next morning was found lying upon the ground in a dying condition, the result of a night's excesses and the beating of the elements. He was removed to a hospital where he died, in a few hours, at the age of thirty-eight. It was a pitiful ending of a life that had, in such generous measure, the elements of success, but which was wrecked and wasted by indulgence of appetite. Poe might have been a star to shine with refulgence in the literary sky; he was but a meteor, that flashed brilliantly for a moment and then went out in darkness.



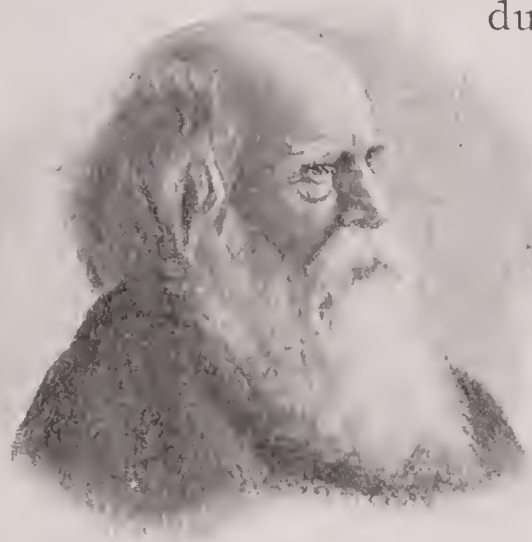
The writings of Poe are not large in bulk. The wonder is that even so much could have been produced in the few years of such a life. His poems—those that have escaped oblivion—are comprised in one small volume. In his choice of themes, and in his treatment of them, he was original and bold to audacity. Notwithstanding his rare facility in verse making, Poe wrote much more in prose than in poetry. His tales partake, even more than his poems, of the grotesque and unnatural; yet he works out his ideas with such exceeding ingenuity and adroitness that things which are utterly contradictory and impossible are made to appear rational and natural. In literary sleight-of-hand, he is without a rival. Among the most remarkable of his strange prose writings, are "The Gold-Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter" and "A Descent into the Maelstrom."



## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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*Who wrote poetry and built up a newspaper.*



IN THE summer of 1817, a small package of manuscript poems was left at the office of the "North American Review," in Cambridge, Massachusetts. No name accompanied it, nor was there anything whatever that would afford a clue to the authorship. The package fell into the hands of William Phillips, one of the editors, who in due time opened it for a cursory examination. He did not for an instant imagine that he would find anything out of the ordinary, and no doubt expected that a few minutes would be sufficient to consign the anonymous manuscript to the capacious office waste-basket. One of these poems bore the title "Thanatopsis," and this Mr. Phillips began to read. Before he had read a dozen lines, his attention was fixed and his interest aroused as they had not been for many a day. The lofty thought, clothed in purest diction and formed in smoothly flowing lines, was a revelation to him. When he had finished it, he seized his hat and sought his editorial colleagues, that he might submit to them the new-found gem of poesy. It was read aloud, after which Richard H. Dana, who had been an intent listener, said: "Ah! Phillips, you have been imposed upon; there is no one on this side of the Atlantic capable of writing such verse." "Thanatopsis" was printed anonymously in September of the same year. It attracted immediate and widespread attention and awakened the greatest curiosity as to its authorship. The unanimous judgment of the literary public declared it to be the finest composition that had yet appeared on the Western Continent. William Cullen Bryant was but eighteen years old when he wrote "Thanatopsis." He kept it five years before he could summon the courage to offer it for publication. Had he written nothing else, he would still have occupied a place among the writers of the world, for this enduring contribution to its literature.

Bryant was directly descended, through both his parents, from the purest Mayflower stock. He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794. As a child, he was singularly precocious, although in his case the light of genius, which burned so brightly in his early

days, did not grow dim with the advancing years of his life. The infantile Bryant could walk alone at his first birthday, and at sixteen months he knew all the letters of the alphabet. He was frail in appearance, and his head was so abnormally large as to cause the gravest apprehension on the part of his friends. Many prophesied that the child would prove a weakling, and that if he lived to reach maturity his life would be a blank. Little, indeed, did any foresee the long career of physical and mental activity that was before him, covering a period of more than threescore years after he wrote "Thanatopsis."

At the age of thirteen, Bryant had begun to write poetry, and his early productions bore the marks of genius in a most unusual degree. The extraordinary talent that was thus early developed was shown in a poetical satire on the embargo established by President Jefferson, which Bryant wrote before he was fourteen. It was a bright, pointed composition, showing a breadth of thought that could scarcely be deemed possible in one so young, to say nothing of the command of language and facility of expression which usually come only to the practiced writer. The very clever satire evoked much comment, and few would believe, until the fact was proved, that it had been written by a boy in his early teens. Naturally, his writings at that time took their color from the books that he read. Among these were the poetical works of Pope, Cowper, Thomson, Southey and Kirke White, and by these were inspired most of his juvenile poems.

Bryant spent two years at Williams College, and then studied law. Literature was a diversion to him and he had then no idea of adopting it as a profession. His friends thought he would make a good lawyer, and this opinion was shared to some extent by himself. For a time he mixed law and poetry in about equal parts. His taste was more for the latter, and it does not appear that he achieved any great success as a practitioner at the bar. At twenty-seven he married Frances Fairchild. She was the subject that inspired one of his few amatory poems—

"O fairest of the rural maids."

Indeed, nearly all of his verses whose theme is the tender passion were addressed to her, both before and long after she became his wife. They were sincerely devoted to each other, and their married life was an ideal one in its unbroken peace and happiness.

Before he was thirty, Bryant was elected to the legislature of Massachusetts. He had little taste for public life, however, and devoted much of his time to writing. He was a voluminous contributor, in



both poetry and prose, to the current literature of the time. He wrote regularly for the "North American Review," in which he discussed the topics of the day in a manner that commanded public attention. At this time he published his first volume—a collection of verses—and the cordiality of its reception had much to do with his decision, which soon followed, to devote his life to literature. In 1825, when thirty-one years of age, he took down his law sign, closed his office, informed his friends that he was no longer a lawyer, and removed to New York. He began his career in that city as editor of a literary publication called the "New York Review and Atheneum Magazine." This had a precarious existence for a time, and was then merged in the "New York Literary Gazette," and later in the "United States Literary Gazette." It was a paper of the highest literary and moral tone; among its regular contributors were Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Dana, Bancroft, Longfellow and others. But, as Bryant said of it, it was "either too good or not good enough" for its day and generation, and it finally died.

At thirty-four, Bryant found his proper place. He purchased an interest in the "New York Evening Post," and soon became its editor, after a brief probationary service in a subordinate capacity, to learn something in a practical way of daily journalism. He continued at the head of the editorial department of the "Post" for fifty years. What he made that paper the world knows. He conducted it from the beginning on the high plane of truth and morality, while at the same time he spared neither labor nor expense to gather and publish the news of the day. He never permitted the employment of the meretricious methods of "sensational" journalism. It was his invariable rule to print nothing but that which he believed to be true. By following this rule at the beginning, he very soon built a reputation for honesty and fairness which, to the last day of his life, was never impaired. His name was a synonym for rectitude, impartiality and incorruptible honor. The profession in America has had no brighter exemplar of the purest and best in journalism.

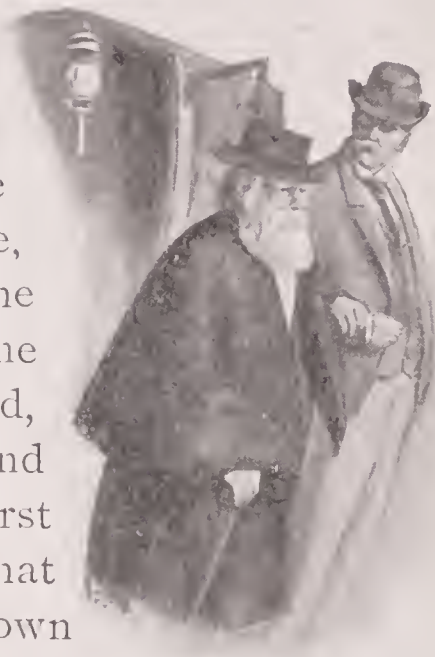
Notwithstanding the exacting demands of his newspaper duties, Mr. Bryant found time for much work in the general field of literature, covering a wide range of thought. He was often called on to deliver addresses on public occasions, and these were always finished and scholarly. He continued to write poetry, and in this he found more pleasure than in any other kind of literary work. He wrote poetry for seventy years. He began it as a child and did not cease until age had palsied his hand.

Several times during his long and busy life, he sought relaxation in travel. Five times he crossed the Atlantic, and spent many pleasant

months in Great Britain and on the Continent. He was everywhere accorded a hospitable reception, not less for his attractive personality and stainless character than for his high literary ability and fame. He also made a trip to the West Indies and Mexico. He traveled for health, pleasure and profit. He had a quick eye to observe, and his memory was a storehouse from which he constantly drew facts, incidents and illustrations to give point to his writings. Wherever he went, at home or abroad, he was the recipient of the highest public and private honors.

Mr. Bryant's last appearance in public was on May 29, 1878, when he delivered an address at the unveiling of a bust of Mazzini, the Italian patriot, in Central Park, New York. Although in his eighty-fourth year, and physically feeble, his address showed little impairment of his mental powers. His white hair and beard gave him a striking appearance, and as the venerable man stood for the last time before an audience, he was an object of not only the deepest interest, but of the profoundest respect and esteem. The day was hot and the exertion of speaking was too much. As Mr. Bryant closed, his strength gave way and he resigned himself to the kind attention of General Wilson, an intimate friend. He was first taken in a carriage to the general's residence near by, that he might have rest and refreshment before going to his own home. On alighting from his carriage, he took the arm of his friend and they passed up the stone steps. Just as they had reached the top, the aged man made a misstep and fell heavily. His head struck the stone platform with such violence as to immediately render him unconscious. He was taken within and tenderly cared for by loving hands and hearts. He recovered consciousness and was able to ride to his home, but he never thereafter left it. The concussion caused by the fall proved fatal. He lingered just two weeks and then his gentle spirit passed away—June 12, 1878. The highest funeral honors were paid to the memory of the deceased. The obsequies were attended by a multitude of people, many of whom had come long distances to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had done so much for the betterment of mankind. Subsequently, one of the public parks of New York was given his name, as a mark of respect and appreciation. Mr. Bryant's home was at Roslyn, on Long Island. His wife had been dead many years. He had two daughters, to whom he left, by will, the greater part of his large property.

Mr. Bryant's poems are very numerous, though few of them are of great length. A peculiar feature of his poetic writings is the





intense recognition of mortality, in humanity and in nature. He wrote much upon death and its related topics. Illustrations of this are: "Thanatopsis," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Burial of Love" and many others which might be cited. There is in these poems nothing morbid, nothing of woe or lamentation, to becloud the face and canker the heart. He took a cheerful view of death, from a high standpoint of moral philosophy, as in those incomparable lines with which "Thanatopsis" closes:—

"So live that when thy summons comes, to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Mr. Bryant's compositions cover a wide field of themes—touching almost every phase of poetry except humor, of which he had little. He wrote many patriotic pieces which quicken the pulses and stir the emotions to their very depths. He had a love for freedom that found frequent expression in stirring verse. "The Little People of the Snow" is a most exquisite fairy fantasy, and is cited to illustrate the versatility of his muse. Most of his poems, however, are grave in tone, but they are not of such a nature as to leave in the mind of the reader the smallest touch of what we are sometimes pleased to call "the blues." His greatest charm is in his unrivaled skill in painting the beautiful scenes in nature, and in the uniformly smooth and graceful flow of his lines.

## HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

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*"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read around the world.*

IT HAS been stated, and is doubtless true, that no other book ever printed, except the Bible, has been read by as many people, in as many languages, as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe, its author, said that the work was an inspiration, and it is not difficult to believe this. Her sole purpose was to awaken the public conscience to the wrong of human slavery. How well she succeeded, the world knows. No other factor was so powerful as "Uncle Tom" in the agitation which culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln to be President. Then followed the mighty upheaval of the Civil War, amidst the throes of which, slavery was banished forever from the soil of America.

Harriet Elizabeth was the sixth daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, of Litchfield, Connecticut. She was brought up by her grandmother. She was a remarkable child, with a vivid imagination that reveled in Scott's ballads and the "Arabian Nights." An essay upon the question, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" written at twelve years of age, won the approbation of her father for its literary merit, although she took the negative side. She taught for a time in a seminary in charge of her older sister, Catharine, and when her father was called to preside over Lane Theological Seminary, in Cincinnati, in 1832, these daughters went with him and established a similar school there. Professor Calvin Ellis Stowe was one of the instructors, and Harriet became his wife.

Soon after the passage of the fugitive slave law, in 1850, Professor Stowe accepted a chair at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. It was while living here that Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Most of the material for this remarkable book she had gathered during her stay at Cincinnati. She had visited at times with friends in Kentucky, and saw much of slavery in its mildest form, as illustrated by her in the character of "Mr. Shelby," and the portrayal of servant life on his plantation. The story was published in serial form in the "National Era."





When Mrs. Stowe afterward sought a publisher to bring out the work in book form, she met with the usual difficulty attending the publication of unpopular subjects. At last she found Mr. Jewett, of Boston, who undertook the enterprise, and his presses, though running night and day, could not keep up with the demand. The author sent copies to Prince Albert, Charles Dickens, T. B. Macaulay and Charles Kingsley, all of whom wrote their praise and appreciation. The next year she went to Europe, where she enjoyed a flattering reception from all classes. A "penny offering" was made to her, which amounted to a thousand sovereigns, and the signatures of 562,448 women were appended to a memorial address to her.

In 1853, in answer to criticism in the South, she published "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," presenting the original facts and documents upon which the story was founded, together with their verification. In the same year she published "A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin," for children. The story was afterward dramatized and played in many countries.

After her trip to Europe, in 1853, with her husband and brother Charles, Mrs. Stowe published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," a collection of letters. In 1856 she wrote "Dred—A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," which was republished under the title of "Nina Gordon." In 1859 she gave to the world "The Minister's Wooing," which attained a wide popularity. In 1864 Professor Stowe resigned his chair at Bowdoin and removed to Hartford, where he died. Mrs. Stowe, some years later, bought a plantation in Florida and spent her winters there, though she never met a very cordial reception from the southern people.

In 1869 "Old Town Folks" and the "True Story of Lady Byron's Life" appeared. A tempest of criticism followed the last named, which she met by bringing out "Lady Byron Vindicated." Continuous yearly products followed, all republished abroad, and many translated into other languages. Her "Golden Fruit in Silver Baskets" was published first in London. In 1868 she became associate editor of "Harvest and Home."

Mrs. Stowe was of slight figure, with gray eyes and white hair, which had been black in her youth. Notwithstanding an aggregate sale of two million copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she did not realize above four hundred dollars a year in royalties. Fifty copies, no two alike, were in her library. Next to her brother, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, she was the most remarkable member of a remarkable family. She died in 1896.

## BAYARD TAYLOR

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*Millions have read his tales of travel.*

THERE are few persons of a reading habit who have not been charmed by Bayard Taylor's books of travel. Taylor wandered over the globe, and visited almost every country. He had a wonderful memory to retain the impressions made by what he saw, and a rare facility of vivid and realistic description, which made his books in the highest degree attractive. There is nothing in literature that comes nearer to actual view of the scenes and wonders of foreign countries, than the travel sketches of Bayard Taylor. He traveled with a purpose, and with eyes and ears trained to the execution of that purpose. The world was not slow to discover this, and he passed quickly into fame as a man who knew how to travel, how to observe, and how to paint in words, for others to see, the pictures of what he saw. Then his books, as fast as they were published, were translated into half a score of languages. He was a rapid and prolific writer, and few men have excelled him in the quantity of good literature that they have given to the world. Mr. Taylor also wrote several volumes of excellent fiction and some tuneful verse, although his high literary reputation rests chiefly on his numerous books of travel. Like many other men of letters, he had also an aptitude for diplomacy, and served his government with honor and fidelity at a foreign court.

Mr. Taylor was born in 1825, at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania,—and his birthplace was chosen as the scene of one of his novels, "The Story of Kennett." He was the son of a farmer of small means, and was obliged to make his own way in the world. The outcome showed that he was abundantly able to do this. He obtained a fair education at the West Chester Academy, and later at a similar institution in Unionville. At the age of seventeen, he was apprenticed to a printer. He found diversion in his leisure hours in writing poetry, and at nineteen he published a volume, "Ximena and other Poems."







This did not bring him large returns in money, but it elicited much favorable comment, and, in this way, gave him encouragement for further effort. The publication of this volume led to one momentous result, which had a controlling influence in shaping the course of his life. The book passed under the eye of Horace Greeley, editor and publisher of the New York "Tribune." He was pleased with its contents, and, having ascertained that its author was a young printer, just starting in life, he invited Taylor to call upon him. Mr. Greeley at once installed him in a position on the staff of the "Tribune," and soon sent him to Europe on journalistic business. It was here that his travels began. He made a pedestrian tour of England, France, Germany and Italy, which occupied two years, and cost him but five hundred dollars. He covered his tour with a series of letters to the "Tribune," which attracted the attention of a large and rapidly increasing circle of readers. They were so much admired that, on his return, he was advised to revise his sketches and publish them in book form. This volume, entitled "Views Afoot: or Europe as seen with Knapsack and Staff," appeared in 1846. It was cordially received, and, at the age of twenty-one, Taylor found himself admitted a welcome guest in the charmed circle of literary men.

Mr. Greeley offered Taylor a permanent position on the "Tribune," and he accepted the offer, although he did not long remain in New York. His tour in Europe had developed his taste for roving, and he soon joined a party bound for California by the overland route. The gold fever was then epidemic, and the whole country was in a ferment. Taylor "wrote up" the trip and the gold fields for the "Tribune" in a way that added fresh laurels to the wreath that he had already won. He returned by way of Mexico and at once issued his second book of travel, "Eldorado: or Adventures in the Path of Empire." So great was the demand for this volume, that within a fortnight after its publication forty thousand copies were sold, in America and England.

Taylor's next tour was on an extended scale and occupied nearly three years. He started in 1851, and first visited Egypt. He ascended the River Nile to a high point, storing his mind with countless scenes of beauty and historic legends, to many of which he afterward gave expression in verse. He returned to England and sailed thence for Calcutta and China; where he joined the United States naval expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry. During this tour, he traveled more than fifty thousand miles. He had continued his letters to the "Tribune," so that when he returned to America, in 1854, the public was eager for the three volumes which he had prepared—"A

Journey to Central Africa," "The Land of the Saracens" and "A Visit to India, China and Japan."

Demand now arose for Taylor to enter the lecture field. It was believed that one who had traveled so much and had written so many entertaining books, could be listened to with pleasure and profit. That the popular opinion was not at fault was abundantly shown. He went upon the platform and became one of the most successful lecturers the country had yet known. Dates were sought everywhere and the largest halls were insufficient to accommodate the people that thronged to hear him. After two years at home, he grew restless and was soon off again, for another jaunt. He desired to study Scandinavian life, customs and literature, and made a lengthy tour through Norway, Sweden and Denmark. During this most interesting trip, his letters—so long an eagerly looked-for feature of the "Tribune"—were continued, and on his return he published a volume on "Northern Travel." He also wrote "Lars," a long poem of Scandinavian romance, and the most ambitious verse-work of his life.

All that has been told had been accomplished when Taylor was but thirty-two years of age. At this time he married Maria Hansen, daughter of a German astronomer and scientist, whom he had met in his travels. The union was a happy one and no cloud ever cast a shadow over their domestic life. In 1859 he made another trip to California, where he lectured to large and enthusiastic audiences. In 1862 he went to St. Petersburg, as secretary of the United States legation. The absence of the Minister soon left him as charge d'affaires at the Russian capital. While here, he wrote "Hannah Thurston," his first novel, and it was published on his return to America, in 1864. Such was the success of this book that Taylor soon published two other novels—"John Godfrey's Fortunes" and "The Story of Kennett."

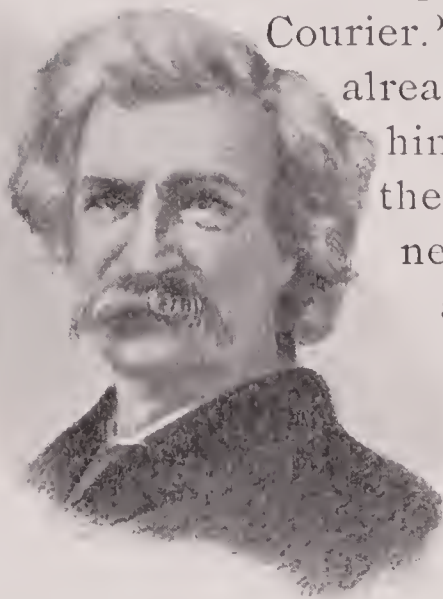
In 1874 Taylor went to the rarely visited country of Iceland, for though he was now at the verge of fifty years, he could not resist the passion to travel. After his return from Iceland, he spent three years in publishing new volumes and in the revision of his old ones, for new editions. In 1878 he was appointed Minister of the United States at Berlin. A serious malady was soon developed, and this was aggravated by his too sedulous devotion to his literary work, during the intervals of leisure from his diplomatic duties. The progress of the disease was rapid and medical skill was baffled. Mr. Taylor died at Berlin, in December, 1878, but a few months after he had gone to his post of duty.



## SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

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*We all laugh at the humor of "Mark Twain."*



THIS famous humorist was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835. While he was a child, his father died and the family, left wholly without means, removed to Hannibal. At the age of thirteen, Samuel was apprenticed to a printer, in the office of the "Hannibal Courier." During his three years there, though but a boy, he already began to show indications of the genius that was in him, and many quaint bits of humor from his pen found their way into print. He learned much of printing and newspaper work, as they were carried on at that early day, and at sixteen he struck out for himself. He determined to try the East, and did irregular work for several years in New York and Philadelphia. He did not get on fast enough to satisfy his ambition, owing largely to a roving disposition that would not permit him to stay long in a place. He wanted to leap into success, and lacked patience for the plodding labor which was necessary to secure the reward.

He found life in the East too tame for his restless spirit, which craved excitement and adventure. He went back to the West, and after working a short time in St. Louis, he returned to his home in Hannibal, with nothing but experience to show for his years of absence. In 1857, just after he had crossed the threshold of manhood, he became a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi River. He spent three or four years "at the wheel," and in after years he gave to the world delightfully entertaining sketches of his experiences and observations during those palmy days of western steamboating. The Civil War closed the Mississippi to navigation for a time. Clemens enlisted in the Confederate army, but soon laid off his accouterments, with no great military record to his credit.

In the latter part of 1861, Clemens went to the far West. He "came to anchor," as he expresses it, at Virginia City, Nevada, where he became city editor of the "Enterprise." It was in this paper that he first used the pseudonym "Mark Twain," suggested by his life on the Mississippi. The words are from the speech of a leadsman taking soundings. At all hours of the day or night could be heard the sonorous voice of the man engaged in "heaving the lead"—

"Deep four!" "Quarter less three!" "Mark twain!" thus expressing in river parlance the depth of water in fathoms. "Twain" was always used for "two," and "Mark twain" meant "by the mark," that is, exactly, two fathoms. This was the origin of the unique name that will always live in American literature.

Mr. Clemens now entered upon his new career of brilliant literary success. The sketches by "Mark Twain" which appeared in the little Nevada newspaper, chiefly breezy and mirth-provoking descriptions of incidents of Western life, sprang at once into popularity and attracted widespread attention and comment. He soon had a call to San Francisco, where he went in 1865, and became a reporter on the "Morning Call." Here he found a fine field for his talent and a large and appreciative clientage. He had occasional attacks of the "gold fever," and two or three times engaged in mining, but he failed to "strike it rich," and at length decided to stick to his pen. He made a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, from which he wrote a series of brilliant letters.

In 1867 "Mark Twain" was a member of a large party that made a voyage to the Holy Land and other countries of the East. His narrative of that tour, published in a large volume under the title "The Innocents Abroad," was immediately and in a most marked degree successful. It was his first pretentious work, and gave him at once a literary standing that he never could have attained by the fugitive sketches that had first brought him into notice. "The Innocents Abroad" was exceedingly popular and reached a sale rarely attained by a single volume. Mr. Clemens's fame was now assured, and other works followed in rapid succession. Everything that came from his prolific pen was accorded a warm reception by the reading public. Among his well-known works are "Roughing It," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches," "The Gilded Age" (written conjointly with Charles Dudley Warner), "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," "Following the Equator."

In 1870 Mr. Clemens married Miss Landon, of New York. For a time thereafter he was editor of the "Buffalo Express," after which he went to Hartford, Connecticut, where he made his permanent home and pursued his literary work. He also went upon the lecture platform and proved a most successful entertainer. His books have been no less popular in Great Britain than in America. More than a million copies have been sold by subscription. In 1884 he established at New York the publishing house of C. L. Webster and Company, which issued General U. S. Grant's "Memoirs" and enabled



Mrs. Grant to receive royalties thereon amounting to the unprecedented sum of half a million dollars. Partly in consequence of its liberality to Mrs. Grant, the firm of Webster and Company became deeply involved and failed. The liabilities were large, but Mr. Clemens personally assumed the whole amount. His own means had been lost in the business and he was past fifty, but he went to work with pen and tongue and in a few years had paid every dollar of the firm's indebtedness, winning warm words of commendation from men in all parts of the world. Mr. Clemens is spending the evening of his life at his home in Hartford, surrounded by friends and everywhere admired for his literary genius, and respected for his purity and nobility of character.

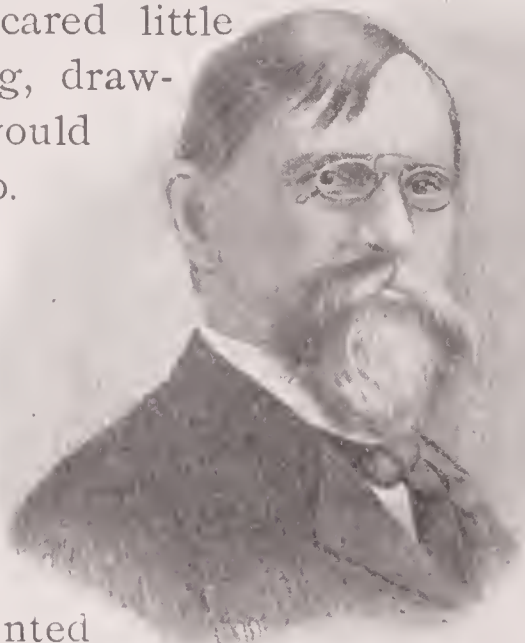
America has produced no other writer whose humor was so long and so well sustained as that of "Mark Twain." There have been many humorists who made the people laugh for a time, but, as a rule, their power to entertain has not been enduring. Most of their writings were ephemeral and have been forgotten. The works of Mr. Clemens have been accorded a place among the classics, by the judgment of readers everywhere. His humor is of the purest kind; he never resorts to mere punning, nor to distortion of orthography, to tickle the fancy of the reader. Solely by intrinsic merit, for more than thirty years he has held his position as the first of American humorists.

## LEWIS WALLACE

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*Who wielded a sword and wrote "Ben Hur."*

THIS soldier and author, popularly known as General "Lew" Wallace, was born at Brookville, Indiana, in 1827. As a schoolboy he liked better to play truant than to study. His father once said that he had paid tuition for fourteen years, but Lewis had not gone to school more than one year of that time. An attempt to put him through college resulted in failure. He cared little for general study, but had a fondness for reading, drawing and painting. When he went to church he would draw a picture of the preacher on his white cap. He had a martial turn, and during the Mexican War, though not yet twenty years of age, he joined a company of volunteers, was made first lieutenant, and served with credit. Upon his return, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He practiced his profession somewhat irregularly until 1861.



When the Civil War began, he was appointed adjutant-general of the state of Indiana, which position he resigned to accept a commission as colonel of the Eleventh Indiana infantry. The ladies of Indianapolis presented his regiment with a handsome stand of colors. On receiving it, Colonel Wallace said:—

"Now, remember Buena Vista, boys, and on our knees let us swear to defend this flag with the last drop of our blood."

Then, as he knelt, the officers and men of the entire regiment dropped on their knees, with right hands uplifted, while the colonel in a solemn voice said:—

"We pledge before God and these witnesses, our fellow-countrymen, to defend this flag with our lives and die for it, if necessary, God being our helper. Amen!"

A responsive "Amen" came in one breath from the regiment, and it was echoed in a suppressed sob from the bystanders.

Wallace early developed a capacity to command, and near the end of 1861 he was made a brigadier-general. At the head of a division in Grant's army, he participated in the assault upon Fort Donelson,





in February, 1862. His valor and ability were so conspicuous that he was immediately promoted to the grade of major-general. Still in command of a division, he was with Grant at Shiloh and the siege of Corinth. General Wallace was popular with his soldiers, albeit he was most strict in the enforcement of discipline. During the last two years of the war, under the stress of the long and arduous campaigns, the soldiers appropriated without hindrance the fatlings of field and barnyard, but in 1862 individual "foraging" was prohibited, under severe pains and penalties. One day, while riding about camp at Pittsburg Landing, General Wallace came upon four of his men in the act of carrying to their tent a part of a beef carcass, evidently the proceeds of a "raid." He pounced upon the offenders, placed them in arrest, and ordered each of them in turn for a quarter of an hour, to carry the beef quarter on his shoulder, around a large tree, in the blazing sun. The next day he directed them to fan the meat to keep off the flies, and the third day to bury it with suitable honors.

In the summer of 1863, General Wallace rendered an important service. He was then in command of the Middle Department, which included Ohio and Kentucky. When General Bragg pushed his Confederate column northward, almost to the banks of the Ohio River, a detachment under Kirby Smith seriously threatened Cincinnati. That the city did not fall a prey to the enemy was due, in a large measure, to the prompt and efficient action of General Wallace.

After the war, General Wallace served upon the military commission which tried those concerned in the Lincoln assassination plot. He was a member of the Florida returning board at the presidential election in 1876, and was governor of New Mexico from 1878 to 1881. In the year last named, he was appointed Minister to Turkey, in which position, for four years, he represented his government with dignity, ability and honor.

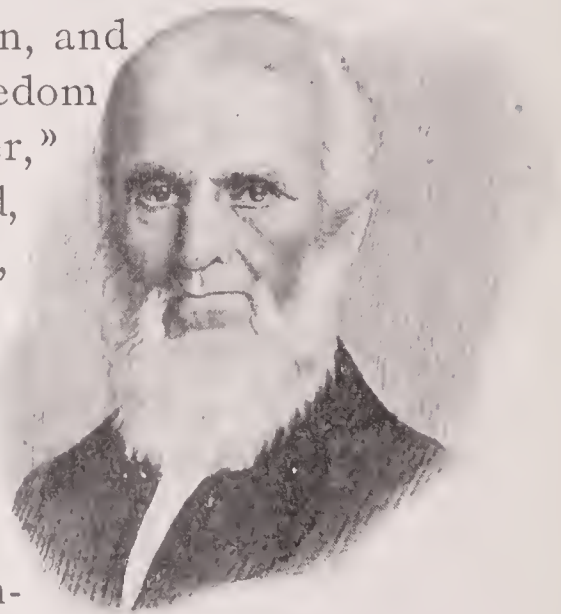
Since 1885 General Wallace has lived quietly at his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, engaged in literary work. During his official residence in Turkey he had found time for much study of oriental character, life and literature, and was well equipped to enter the special field he had chosen. Few books have enjoyed a more widespread popularity than his "Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ." Within ten years after its publication, more than three hundred thousand copies were sold, and it was translated into many languages. Other well-known products of his pen are, "The Fair God," a tale of the Aztec period in Mexico, "The Prince of India" and "The Boyhood of Christ."

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

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*The "Quaker Poet" who sang songs of freedom.*

IN AN old New England farmhouse, standing where two roads meet, near the little village of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the valley of the Merrimac, the poet and reformer, John Greenleaf Whittier, was born in 1807. Behind the boy was a long line of God-fearing ancestors—men and women of the Quaker faith, who had become exiles from home and country because of their religion, and to whom the new world had promised liberty and freedom of conscience. His father, often called "Quaker Wycher," was a plain man, hardy and rough, but kind-hearted, and a man of decision and strong character. His mother, a sweet and gentle woman, refined and tender-hearted, ruled her household with the law of love. No strolling beggar was ever turned away from her door shelterless and hungry. Deserving and undeserving alike were taken in and fed; and many a wanderer left her home blessing her for her kindness, often in an unknown, foreign tongue. Deeply religious, she taught the Bible to her children, and lived before them the principles of her faith.



The old house, built over two hundred years ago by Thomas Whittier, who came from England in 1638, still stands on the grassy bank above the road. Over its roof tall trees spread their branches, and at the foot of the bank runs a little amber-colored brook that "foams and ripples and laughs" in the summer sunshine, or lies cold and silent under its winter covering of ice and snow. Across the road stands the gray, weather-beaten barn. The situation is secluded and lonely. Rolling hills shut in the green fields of the Whittier farm so completely that no outlook except skyward is possible. But the winding road leads out over a hill, from which the rugged fields and thrifty homes of old Essex County can be seen, nearly a hundred miles away.

The child grew into boyhood in this country home where life was simple and true. With his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and his brother Matthew, he roamed the woods and fields at will. Nature taught him the secrets which she is always ready to teach those who come to her with open heart and seeing eyes. Very early the boy



learned to love the country, with its wealth of fruitful life, and this love remained with him always. Years afterward he pictured his care-free wanderings in "The Barefoot Boy":—

"I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played;  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night."

And in "Snowbound," an exquisite winter idyl, he told with minute tenderness of the early home and the members of the household, gathered in the old kitchen round the great fireplace with its "clean-winged hearth," where they watched—

"The first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-fashioned room  
Burst, flower-like, in rosy bloom."

While the mother "turned the wheel, or ran the new-knit stocking-heel," telling "in her fitting phrase, the story of her early days," the father "a prompt, decisive man," and the uncle, "rich in lore of fields and brooks," and learned in "woodcraft mysteries," sat in the glow of the firelight. There the elder sister, Mary,—

"A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
Truthful, and almost sternly just,  
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
And make her generous thought a fact,"—

plied her evening task, while Elizabeth,—

"Our youngest and our dearest sat  
Upon the motley braided mat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes."

These influences of simple outdoor and indoor life, of frugal, earnest purpose, developed in the boy's character the mingled elements of strength that had come to him from his parents. He had few books and little schooling. His father's library numbered "scarce a score" of books and pamphlets, among them Lindley Murray's "Reader," and

“One harmless novel, mostly hid  
From younger eyes, a book forbid,  
And poetry (or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had).”

In this book of poetry, Elwood, Milton's Quaker friend, sang in halting measures of the wars of David and the Jews.

Whittier's first school days were passed in the old brown schoolhouse by the road, among the sumach bushes and the blackberry vines, where Joshua Coffin, his first schoolmaster, taught him “the mysteries of those weary A, B, C's.” He was eager to learn, and had, as he afterward said, “a great thirst for knowledge, with but little means to gratify it.” He soon began to write verses on his slate in school, childish attempts at rhyming. As he grew older, his help was needed in the homely labors of the farm, and he could only make the most of the winter term of district school.

When he was fourteen years of age, a volume of Burns's poems came into his possession. With rapt delight he read and re-read the songs of the Scotch plowman, and from that time he saw the world with new eyes. Familiar and humble things of the daily routine were no longer common. He thought and dreamed of—

“The unsung beauty hid life's common things below,”

and the impulses then awakened gave afterward to American literature some of its purest and most picturesque idyls of the country and home. The boy-poet's early verses were crude, unfinished exercises, laboriously written on foolscap, in the long winter evenings, after the seven cows had been milked and the nightly farmyard tasks completed. His brothers and sisters highly prized the stiff “pieces,” and one of them was finally sent anonymously to the weekly paper at Newburyport, the “Free Press,” then edited by William Lloyd Garrison. After several weeks, which were weary days of waiting to the boy, the poem was published. It was a proud and happy moment when he opened the paper tossed over the stone wall by the postman, and saw his verses printed on the first page, in the place of honor.

Other poems followed the first, and were published. The attention of Garrison was attracted, and his interest aroused. On inquiry of the postman, he found his unknown contributor to be “a farmer's son, named Whittier.” The young editor rode over on horseback to Haverhill to see this farmer's son. He found a shy, sensitive plowboy, in Quaker dress, with sun-browned face, and toil-hardened hands. But the plowboy was tall, and erect, with black hair, dark, flashing eyes, and firm, resolute mouth. This meeting was the



beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two. Garrison spoke kindly of his work, and urged the lad to go to school, and to prepare himself to write. The father did not approve of this plan, saying, "Poetry will not give him bread." The thrifty Quaker could not see the benefit of much learning. Poetry-making was to him a poor craft, and there was little money to spare to send the boy to school.

But the boy's slumbering ambition had been fanned into a flame. His mother and sisters sympathized with him and encouraged him. They finally overcame the father's scruples, and in 1826, Greenleaf, as he was called at home, was allowed to go to school. He worked his way through two terms at Haverhill Academy. While there he continued to write poems, many of which were published in the weekly papers of Haverhill. He read history, his favorite study, very thoroughly; and the winter which finished his school life was filled with hard work, close study and ambitious dreams.

The following year Whittier left the farm and went to Boston to read and study, and with a half-formed purpose in his mind to take up journalism as a profession. He had gathered some local fame as a writer, but he was modest and shy, distrustful of himself, and too apt to undervalue his own efforts. His first work in Boston was writing for a manufacturing journal. He was soon offered a position as its editor, and accepted it, not from choice, but because he must earn his living. He afterward said that at that time he had political ambition, and during the winter he made a study of political economy and civil government.

A year later he was again in Haverhill, where for six months he edited the "Essex Gazette." One day, while working in the field, a letter was brought to him bearing the postmark of Hartford, Connecticut. Opening it he found, to his great surprise, a request from the publishers of a well-known weekly review, that he would come to Hartford to edit the paper while its editor was absent in the South. It was a flattering offer and Whittier readily and heartily accepted it. The success of his work in Hartford led to further opportunities of the same kind, and for several years he continued his editorial labors on various papers.

In the year 1831 there came a crisis in the life of the youthful editor and poet. He stood at the parting of the ways. Two courses lay open before him, and each appealed to different sides of his nature. One, of course, held brilliant promise of future success in politics and literature. His ability as a writer was gaining recognition. He had all the ambition natural to a young man of character and talent. Only a short time before, he had left his secluded life

to come in contact with men and affairs of the world, to test his own power, to meet and to cope with forces altogether new to him, and to seek and to solve the problems of his own destiny—a destiny which proved to be so inwrought with that of his country. On the other hand, an unpopular cause called for champions. To answer this call by giving up all his dearest hopes and dreams, to live a life of strife and of poverty—for it demanded no less—was a sacrifice, stern and severe. At that time an Abolitionist was almost an outcast, fiercely hated, and often persecuted with a deadly bitterness.

Then, too, the principles of non-resistance, taught and lived by the Quaker sect, were deeply fixed in the young man's soul. By birth and training he was an advocate of peace. Strife and bitterness were elements utterly foreign to his nature. But memories of suffering and wrong endured by his own people in earlier times stirred his soul to vigorous action. The principles of equality and justice were as strongly loved by him as were those of peace. The voice of duty rang clear as a bugle-call. He counted the cost and resolved to obey, though he knew it meant long hardship, suffering, and perhaps death, to all who entered the conflict.

With voice and pen he threw himself with fervent, earnest zeal into the labor of reform.

The years that followed were filled with tumult. He lectured and wrote and worked, meeting everywhere fierce opposition. He was beaten with sticks and stones in Concord, New Hampshire, mobbed in Newburyport, and narrowly escaped a similar attack in Boston. He tried to edit an antislavery paper in Philadelphia, but his office was sacked and burned by a mob. It is remarkable that, in spite of their bitter hatred of his antislavery principles, the citizens of Haverhill twice elected him as their representative to the state legislature. His honesty of purpose and his sincerity of heart won the respect even of his foes.

Whittier was one of the signers of the antislavery declaration of 1833, and this act of signing a despised document he always considered of more value than all the poetry he ever wrote. The sincerity of this sentiment is shown in his counsel to a young friend: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

The war poems written during the years of civil strife had little literary value. They were weapons in the fight, forged by stress of conflict, and inspired by generous anger. But the last, and best, "Laus Deo," a great song of praise and triumph, will live long in the hearts of men. How the throb of the great bells beats through every line:—





“It is done!  
Clang of bell, and war of gun.  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal!  
Fling the joy from town to town.”

After the eventful and stirring years of his battle for the slave, Whittier turned again to a country home. His mother and sister then lived in Amesbury, a rural town some miles nearer to the sea than his birthplace. The little town covers a sleeping hillside that stretches down to the Merrimac, the poet's “river of song.” Beyond the river rises a high hill, crowned with orchards. The houses of the village are old, and vine-covered, fronted with grassy lawns bordered with forest trees. The streets wind irregularly up and down, the river flows calm and smooth, and over all is the clear, cold New England sky.

The Whittier home, a plain, white building, stands at the corner of two streets, a little distance from the Friends' meeting-house, where the poet worshiped, in the silence that he loved, nearly all his life. In this home he lived until after the death of his sister, and then spent his summers there. He never married. Modest and retiring, he had never sought social pleasures, or the friendship of women. Yet some of his poems suggest in a charming and natural way that his life was not without its romance. In “School Days” he sings of a little golden-haired, brown-eyed maiden; and again in “My Playmate,” and in “Memories,” hazel eyes, perhaps the same, look forth from the musical lines.

In a letter to a friend, speaking of his lonely life after the death of his relatives, Whittier says:—

“Circumstances—the care of an aged mother, and the duty owed to a sister in delicate health for many years—must be my excuse for living the lonely life which has called out thy pity. . . . I have learned to look into happiness through the eyes of others, and to thank God for the happy unions and holy firesides I have known.”

His younger sister, Elizabeth, dearly loved, and a sweet and noble woman, was his “most intimate and confidential literary friend.” She presided over the Amesbury home for many years, and her death was the greatest sorrow of the poet's life.

In the study at Amesbury, the Garden Room, the best work of the poet was done. Here, surrounded by books and pictures, beside the genial open fire, with windows looking out over the garden and fields and river, he wrote his sweetest lyrics and sang his tenderest songs.

From 1860 till his tasks were finished, this martial Quaker became the Hermit of Amesbury, and the Woodthrush of Essex. He chose his themes from country life and legend, studying Indian lore carefully and deeply. Some of his Indian poems have the old-time fervor, and war-paint and blood flame out like leaves of scarlet maples in an October forest. Old superstitions and old customs were woven into his verse. Generous charity and deathless hope grew luminous under his pen. Homely tasks and humble ways took on sweetness and beauty. Through it all sounds the note of his own profound faith:—

“And so beside the Silent Sea,  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

“I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.”

A cheery optimism shone in his writings:—

“Of course the world is growing better; the Lord reigns; our old planet is wheeling slowly into light. I despair of nothing good. All will come in due time that is needed. All we have to do is to work and to wait.”

Whittier's closing years were filled with peace. His work had brought him wealth, more than enough for his simple needs. Men honored and loved him. Indifferent to fame, he deeply appreciated the affection that came from the hearts of the people he had served so well. His winter home with a cousin at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, Massachusetts, was the scene of many happy reunions of old friends. On his eightieth birthday he received a thousand letters, messages and gifts, from those who were glad to do him honor.

Five years later, one still September day, at the home of the daughter of an old friend, in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, he fell asleep, with the words, “Love to all the world,” on his lips. They buried him in the Friends' cemetery in Amesbury, where he lies beside the loved ones immortalized in “Snowbound,” his sweetest song of home.



## JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

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*"Timothy Titcomb" was long in finding his true sphere.*

AMONG the popular writers of America, a high place has been deservedly accorded to Josiah Gilbert Holland. His literary genius was versatile, covering a wide range. Millions have read his "Bitter-Sweet" and "Gold Foil," and have enjoyed their delightful domestic philosophy. The themes are not unlike those which were the texts of Oliver Wendell Holmes's papers on the ethics of home and social life, which form his "Breakfast Table" series.

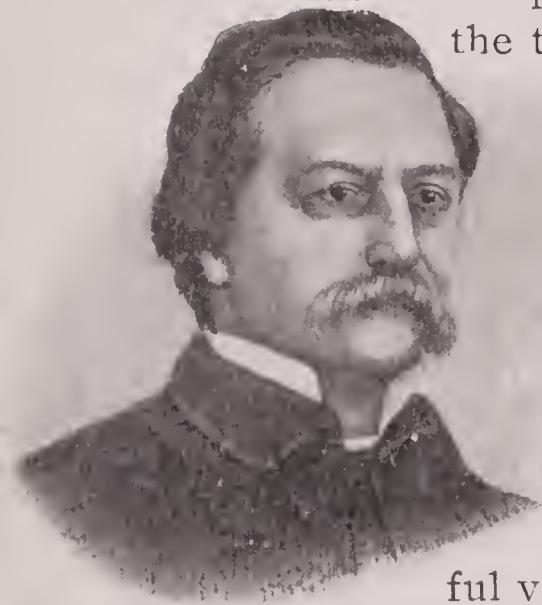
The treatment is wholly different, and, as far as regards the works cited, Dr. Holland and Dr. Holmes were the complement, each of the other. The fiction of Holland is clean, wholesome, bright and engaging.

There is not a line of his writings which can taint the mind of the reader, and each of his stories leads to thoughts of right thinking and right living. He varied his literary work by dropping now and then into rhyme. His graceful

verse is pervaded by the same high moral tone that marks his prose. He wrote, for a time, under the pseudonym of "Timothy Titcomb," and the quaint philosophy of this mythical person was eagerly awaited by a wide circle of readers, as it appeared from time to time in the periodical literature of the day.

Holland was born at Belchertown, Massachusetts, in 1819. The boy gave bright promise of the man, but his father, who was a weaver, was as unable, as he was willing, to help him to rise above his own humble lot in life. The elder Holland was a worthy and industrious man, constantly engaged in invention, but he was an impractical dreamer, barely able to provide food and clothing for his family. Educational advantages for his children were wholly beyond his reach. Notwithstanding his weakness, he has been portrayed as a most lovable man. After his death, the son paid high tribute to his character in the well-known poem, "Daniel Gray."

But Josiah was filled with an ambition to be something and do something in the world. He was obliged to labor during his boyhood, but he improved his leisure hours in reading and study, with occasional attendance for brief periods at the common school. By his diligence, he kept ahead of his fellows, and it was not difficult



to foresee that he would one day surmount the obstacles that from his birth had blocked his pathway to advancement. He fixed upon the study of medicine, and, after a long, hard struggle with adverse conditions, he graduated, at twenty-five years of age, from the Berkshire Medical College. Early in life he had shown both taste and aptitude for writing. While pursuing his medical studies, and for a time thereafter, he often yielded to the inclination to write; and as the literary habit grew on him, it gradually took possession of his mind and crowded to the wall whatever desire or purpose he may have had to devote his life to the practice of his profession.

The pen so far got the mastery of the pill-bags that he started a newspaper—the “Bay State Courier.” It cannot be doubted that he made a good newspaper, but there was a constantly growing deficit in the receipts, as compared with the expenses of publication. This swallowed up his small means and, at the end of six months, the “Courier” ceased to exist. Then Holland, who had married, took his wife to Vicksburg, Mississippi, where he had been offered the position of superintendent of schools. The radical change of climate affected the health of his wife so seriously that, after a year, they returned to Massachusetts. Not till he was thirty years old, did Holland find his place in the world. During all these years, his mother had urged him to enter the ministry, and it was a keen disappointment to her that he did not see his way clear to do so. Nor had he made much effort to put to practical use his medical attainments—and these were of a high order, for he had been a most successful student.

One day in 1849, some time after his return from Vicksburg, while he was still in a quandary as to his life work, he met Samuel Bowles, editor and publisher of the “Springfield Republican.” Mr. Bowles had just entered upon a career that fixed him as one of the most able and influential journalists of the country. Each had heard of the other, and when they met there was an instant mutual attraction. Bowles wanted an assistant editor, and Holland had long wished and looked for such a position. Holland was at once engaged, and entered immediately upon his duties. He found them congenial and discharged them to the entire satisfaction of his chief, between whom and himself the most pleasant and cordial relations existed until they were separated by death. Besides his newspaper work, Holland often employed his facile pen in other fields of literature. He wrote and published serially in the “Republican” a history of Western Massachusetts, which was warmly commended, not less for its literary excellence than for its historical accuracy and the patient, painstaking research of which it gave evidence. Then he began his “Timothy Titcomb’s Letters to the Young,” which sprang into immediate and widespread



popularity. These "Letters" abounded in helpful advice, suggestion and admonition, clothed in the garb of most fascinating diction. They began to appear contemporaneously with the "Breakfast Table" articles of Dr. Holmes, of which mention has been made, and for years Holland and Holmes shared bountifully in the popular favor. The "Titcomb Letters" awakened so general a desire to see and hear their author, that Dr. Holland was induced to enter the lecture field. In this he achieved a pronounced success. He was heard from the platform in almost every city and town, from Maine to Wisconsin. The income from his writings and his lectures soon placed him in easy financial circumstances. "Gold Foil" in prose and "Bitter-Sweet" in poetry followed the "Titcomb Letters," and their author again bounded upward in fame and favor.

In 1868 Dr. Holland visited Europe, where he spent two years. The reading public of England and Germany had read and admired "Titcomb," and he was everywhere received with marked consideration, as a man of letters whose genius the world had recognized. While abroad, he conceived the idea of establishing a new magazine, along different lines from those which had been followed by the monthlies of America. On his return, the plan was disclosed to the Scribners, proprietors of a large publishing house, and in 1870 "Scribners' Monthly" made its appearance, with Dr. Holland as its editor. Prophecies that it would fail were abundant, but it went steadily forward to success, from both literary and financial points of view. After eleven years of prosperity, the name was changed to the "Century Magazine," under which it has continued growing, from year to year, in character and influence.

For thirty years Dr. Holland wrote almost incessantly. He published many volumes which he found time to write, notwithstanding the exacting nature of his editorial duties, first on the newspaper and then on the magazine. His principal works of fiction are: "The Bay Path," "Miss Gilbert's Career," "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Sevenoaks," and "Nicholas Minturn." All these have had a multitude of readers, who have found pleasure and profit in their perusal. "Lessons in Life," "Letters to the Joneses" and "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects" are a continuation of his hints and suggestions in social philosophy. Of his poetical works other than "Bitter-Sweet," "Kathrina" is the most pretentious, and its very large sale is the highest tribute to its merit. Dr. Holland greatly admired the character and life of President Lincoln, and soon after the latter's tragic death he went to Mr. Lincoln's former home in Illinois. He spent considerable time there in collecting material for a biography of the great Liberator. His "Life of Lincoln," though less circumstantial and exhaustive than some other

biographies, is a finished and scholarly work, and a lofty tribute to the rugged virtues and public services of the martyred President. Dr. Holland was a pleasing speaker, and he delivered at Springfield, Massachusetts, by invitation, a eulogy on Mr. Lincoln, in which he played at will upon the heartstrings of his listeners. It was a triumph of oratory.

During the latter years of his life, Dr. Holland, with his family, lived in New York during the winters, but spent their summers at "Bonny Castle"—a beautiful home which he had built on one of the picturesque "Thousand Islands," in the upper St. Lawrence River. He owned the little island and there his friends were entertained with the largest hospitality. His life ended suddenly, October 12, 1881. He was awakened early in the morning by a pain so acute that it extorted from him a piercing cry. His wife sprang up and called for aid, but death came almost immediately.

Dr. Holland was once asked by a literary society in Ohio for an incident of his life that had never appeared in print. He wrote in reply:—

"When I was seventeen years old, I wrote a little rhyme containing four verses. I sent it to the 'Youth's Companion,' and, after what seemed to me a long time, it was published. When I took from the post-office the paper in which my verses were printed, I peeped within and then walked home as though I were treading on air. I shall probably never again be so absolutely happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it—earth never had anything like it—for me. I have since then seen my work in type till I tired at the sight of it, but I never can forget the joy of that occasion."

The author put into the mouth of one of his characters in fiction the following beautiful characterization of home:—

"It is resonant with the patter of little feet, and musical with the voices of children. They climb upon my knees when I return from the fatigues of the day. I walk in the garden, with their little hands clinging to mine. I listen to their prayers at their mother's knee. I settle their petty disputes. I find in them and in their mother all the solace and satisfaction that I desire or need. Clubs cannot win me from their society. Fame, honor, place, have no charms to crowd them from my heart. My home is my rest, my amusement, my consolation, my treasure-house, my earthly heaven."

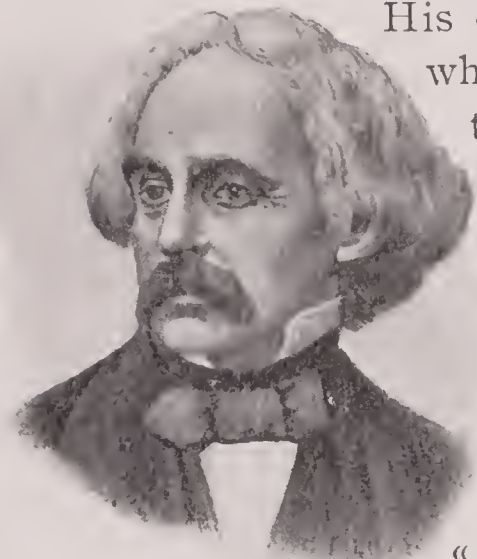


## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

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*A bright star in America's literary galaxy.*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was descended from William Hawthorne, who came from Wiltshire, England, with John Winthrop, in 1630. He settled in a little village, the most puritanical of all Puritan settlements. He was as stern and almost as conspicuous as John Endicott, holding both the good and the bad traits of the Puritans.



His descendant, the author, found food in the rank soil from which to bring forth blossoming tales of romance. John, the son of William, was a hater of Quakers, and was the chief judge in the witch trials at Salem. His treatment of his victims was harsh. Following him was Joseph, a farmer, whose son Daniel commanded a privateer. A son of the latter, also Daniel, captain of a trading vessel, was father of the author.

In a plain wooden house, near the wharf, was born, in 1804, the boy who later gave brilliant pictures of Salem's "long and lazy street, lounging wearisomely along the whole extent of the peninsula, with Gallows Hill and New Guinea at one end and a view of the almshouse at the other." Hawthorne's childhood was clouded by the melancholy disposition of his father, and later the secluded widowhood of his mother. He was "quite handsome, with golden curls"; around him were the haunting memories of witches, which still cling to the decaying old seaport. At seven years of age, he was placed at school in the care of the great lexicographer, Dr. Worcester. While playing at ball, he was severely injured and was confined to the house for two years.

This confinement gave him the habit of reading and his thoughts turned to the English classics. Following his mother to Sebago Lake, in Maine, Nathaniel spent a year in a wild country, nine-tenths of which was a primeval forest. Here, "like a bird in the air," he lived in perfect freedom. Returning in 1819 to Salem, to prepare for college, feeling that his happiest days were at an end, he began to think of the future. He had determined he would not be a minister, nor a doctor, nor a lawyer, so there was nothing left but to be an author. Entering Bowdoin, a plain country college, he there met

Henry W. Longfellow, Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce. The last two became his intimate friends and helpers.

In his dedication of Whittier's "Snow Bound," Hawthorne refers pleasantly to Bridge and holds him responsible for his literary career. In college, Hawthorne was not bright. His poetry was indifferent, but his themes were good. Upon entering college, he recorded his name, as his first ancestor had written it, although three preceding generations had spelled it "Hathorne." He received his degree of A.M. in 1828.

After leaving college, he devoted twelve years, of days and nights, to reading and writing. In a lonely chamber, an absolute recluse, "fame was won." Along the lonely walks of the seashore after twilight, resting from the day's labor of reading, his thoughts wandered through the dusky streets of the town. He was, though writing constantly for twelve years, "the obscurest man of letters in America."

His first novel, "Fanshawe," was published in 1826, at his own expense. Its sale was limited to a few hundred copies. His "Seven Tales of My Native Land," some relating to witchcraft, some to piracy and some to the sea, were so long in the hands of the publishers, that he withdrew the manuscript and burned it. To a friend he said, "I pass the day in writing stories, and the nights in burning them." He went to the Connecticut Valley with his uncle in 1830, and during 1831 traveled through New Hampshire, Vermont and New York, writing short sketches. He was made editor of the "American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," at a salary of five hundred dollars per annum. He also compiled a "Universal History," for which he received one hundred dollars. This gave rise to Mr. Goodrich's "Peter Parley" history.

Hawthorne sent Mr. Goodrich, then editor of the Boston "Token," several manuscripts. Mr. Goodrich offered him thirty-five dollars for the first publication of "The Gentle Boy." The offer was accepted and Goodrich published four of his short stories. Three intelligent ladies of Salem, hearing that the writer was the son of their neighbor, encouraged him. One of them, Sophia Peabody, afterward became Mrs. Hawthorne. Horatio Bridge, of Maine, offered to his classmate the necessary funds for publishing "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow, another classmate, favorably reviewed the work in the "North American Review." This created a demand, and there was an immediate sale of several hundred copies. These tales reveal a wonderful power of imagination and an insight into the obscure recesses of nature. There is an irresistible fascination in their weird gloom. "Grandfather's Chair" is a series of sketches admirably adapted to teaching New England history to children.



George Bancroft, collector of the port of Boston in 1830, appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum. This office he held until removed by the Whigs in 1841. In the experiment of Brook Farm, an estate of two hundred acres was purchased in common and every member was required to do his share of manual labor to secure mental leisure. Hawthorne invested one thousand dollars of his savings, and there was no better worker among them. He said, "I went to live in Arcadia and found myself up to the chin in a barnyard." He had hoped to find a home there when married, but afterward concluded that a life of solitude fitted him better than the social life of Arcadia. After his marriage, in 1842, to Sophia Peabody, he went immediately to the Old Manse in Concord, Massachusetts, close by the monument upon which are engraved the lines of Emerson:—

"Here once embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The "Old Manse" is a historic house, erected in 1765. It is of wood, with a gambrel roof. Rev. William Emerson, from the window of his little study, had seen the battle alluded to. His grandson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, later, in that same room, wrote "Nature." Then Hawthorne came to devote himself wholly to literature. A straight avenue of black ash trees separated the Manse from the road. After dark, Hawthorne would unmoor his boat at the foot of the garden and paddle alone about the winding stream, the ideal fairyland of the author. Contributions from the Manse found ready sale in the "Democratic Review." They were published as "Mosses from an Old Manse." Some of them were "Celestial Railroad," "The Procession of Life," "Fire Worship," "Buds and Bird Voices" and "Roger Marvin's Funeral." The "Legends of the Province House" give romantic interest to Revolutionary days. As late as 1844, Hawthorne had to "work hard for small gains."



His venture at Brook Farm was a failure, and now the "Democratic Review," which was considerably in his debt, had also failed. This necessitated his giving up the Manse, wherein he had spent four years. Returning to Salem, in 1846, he was appointed surveyor in the Custom House by President Polk. Here he remained four years. The townspeople of Salem had not forgotten his criticism of the place and resented it. It was during this period that he wrote the "Scarlet Letter." It was published by James T. Fields, in 1850. Within a fortnight the entire edition of five thousand copies was exhausted. It was reset, stereotyped and republished in

England. Its popularity was at once established and the world cheerfully accorded its author a high place among literary men. This work is drawn from the earliest civilized life of the country. Its gloom is marvelously picturesque. It proved that the annals of our own country can furnish fruitful resources for literature. It is a living picture of New England life during the development of American civilization.

In 1850 Hawthorne removed to Lenox, Massachusetts. He occupied "the ugliest little old red farmhouse you ever saw," as he himself described it, on the bank of "Stockbridge Bowl." There he wrote the "House of Seven Gables," into which he put both sunshine and humor. Its success was even greater than that of the "Scarlet Letter." His "Wonder Book" is full of classical myths for children. Roaming again to West Newton, he wrote "The Blithedale Romance." This is a touching picture based on Brook Farm life. In 1852 Hawthorne removed to Concord, and bought "Wayside." This house was said to be the residence of a man who thought he would never die. The fancy led to the motive of "Septimius Felton."

Franklin Pierce was, in 1852, the Democratic candidate for the presidency, and pressed Hawthorne to write his life for a campaign book. The latter had no sympathy with politics, but Mr. Pierce had been his cherished friend at college and Hawthorne yielded to his request. President Pierce, in 1853, appointed Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, England. His observations in that country suggested "English Note Books" and "Our Old Home." Visiting France and Italy, he gleaned materials for his "French and Italian Note Books." While in Italy, "The Marble Faun" was begun. Returning home, in 1860, he dedicated "Our Old Home" to his friend Franklin Pierce. His publishers and friends protested because Mr. Pierce's course, they thought, would injure the sale of the book. In reply Hawthorne said:—

"I approve the Mexican War as much as any man, but I don't quite see what we were fighting for. I think the war should have been avoided. The best settlement would be a separation, giving us the west bank of the Mississippi and a boundary line affording as much southern soil as we can hope to digest into freedom in another century."

This was the dedication to his friend Pierce, and it failed to ostracize the author, as some of his friends feared. "Our Old Home" expresses the strong filial feeling of the genuine son of New England for the Old England of his ancestors.

While publishing "The Dolliver Romance," in the spring of 1864, Hawthorne's health showed symptoms of failure. Upon a visit to the White Mountains, in company with ex-President Pierce, Hawthorne



died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 18 of that year, while asleep. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Massachusetts, near the resting place of his friend Emerson.

Hawthorne was singularly handsome, and his appearance was suggestive of the romantic. The outlines of his face were full and round, his features were strong, his brow broad and massive, his head refined, his smile engaging, his laugh not excessive. He lived within himself and seemed to find no better society. His dress was dark and plain. He walked with a rapid step. His "Note Books" and "Notes in England and Italy" were published by his widow, who died in London, in 1871. Their only son, Julian Hawthorne, became a noted author and journalist, and has published "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife." Hawthorne's diary is interesting reading. He wrote:—

"God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth."

His diary mentions a day when he resolved to speak to no one. He went to the village, got his mail at the post office, returned, and triumphantly records the fact that he spoke to no man.

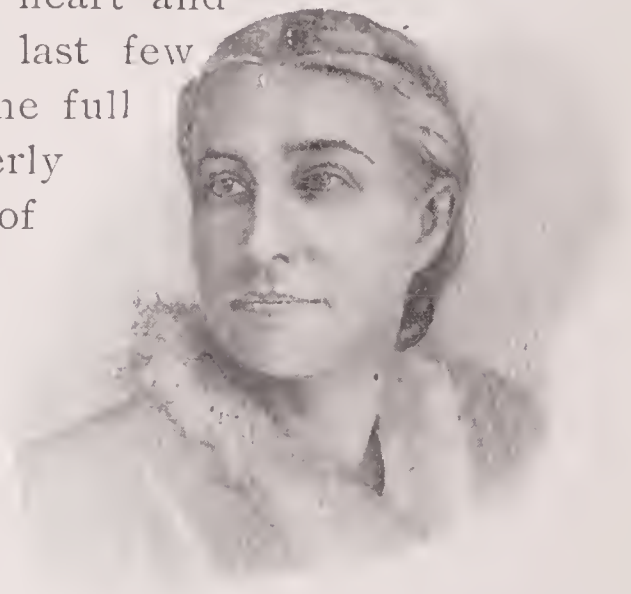
His note books reveal the secrets of his success in literary venture. He did not trust to inspiration, but day by day, through every month and every year, noted passing thoughts of chance, all fancies or facts that would be useful material in some future work. None of his works came from his mind without labor. His tales, so weird and powerful, were the fruits of months of condensation from wayside hints, moonlight musings, and flashes from congenial conversation.

## ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

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*A glimpse of heaven through "The Gates Ajar."*

IN THE whole record of human character and effort, there is nothing so beautiful and so attractive as the story of a noble woman's life, devoted to God and humanity. There have been many such women, of whom it may be truly said, "their works do follow them." The world has been better, and the lives of millions have been brighter and happier, because they labored with heart and soul and hand and pen. Not until within the last few decades has woman been permitted to rise to the full measure of her capacity for usefulness. Formerly her activity was confined to the narrow sphere of her own home, and public opinion condemned as unseemly her appearance in public or her active participation in enterprises of any kind outside of her domestic circle. A radical change has been wrought, and within the last half-century there has been a multitude of women whose achievements for the uplifting of the race have commanded the affectionate admiration of mankind.



Few persons know Elizabeth Stuart Phelps as Mrs. Herbert D. Ward. She did not marry until she had labored and written, scattering happiness and sunshine about her, for more than a quarter of a century after she had crossed the threshold of womanhood. As the author of "The Gates Ajar" and many other fascinating books, she was and ever will be known to the world by her name before her marriage. She was born in Andover, Massachusetts, in 1844, and was the only daughter of Rev. Austin and Elizabeth Phelps. Her mother was the daughter of Rev. Moses and Abigail Stuart, whose ancestral line runs back directly to the "Mayflower," through Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts. After she had married Rev. Austin Phelps, she retained her own family name and became widely known as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, for she, too, possessed rare gifts and attainments, and was a writer of note. So it is that the mother and daughter, whose names were identical and whose careers were closely similar, are often confounded, and mistaken the one for the other.



The baptismal name of the subject of this sketch was Mary Gray, but she took the name of Elizabeth Stuart, in memory of her mother, on the death of the latter, which occurred when the daughter was eight years old. Both heredity and environment directed her career and made her a woman of letters. She grew up under the shadow of the elms of Andover in "a community engrossed in study and thought." As she grew to womanhood, she became deeply interested in humanitarian subjects and enterprises, and resolved to devote her life to the betterment of the social and moral condition of those who were born to lives of toil and privation.

At the age of nineteen, Miss Phelps left school and began to put her ideas into practice. She established a mission at Abbott, a small factory town near Andover, and for six years she gave to this work her most earnest effort. Here she began to acquire a knowledge of the condition and needs, physical, moral and mental, of the working people. She enlisted other women in her mission work, and the wonderful results which followed were the crown of her reward.

A "knack" for graceful writing had been developed in Miss Phelps at a very early age. When but thirteen years of age, she had written sketches which were of sufficient merit to find a place in the "Youth's Companion." In 1864, when she was twenty, she wrote a war story which was printed in "Harper's Magazine" and attracted much favorable notice. It gave her the right to be termed an "author"—to which she very soon established a clear and enduring title. For several years she was a regular contributor to Harper's and other publications. She also wrote a large number of Sunday School books, in the production of which she showed remarkable originality and facility. Her "Tiny Series," "Gypsy Series," and others of this class, have been read by millions of children. All her writings are pure, elevating and helpful.

Her most notable work, and the one which brought her the greatest fame, is "The Gates Ajar." It is a fanciful view of heaven, as it appeared to her active and fertile imagination. It was bold, almost audacious, to write with such freedom on a theme that the moral sentiment of the people held as a thing sacred, which it were a profanation to write or talk of as one would write or talk of the things of earth. She began work on it as early as 1862, but it was six years later that she placed her manuscript in the hands of the publisher. The latter held it two years before he ventured to put it in type, and then it was with many misgivings as to the financial outcome that he placed it before the world. Its reception was no less a surprise to him than to its author. It bounded into immediate popularity, and so great was the demand that it ran through twenty

editions within a year. According to the author's statement, her aim in writing "The Gates Ajar" was to comfort women whose hearts had been crushed by the loss of husbands, fathers, brothers or lovers, by giving them a glimpse of Paradise, where those who had been separated by death were forever reunited. The book provoked much criticism and controversy. It was made the subject of pulpit discourses and of newspaper wrangles. It was enthusiastically praised as inspiring and comforting; while it was attacked by orthodox theologians, who denounced it as irreverent, sacrilegious, fantastic and dangerous. But almost everybody read it and its author was talked about all over the world. Within a few years, more than one hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States, and twice that number in Great Britain. It was translated into all the languages of Europe. Many years later, Miss Phelps returned to this theme, no doubt spurred by her critics. In 1883 she published "Beyond the Gates," and in 1887 "The Gates Between."

Miss Phelps was a prolific writer, and her books, the list of which is long, followed each other in rapid succession. "The Story of Avis," "An Old Maid's Paradise," "Friends: a Duet" and "Dr. Zay" form a group in which the author sets forth her views and opinions regarding woman's sphere in life. Other popular works from her pen are, "Men, Women and Ghosts," "My Cousin and I," "Sealed Orders," "Poetic Studies," "Songs of the Silent World," "The Struggle for the Immortal," "Burglars in Paradise," "What to Wear," "Fourteen to One," "Chapters of a Life," and her latest, published in 1897, "The Story of Jesus Christ." All her writings evince an earnest purpose in the mind of the author to convey an important message. She chose to do this chiefly through the medium of fiction, believing that it could thus be made more attractive to the great mass of readers than if she employed the studied phrase of the essayist or the sermonizer. Her style is strikingly and attractively original and piquant, chaste and refined, with a steady glow of gentle humor and now and then a flash of wit. Her work is always brilliant; not a dull page has she ever given to the world. An English literary critic says of her: —

"Of all American women of letters, she impresses us as the most intense, the most high-purposed, the most conscientious in her art."

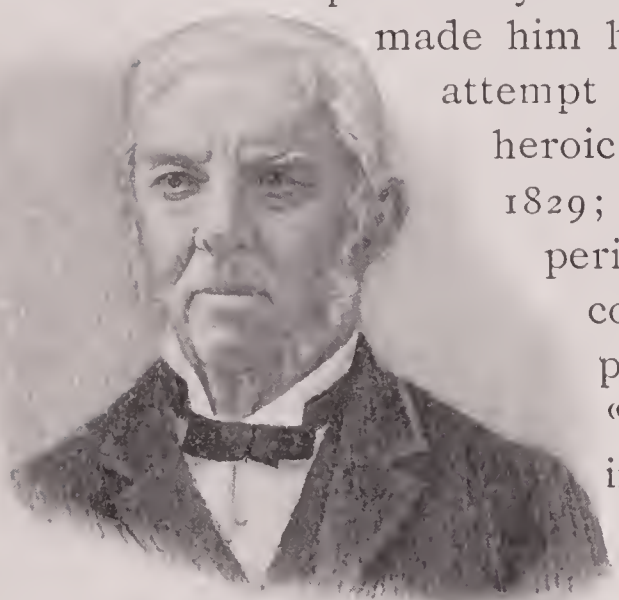
In 1888 Miss Phelps was married to Herbert D. Ward. With both, the romantic age had passed, but the union was a most happy one. Since their marriage, they have usually passed the winters in the South and the summers in Massachusetts.



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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*The charming poet and breakfast-table philosopher.*



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, a bright star in the constellation of New England poets, essayists and social philosophers, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809. He was prepared for college at the Phillips Academy at Andover, where he riveted his attention upon study as closely as though he were reading a will which made him heir to a million dollars. There he made his first attempt at writing verse, a translation of the "Æneid" in heroic couplets. He was graduated from Harvard in 1829; had been a liberal contributor to the college periodicals; and delivered the class poem at the commencement. The next year, when it was proposed to break up the United States war frigate "Constitution," or "Old Ironsides," he published in the "Boston Advertiser" his lyric poem beginning

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down?"

It was widely copied in the newspapers and created such a sentiment against the destruction of the old sea monarch that she was saved, and, at the same time, Holmes's reputation as a poet was made. He studied law for a year at Cambridge, during which time he produced several humorous pieces, such as "Evening, by a Tailor" and "The Height of the Ridiculous." In 1833, with Epes Sargent and Park Benjamin, he contributed to a gift book entitled "The Harbinger" the profits of which were given to the asylum for the blind. After a three years' course in medicine, he received, in 1836, the degree of M. D. The same year he published his first volume of poems. This included "The Last Leaf," "My Aunt," "The Treadmill Song" and "The September Gale." In 1839 he was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College.

In 1840 Mr. Holmes married Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Charles Jackson, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He then resigned his chair at Dartmouth to practice medicine in Boston, and established a summer home at Pittsfield. He succeeded Dr. Warren as professor of anatomy and physiology in the Medical School of

Harvard University. He had gained three of the Boylston prizes for medical papers, which were published in 1838. These were followed by others, which were widely recognized as valuable contributions to medical science. His pen was always active and fertile, and his frequent poems and sketches attracted constantly increasing attention. When the "Atlantic Monthly" was established, in 1857, Dr. Holmes became one of its first and most valued contributors in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." This was followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" and "Over the Teacups,"—the last written in 1891, when Dr. Holmes was above eighty. All the numbers of this series were reproduced in book form, and millions have been delighted by the doctor's social "chatter." The publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly" gave a breakfast, in 1879, in honor of Dr. Holmes's seventieth birthday. One of his happiest bits of humor was written for a reunion of his classmates, all of whom were veterans, and whom he playfully treated as "The Boys."



Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf" was a favorite of Abraham Lincoln, who said that for pure pathos, there was nothing finer in the language than these lines:—

"The mossy marble's rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb."

An eminent critic says of the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table: "—

"Possibly his near friends had no just idea of his versatile talent, until he put forth the most taking serial in prose that ever established the prestige of a new magazine. At forty-eight he began a new career, as if it were granted him to live life over, with the wisdom of middle age in his favor at the start."

"Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," his novels, were written to illustrate a theory of heredity. His "Iron Gate," read at his seventieth-birthday observance, before an audience of literary celebrities, has been called the finest creation of his genius, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Chambered Nautilus." For quaint originality and humor, "The One-Hoss Shay" stands as one of his best, difficult though it is to fix degrees where there is such a uniformity of excellence. His lyrics and metrical essays, written for special



occasions and audiences, are among his distinguishing characteristics. But it is needless to particularize. Everything that Holmes did was done well. He gave to the world nothing that may not be re-read with increased pleasure and profit. Of few, indeed, among writers may this be so fitly said. The "London Saturday Review" said of him:—

"Dr. Holmes is, of all living American authors, the one who may most truly be said to have won the hearts of English readers. There is no American author now living whose works are more often read and (which is the best test of their value) more often taken up again, than those of Dr. Holmes."

The English estimate of Dr. Holmes, cited above, is a just one, and there are few American critics and judges of literature who will not coincide in the opinion therein expressed. It may fairly be said that the world has produced few writers who were the peers of Holmes in the constant flow of delightful humor and the unvarying excellence that characterized his work. Many writers produce some that is good and some that is, at least, indifferent, but he gave to the world nothing that fell to the low plane of mediocrity. Everything that he published is good—and one is at a loss to decide which is the better, his prose or his poetry. His diction is of the purest and best. He seemed always to find the right word to give the most felicitous expression to his thought. It is not a matter of wonder that the admirers of Dr. Holmes's writings are legion. No more is it strange that he had so large a circle of warmly attached friends, for his personality was as attractive as his smoothly flowing lines.

Honored and beloved, Dr. Holmes passed away, in Boston, in 1894, at the ripe age of eighty-five.

# LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE





## HISTORY AND STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

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### LANGUAGE

THE first fifteen or twenty years of our lives is largely spent in learning to use a very complicated and delicate instrument which we call language. If our education progresses during the rest of our lives, it is largely in the increased readiness and dexterity in the use of language. The power of acquiring it is what chiefly distinguishes a man from a beast, and it is so closely related to character that, moral considerations aside, it largely distinguishes one man from another. Beasts possess a certain power of language. Their calls of affection or warning to their young, and their notes of defiance, rage, and pain, are expressive and we can easily understand them. But they do not constitute language. They express certain simple feelings, but they are not signs of thought, as words of our language are. Language in its highest sense, and in the sense which is understood here, is the expression of thought. Some have held that without the power to form those signs and sounds which characterize written and spoken language, thought would be impossible. But whether it is true that "without thought no language is possible" or that "without language no thought is possible," it is certain that without language there could be little communication of thought, and consequently no development and no civilization. It is apparent, therefore, how important language is, not simply as an instrument for mankind, but as a means whereby the individual may develop his character and his gifts.

In order to get hold of a new thought, we must learn some new words or add something to the meaning of words which we already know. On the other hand, any new thing that we learn about a word enlarges the capacity of our power of thought. The study of language also increases the power of enjoyment, for it provides the means for expressing our relationship to others.

But language is not a fixed character. It is a product of man in a social state, and, like everything else, subject to continual change. Old words sink into disuse or become altered in sound or in meaning. New words are formed for objects newly discovered and for devices



invented. In the course of time, also, some words lose their standing, and others are promoted into more popular use. If the language were not written, the words of one generation would convey very different meaning from the words of another generation, or they would develop different sounds. This is why a body of people, when isolated, develop differing dialects which in time may appear like another language. It is thus that the French, Spanish, and Portuguese, grew out of the old Roman speech. Language may, therefore, be said to be like an organism; it is subject to the process of evolution.

Our English language has been traced back, step by step, to a point indicating a source in common with other languages. In the same way the German, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish, converge back to a certain source not yet discovered. These, with the English, are called the Teutonic languages. The Welsh and Irish extend back to a Celtic origin and, as already stated, the languages of the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italians were derived from the Latin.

But we can go a step further, and discover that all these and other different families of language,—the Latin, Greek, Teutonic, Slavonic, Celtic, Persian, and even the dialects of many nations of India—lead back to a single origin. This original language is unknown as yet, for no part of it has survived, nor is it known where those who spoke it lived, nor how long ago they lived. It is a curious fact that from the nature of the words that are common to all, or nearly all of them, the locality in which the original language was spoken would seem to be one in which barley was raised, and where certain trees grew, and where certain animals could live. The oldest representative of this common source of languages is the Sanskrit of the most ancient books of India, called the Vedas, and it has been usual to refer to the high ground of Central Asia as the home of the people who spoke the original form. These people have been called the Aryans, and thus the great family of the European languages is called the Aryan family, though it has also been designated as the Indo-European and the Indo-Germanic.

Other great families of languages have been recognized, but the one of most importance is that to which is assigned the speech of the Babylonians, Syrians, Hebrews, Arabians, and Ethiopians. It is known as the Semitic family, from the belief that the several peoples named, were descended from a common ancestor named Sem or Shem. These people were distinguished by great tenacity and fixity of ideas and customs, and therefore their language has changed less rapidly than those of the Aryan family. The Semitic tongue has been of the greatest service in disclosing the general principles of language, for the words can be readily traced back to certain root-forms common

to all. This suggested to scholars the idea of tracing the words in the various Aryan languages back to certain root-forms, and it was thus that languages so different as the Russian and the English were shown to be offshoots of one early form. The knowledge of the various derivations and relationship of words is called the science of philology, and it is a very interesting study, though complicated and often difficult. There are certain general principles, however, which are easily mastered, and you will find that when learned they will help you much in understanding the meaning of words, not only in your own language, but in other kindred, though seemingly very different, tongues.

Those words which are common to all languages of a family, and which have, therefore, come down from the original language, are necessarily those relating to the simplest and most evident objects or acts. Sun, moon, water, man, son, daughter, sky, stars, tree, and such verbs as kill, eat, strike, dig, weave, must have been used in the most primitive state of man. We might suppose when we find such German words as *sohn*, *vater*, *mutter*, *tochter*, *essen*, and *gehen*, which are similar in sound to our words of the same meaning, that the English derived them from the original German, as it did a great many words, but we have found that the forms of these words are common, not simply to the German and English, but to the Greek, Latin, and Russian languages. The form at first sight might appear very different, but it has been discovered that these forms change by a definite rule. Some races in pronouncing a word fall into the habit of using the lips where others used the teeth or throat. Finally, a German by the name of Jacob Grimm, discovered a law by which it can be nearly always determined what consonant in one of the members of a family of languages will correspond to the consonant in another.

This law, which is known as Grimm's law, is very simple and will be useful for you to know. Mute consonants are divided into lip, teeth, and throat consonants; and also into thin, medial, and aspirate. You will see why this is so, by observing the following table, and by noting how differently you form the mouth for pronouncing them:—

	LIP (LABIAL)	TEETH (DENTAL)	THROAT (GUTTURAL)
Thin.....	p	t	c-k
Medial.....	b	d	g
Aspirate.....	f	th	h

Now we find that, when the Greek or Latin would use a thin consonant, the English and other kindred tongues would use an aspirate.



Thus, when the Roman said "*pater*," the Saxon pronounced the same word "father." The *f* and the *th* simply take the place of the *p* and *t*. The Latin word *piscis* does not sound like fish, and you might think they had no connection, but when you substitute for the thin consonants in the Latin word the corresponding aspirate, you will see that they are really the same word and must have come from a common source.

On the other hand, if the Latin or Greek begins with an aspirate the English word takes a medial. In other words the Latin *frater* becomes the English *brother*. If the Greek or Latin has the medial, the English takes the thin. The Latin *duo* becomes the English *two*. These and all such illustrations may be summarized for convenience's sake in the following formula:—

T	A	M
a	m	t

Here the capitals in the first line stand for thin, aspirate, and medial, in Greek or Latin words, while the small letters in the second line show which consonant corresponds in the Anglo-Saxon or English. Suppose now you wish to find what form of word the Greek or Roman would use for the word "knee," which begins with a thin consonant. You see the corresponding letter in the Greek and Roman line is *M* or Medial, and that throat consonant, as you will see from the previous table, is *g*. We find that the Latin word is *genu*. Of course there are variations, but they, too, are subject to generally well-defined laws.

There are exceptions to these laws, as there are to nearly every rule, but usually they hold good. It has been by such processes as these, that students have at last discovered the general relationship of all European languages, and their obvious derivation from a tongue spoken by some simple people somewhere in Asia, long before history began to be written. For by these same laws we can trace the similarity of European words to the old Indian languages.

### THE SOURCES OF ENGLISH

SOME of the principles in the development of language are well illustrated in the development of the English tongue, which, it should be noted, is not simply a descendant of the old prehistoric language of Asia, but is derived through a mixture of various other languages, mainly descended from that common source. The groundwork of English is the language of those Teutonic tribes which, four or five centuries after Christ, overran a great part of the British Isles. These people were known to the ancient Romans as barbarians and, com-

pared with the civilized Romans, Greeks and even Oriental peoples of that time, were savages. They lived in the forests of northern Europe and, excepting their bravery, had few of those qualities which we call virtues. They were divided into various tribes or nations as our American Indians were, and spoke various tongues which were harsh in sound and contained only such words as were necessary to their rude and savage lives. Nevertheless their languages all came from the same source as the softer, more refined and extensive, tongues of the Greeks and Romans.

The ancient inhabitants of Britain also had a language of their own, but it had been modified by the early Roman conquerors and, as the aborigines were practically extinguished by the Teutonic invaders, they left few traces of their language. Some of the great Roman works for which the invaders had no names, caused the retention of such words as *street*, *port*, *wall*, and *mile*; and a few British women, reserved as household slaves, taught their captors such words as *mug*, *spigot*, and *cradle*. But with a few exceptions like these, the language of England became a mixture of the tongues of the new invaders, the Jutes, the Angles and the Saxons.

The Jutes came first and established themselves in some of the fertile fields, but their memory quickly perished, for they were soon followed by the Angles, who gave their name to all England—the land of the Angles. After them, came the Saxons, who settled the kingdoms of Essex, Wessex, and Sussex,—the East, West, and South Saxons. Although the languages of the tribes were similar, it is doubtful if the Angles and Saxons could well understand each other, and any of their dialects would be quite as difficult for you to read now as any ancient language. Yet together they formed the base of the English language.

Upon this was laid a layer of Latin by Christian missionaries of the seventh century. They introduced words chiefly connected with religion and morals. Next followed the inroads and conquests of the Northmen and Danes, which began in the eighth century and continued till within a few years of the Norman conquerors. These involved permanent settlements, and even a dynasty of Danish kings, so that the influence of their words upon the mixture already formed was considerable. The Danes were closely allied to the earlier Angles, and it is probable that their dialects melted together and modified both. The general effect of the Danish invasion was to shorten words and to simplify those which were difficult of utterance. This is the usual result of combining several dialects.

In the year 1066 the supremacy of England passed to the Normans, who were originally of the same northern stock as the Jutes, Angles,



and Danes. But they had been settled long enough in France to acquire its language, and thus another graft was placed upon a much-engrafted tree. The Norman language soon became fashionable among the upper classes, but, on the other hand, the conquest did not exterminate the Saxons, suppress their language or abolish their customs. The Saxon people were a great majority and were permitted to follow their ways and to speak their mother tongue. Thus these two languages were long kept distinct, as two streams confined in one channel will sometimes flow for a distance, side by side, without mingling their waters, but at last will become inseparably mixed.

The influence of the Norman-French was also complicated with that of the Latin, which by this time was the language of the Church and of religion all through western Europe. Almost everything of grave and solemn importance was written in Latin down to the fifteenth century, and this continual use by the learned naturally prevented the cultivation of the more natural mixture at the foundation of their language.

Two populations of kindred blood and common worship, and occupying the same country, could not remain separate and hostile forever. Social and family ties began slowly to draw the Saxon and the Norman together, and in the trying times brought about by the deeds of several ignoble kings, the peoples were taught to have a common cause and a common sympathy. Thus, in the fourteenth century, the varied population of England finally became one people, speaking one language, which is still understood by the intelligent reader. As the great body of the people were Anglo-Saxon they naturally furnished the framework of the language, but even this framework was greatly modified.

Thus, our English of to-day is the speech of a Low-Germanic people, so greatly modified by change as to be substantially a new language, compared with its form even in the tenth century. It has been further modified by the naturalization of a great number of words of foreign tongues. The principal part of the foreign element consists of Latin words that have come into our speech, partly through military, religious and literary influence, but chiefly through the Norman-French, which was itself descended from the Latin. A large Greek element has been brought in to meet the needs of scientific names, and in one way and another, almost every language has contributed to the stock of English words.

All languages borrow foreign words, but in this respect the English has gone far beyond any other of the modern languages, and this may account largely for its adaptability to all forms of thought.

In considering the proportion which one element bears to the whole, a distinction must be made between the entire number of words and

those in common use. Of the words in "Webster's International Dictionary" a large majority are of foreign origin. But the dictionaries contain many words rarely used except in the more technical vocabulary of the arts and sciences. Such words are almost all foreign, for our Anglo-Saxon forefathers knew little or nothing about either. In the fullest English dictionaries there are over one hundred thousand words, yet Shakespeare, whose vocabulary was very large, used only fifteen thousand different words. Milton employed eight thousand different words in his poetry. Every-day conversation contains only three or four thousand words, while that of the uneducated man or woman is often as low as six or eight hundred.

English is more than a Teutonic tongue into which there has been an infusion of foreign words. It has a character of its own. It is related to the character of the people who speak it. Language is a form, and it has the power of affecting the minds of those who use it. One who habitually thinks in French, will in time acquire a French coloring to his mind. In the same way, one who habitually speaks English will acquire a certain characteristic, showing that he is one of the English people. The importance of knowing something about our language, therefore, and in endeavoring to use it in a way conformable to its character, is very great. There is no virtue in using foreign words as so many writers are inclined to do. It is a form of affectation. English affords abundant facilities for the expression of any thought.

#### THE ANGLO-SAXON ELEMENT

ALTHOUGH forming much less than one-half of the entire stock of our language, the Anglo-Saxon words constitute the important element and are most necessary in the construction of an English sentence. It is difficult to put four or five words together without using one or more Saxon words, and it is said that the more excited and earnest a man is, the more he tends to the Saxon forms. It furnishes what, for want of a better term, has been called the genius or spirit of the language. All the articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, nearly all prepositions and conjunctions and most simple adverbs are Saxon. Those nouns, adjectives, and verbs, which most frequently present themselves to the mind in ordinary use, are from the same source.

If you take the writings of various authors and count the words, including the repetitions of the same words, you will find that far more than one-half are Saxon. In hardly any good English writing, will the ratio of Saxon words to the total number used, fall below seventy to one hundred, and in many extracts we shall find it over ninety to



one hundred. Counting in this way, we find that Shakespeare used from eighty-five to ninety Saxon words in a total of one hundred; Milton over eighty. Johnson was noted for his use of Latin derivatives, but in every hundred words, in a fair sample of his writings, he used on the average seventy-two Saxon words. If, however, we count only the different words used, we find but sixty-five Saxon words in every hundred of Shakespeare's vocabulary. About the same ratio exists in the authorized version of the Bible, while of Milton's vocabulary, the Saxon forms less than one-third of the whole. Thus, it is clear that the Saxon words are those which are most frequently repeated, and this itself shows that it is the framework on which the foreign forms are hung.

It should not be forgotten that these modern English words which we call Saxon, are very different from the old Anglo-Saxon words. Much of the original Anglo-Saxon has become obsolete, and though some words have survived unchanged in form, the pronunciation and spelling of most Saxon words differ from those in the original tongue. To all intents and purposes, Anglo-Saxon is a dead language, and until one has studied it as such, he can do very little in the way of tracing the Anglo-Saxon derivatives. The roots of most Saxon derivatives and compounds appear by themselves in words with which we are so familiar that their meaning is evident to any English-speaking people. It takes no study to understand the meaning of such words as *goodness*, *wisely*, *foremost*, *sunshine*, and *alone*. The simplest expressions of our thoughts and the earliest words of childhood are Anglo-Saxon, and do not need to be defined or have their derivation traced, in order to be understood.

### THE CELTIC ELEMENT

It is difficult for students to determine with exactness what words are derived through Celtic influences. In the first place, the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon are both Aryan languages, and when a word is found in one of these languages resembling a word of the same general meaning in the other, the resemblance may be due to the fact that both are descendants from the same Aryan word. Then there is a possibility, in view of the many changes in early British history, that a word may have been transferred twice; first from the Saxon into the Celtic, and then in a changed form, readopted into the Saxon. The two races were bitterly hostile and had little friendly intercourse with each other. The Celtic-Britons hated the Saxons as invaders and the Saxons despised the Britons as a conquered people.

Most of the words that have been borrowed from the Celtic tongue, are of low origin and belong to colloquial or ordinary English. Some words like *basket*, *glen*, and *lad*, came from the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch at an early period, while others like *clan* and *brogue* are of more recent adoption. It is noticeable that the names of many of the simplest kitchen utensils and materials are of Celtic origin, as *spider*, *pie*, *bucket*, *griddle*, *mop*, *kettle*, and *pudding*. This probably arose from the fact that the Saxons held the Celtic captives as household slaves.

For some reason the Celts never hold their mother tongue as tenaciously as do the Teutons. Both Welsh and Irish seem likely soon to become extinct as spoken languages. The Celtic blood is widely diffused and contributes valuable elements to English character, but its influence on our language is comparatively slight, and is almost entirely confined to common words which have little place in literature.

#### THE LATIN ELEMENT

THE Latin element constitutes over one-half of the words in the dictionary and a large porportion of those in actual use. Without some knowledge of Latin, therefore, we could have no idea of the derivation of many English words. This fact furnishes the most important argument in favor of spending a part of one's youth in the study of Latin. Certainly the most useful application of such knowledge is as a means for a better understanding of our own tongue. No one who has studied Latin even for a single year, need look up the meaning of such words as *predict*, *contradict*, *unanimous*, *uniform*, *consequence*, and *descend*.

The Latin words which have been taken into the language may be divided into three classes. The first comprises only a few words left by the military occupation of Britain, and those Latin words which entered the Anglo-Saxon language prior to the Norman Conquest. Thus, the Latin *pondo* became the Anglo-Saxon *pund* and the English *pound*. The second division includes all Latin words that have come in through the Norman-French. The words *amiable*, *ancestor*, *circuit*, *faucet*, *people*, and *stable*, are examples of this class. Many of the words adopted in this way were so changed in form that it is difficult to recognize them. *Issue* is derived from the Latin *exire*, through the old French *issir*. The third division includes those words that through courts of law, the church service, or scientific and literary influence, have been taken from the Latin into English since the Norman Conquest, without passing through the French. In this class fall such words as *radius*, *genius*, *legal*, *tribulation*, *circumspect*, and



*circular*. In some cases the English has taken words directly from the Latin, and then taken the same words through the Norman-French. In this way one Latin word provides two English words, but of slightly different form and meaning. Thus from the Latin *pauper* we get our *pauper* direct and our *poor* through the French; from the Latin *fragilis* we get *fragile* direct, and through the French, *frail*; from the Latin *factio* we have *faction*, but through the French it becomes *fashion*, with a different meaning.

We can readily see that the old Anglo-Saxons had very little scientific knowledge, from the fact that while the names of many common objects are Saxon, the word for these objects as a class, is Norman-French. Thus *animal* and *beast* are French, but *dog*, *cat*, *fox*, *horse*, and *sheep*, are pure Saxon words. Again, if the Norman gave us *palace*, *castle*, and *mansion*, we have kept the old Saxon words *house*, *home*, and *cottage*, and by giving to each a different shade of meaning, or by using them in various connections, we have secured for our English tongue much of that versatility and grace which makes it fit for a highly civilized people. The general effect of the Norman-French influence was to give to the English a large number of synonyms, one of which is Latin and the other of Teutonic extraction, like *flower* and *bloom*, *stream* and *river*, *miserable* and *wretched*. These synonyms are of the greatest use in expressing shades of meaning and in giving the written language a certain euphony.

There are some very interesting little peculiarities in our language which are due to the time when Norman words were sinking into the English language; when some persons understood a Norman term and others only a Saxon one. This resulted in a number of expressions consisting of two words of the same meaning, one of them Norman and the other Saxon. You may have wondered how such expressions came into use as "aid and abet," "bag and baggage," "metes and bounds," "will and testament." There are some curious words in our language formed by giving a Saxon termination to a Latin stem. Such a word is *interloper*, which is half Latin and half Dutch, and such other words as *partake*, *saltpeter*, and *bankrupt*.

If you become interested in the derivation of words, you will often be surprised at the flood of light that a little study will let in upon the meaning, and you will discover many a little story. Much vividness is added to the word *caprice* when it is noticed that the word is derived from the Latin word "*capra*," a goat. Archbishop Trench says in his lecture on the study of words:—

"Let me illustrate my meaning more at length by the word 'tribulation.' We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in the Scriptures and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish;

but it is quite worth our while to know how it means this and to question tribulation a little closer. It is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, which was the threshing instrument or harrow, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and 'tribulation,' in its primary signification, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, he therefore called these sorrows and trials *tribulations*, threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner."

Rivals, properly, are those who dwell on the banks of the same river. But, as all experience shows, there is no such fruitful source of contention as water rights. Men would be often at strife with one another in regard to the periods during which they severally had a right to the use of the stream, turning it off into their own fields before the time, or leaving open the sluices beyond the time, or in other ways interfering or being counted to interfere with the rights of their neighbors. And in this way "rivals" came to be applied to any who were in unfriendly competition with one another.

In speaking of the two elements, the Saxon and the Latin, in our language, Emerson, who was a delicate artist in words, said:—

"It is a tacit rule of language to make the frame and skeleton of Saxon words, and when elevation or ornament are sought, to interweave the Roman, but sparingly. Not a sentence is made of Roman words alone without loss of strength. The children and laborers use Saxon unmixed. The Latin unmixed is abandoned to the colleges and to Parliament. A good writer, if he has indulged in a Roman roundness, makes haste to chasten and nerve his period by English monosyllables."

#### THE NORSE ELEMENT

Most of the Norse or Scandinavian words found in English were introduced by the Danish invasion, though they do not appear in literature till after the Norman Conquest. Meantime, they were doubtless gradually gaining their place in the common speech of the people. The old Norse which the Danes spoke was allied to the Low German of the Angle and Saxon tongues. When the Norse word and the Anglo-Saxon word for the same thing were not alike in sound, one was retained in the Danish districts and the other in the Saxon districts. Gradually their meaning diverged, so that in the end, the language possessed words with slightly different shades of meaning.



Thus *whole* comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and *hale* (hearty) from the Norse. In many cases the sounds were alike but the meanings were different, and the result is that we have in our language many words which have two totally unlike meanings. Thus *fast* in the sense of firm is Anglo-Saxon, but in the sense of rapid, it is Norse. *Fast*, to refrain from food, is a branch meaning of the former word, based on the idea that the abstainer is observing a firm rule; but "fast asleep" does not mean firmly asleep, it comes from the Norse word and means the state of sleeping rapidly. Again, *flag*, to grow weary, is Anglo-Saxon, but *flag*, an ensign, is Norse; *aye*, meaning yes, is Anglo-Saxon, but *aye*, meaning forever, is Norse; *bound*, in the sense of secured or fastened, is Anglo-Saxon, but *bound*, in the sense of a determination to do, is Norse. The same is true of many other pairs of words. It is by observing these many facts that you gain an idea of what a wonderfully built up thing is the language you speak.

There are less than seven hundred words in our language from the Norse, and three-fourths of them are monosyllables. They are short and emphatic and often have a sound with an evidently close relation to the meaning. The letters "sk" at the beginning of a word is almost a sure mark of a Norse derivative. Many of the short words ending in the letter "g" are also Norse, such as *drag*, *hug*, *kcg*, *rig*, and *egg*. All of these Norse words form a valuable constituent part of the language, because they are genuine folk-words, introduced through speech and not through writing. They, therefore, have a concrete meaning and as such are good suggesters of thought.

### THE GREEK ELEMENT

THOSE words which have been deliberately coined or borrowed to meet the demand for words to represent new ideas and relations in the progress of science and philosophy, constitute the Greek Element. When an instrument was invented which enabled a person instantly to communicate intelligence to another at a distance, two Greek words, one meaning "afar" and the other "to write" were put together and the new instrument was called the *telegraph*. In this way we have received, and are still introducing, such words as *telephone*, *dynamo*, *isothermal*, and the numerous "ologies." The names of most of the sciences are from the Greek, and the technical vocabulary of science is almost entirely taken from that source. This is because the ancient Greeks were great philosophers in their time. Aristotle, Euclid, Pythagoras, Plato, and others, furnished our forefathers with both the thoughts and the terms to express the thoughts. The list of words

taken directly from the Greek is quite a long one; there are at least three hundred and fifty, but they are nearly all special words.

More generally useful are the Greek words that come to use through the Latin, for the Romans borrowed their scientific terms from the Greeks, very much as we are doing to-day. Many theological, literary, and poetic words are of this class. It includes such words as *alms*, *angel*, *atom*, *asylum*, and *echo*. Some Greek words have filtered down to us, first through the Latin and then through the French, and such words as *air*, *cheer*, *idiot*, *logic*, *machine*, *music*, and *zeal*, are among them. There is not one of these words that we could part with now, and they are as truly English as are our words of undoubted Saxon ancestry.

#### OTHER FOREIGN ELEMENTS

HAD these great sources of the English language been all, it would certainly be evident that it is a very composite language, and that it has appropriated without stint and in various ways, anything of value. But there are several minor groups of words which have been borrowed from other languages. Some have come in through oral and some through written language. Some have been taken in directly, and some have filtered in through intermediate languages. One such interesting group of words is that which has come to us from Arabia, usually from the language of the Moors. These people were the medieval pioneers of medicine and science, and many of the older chemical, astronomical, and mathematical terms are taken from their tongue. They had previously borrowed some of their words from the Greek, but we took them from the Moors, using their definite article "al" as well. *Alchemy*, for instance, is made up of this Moorish particle and the Greek word meaning to mingle; *alkali* and *alcohol* are likewise Arabic words.

We owe to these Moors a greater debt for their simple characters for the numerals up to nine, and for the decimal notation which fixes values for these characters according to position. This notation was a great aid in learning to add or multiply numbers. The Arabic group numbers about one hundred words, and their derivations are full of suggestions of Oriental and Moorish history. The word *admiral* is from *Emir al bahr*, meaning "lord of the sea." The French took it first, and we took it from them. The word carries us back to the time when a Moorish sea captain was lord of the Mediterranean.

Like the Arabic, the Hebrew is a Semitic language, but our civilization has come in contact with Hebrew civilization only through one book, the Bible, and thus we have received a few words from it. The translation of the Bible necessitated the use of a few Hebrew



words for which there were no equivalents in the English. There are only about thirty of these, and they embrace such words as *cherub*, *cinnamon*, *sack*, and *Satan*. A few Hebrew words like *alphabet* and *iota* come to us through the Greek.

The Dutch gave to the English many maritime words such as *ballast*, *reef*, *skipper*, *sloop*, and *yacht*, and we also have a few words from the Spanish, the Italian, the American Indians, the Chinese and other Orientals.

### AMERICANISMS

Two different peoples speaking the same language will gradually develop certain marked peculiarities of word and expression. These do not arise through the written, but the spoken, language, and coming thus from the common people, or from the soil, as it were, they often possess a strength and vigor which not only entitles them to use but to a continued existence. There are many purely American expressions of a pungent freshness which authors, weary of a well-worn vocabulary, eagerly seize. In the preface to the first edition of his dictionary, issued in 1825, Noah Webster declared that although in America "the body of the language is the same as in England, and it is desirable to perpetuate the sameness, yet some differences must exist." Webster had no difficulty in showing that differences of physical and political conditions had already, in his time, produced marked differences of speech. To-day, none of our American authors would think of using the English terms *railway*, *guard*, *gradient*, and *shunt*, for our American words *railroad*, *conductor*, *grade*, and *switch*. What we call a freight train the Englishman calls a goods train. The keyless watch of England is the stem-winder of America. An Englishman is apt to call for a tin of condensed milk when an American would call for a can.

Our Americanisms are quite as proper as the Englishman's Britishisms. While English is a language, it exists nowhere in a perfect and fixed form. Any language spoken by men in daily life, varies from a flawless ideal. Even in the English universities, there are forms of expression which are not features of pure English. Wherever it is spoken, it will be in a constant state of development and will be constantly exhibiting new terms, to meet new conditions. The only standard which we can set up, is the usage of the best and purest authors.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE

HAVING noted from the foregoing from what various sources and in what various ways the English language came into existence, you may wonder how it could be that among so many differing people it has maintained itself in a certain form, and has not broken up into a great many differing dialects. This fact requires us to call attention to the important influence of the Bible. In the fourteenth century Wycliffe translated the Bible into Middle English. The subsequent revisers—Tyndale (1526) and Coverdale (1580) and the revisers in King James's reign—were each familiar with the Bible used before their day, and each founded his revision on its predecessor. Thus they gave a fixed form to many of the words and phrases of the first translation and tended to hold the developing English tongue to that.

The influence of the Bible on the language is clearly set forth in the following from Green's "History of the English People":—

"So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry save the little-known verse of Chaucer, existed in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in the churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered round the Bible in the nave of St. Paul's, or the family group that hung on its words in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legend and annal, war song and psalm, State-roll and biography, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of Evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by sea and among heathen, philosophic arguments, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast over minds unoccupied for the most part by any rival learning. . . . As a mere literary monument, the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it, from the instant of its appearance, the standard of our language. . . . The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one."

The century beginning about 1520, during which our English Bible obtained its present beauty and finish, was precisely that in which our mother tongue completed its process of development and attained its highest state of perfection. Since that time, there has been a great enlargement of its stores, to keep pace with the progress of science and invention, but we witness no further progress of organic growth. It was then that the Anglo-Saxon framework was completed and fixed.



## STYLE

AT FIRST suggestion it would seem that nothing so elusive as style could be laid hold upon for definite analysis. Like color, it seems to come to us through some star-way, a flawless beauty transfiguring the written words. But while color is evanescent and intangible, it is yet traceable to the spectrum and subject to the laws of light; and so style, by its own innate and vital qualities, leads back to the laws of language for whatever explanation can be given to a thing that, after all, remains a spirit, subtle and unexplained.

"Colors and words

The heart-beats of the earth,  
To be remolded always of one worth  
From birth to birth."

William Watson says: "Style is a mark of the purest mental aristocracy, the most untainted intellectual blue-blood—it speaks of long and high descent, of noble, spiritual ancestry—and we can no more forget its possessors than we can forget some grand countenance seen by chance among a thousand immemorable faces. The truth is, Style is high breeding."

Style is manner of writing. It comes unheralded. When it is so highly charged with power and grace as to be strongly individual, it becomes immortal. Style of this order is born of highest conviction, and from that clear power of imagination that burns within certain minds to the exclusion of all distractions. The power of imagery is above all things the most essential in style. The power to put forcefully and simply before the mind of another the mental picture of your own summoning, the power of the unique word—such is the spirit of style. The quick response from the mind of the reader, the sudden flaming sympathy with episode, crisis, or dull reality,—the recognition of the infinite power with which a scene or character is set forth—this is the instantaneous acknowledgment of imagery. All elements are the artist's to choose from, but the reach of his art power is achieved by the undaunted adherence to the laws of perspective in literature and his strength to resist the allurements of too much beauty.

Walter Pater says: "As the painter in his pictures, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honorable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere." "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by

what he omits; and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognized by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader, words, too, are grave; and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or color or reference is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring behind it a long 'brain-wave' of quite alien associations."

This distraction of thought and emotion, the true artist avoids. By his own sensitiveness to the "atmosphere" of his creation, he preserves an invariable attitude toward his subject, and this steadfastness of vision appearing in language becomes manifest in style. "True greatness must have *vision*, a keen perception of value, the ability to see proportion where others see only mass." To see proportion and then by means of "honorable artifice" to give it written form that shall carry the dry fact into the heart,—this is the power of style and—

" . . . it will never  
Pass into nothingness."

"Innumerable have been the authors whom a strong equipment of good ideas, of intellectual force, of moral impulse, and of many other admirable qualities, could not save from extinction; but there is not one solitary instance of a writer who, endowed with style in a really eminent measure, has been consigned to that great literary catacomb where thousands of heads which once teemed with thought and emotion are ranged in monotonous rows, and are become mere indistinguishable skulls. Lethe has its million victims; but though you should go down to its margin with deliberate suicidal intent, if you have style, with that life-belt you cannot drown."

Whatever else style may be, it is that which attracts or repels us when reading a book. It is the way in which a thing is said. It is the way in which we who read are appealed to by what is written. The means of appeal is the page of printed language. Here, within an inflexible, familiar form, the fluent spirit of the author's thought is caught and held—the spirit that addresses us and, of its own force and beauty, creates and ordains the style.

In style, then, taking the word in its highest meaning, we meet with the touch of individuality. It is the sign of something in one that is not in another. It is the bringing together of the powers of a single mind and giving them expression by means of accepted literary form. It is the power of mind dwelling in its own high places upon the images that there present themselves, until, of its own will, it draws the curtain of silence, and by the magic power of words reveals what it has seen. In this way, style serves as the interpretation of life. Its origin is due to the peculiar character of the imagination.



"The imagination is the eye of the soul." Looking outward into society and life, it finds its forms and methods of movement. Looking inward into the greater world known to itself alone, it finds its material.

"The great artist," says Charles Blanc, "is he who guides us into the region of his own thoughts, into the palaces and fields of his own imagination, and while there speaks to us the language of the gods." Also, this same critic says of style in painting and engraving that which applies perfectly to literature. ". . . Style is truth aggrandized, simplified, freed from all insignificant details, restored to its original essence, its typical aspect."

This power of restoration that comes through style, the preserver of thought, is invaluable. The mind needs to be reminded of its greatness. It needs the refreshment of that greater world to which style invites us. For restoration, then, we need to read a little the language that reveals the seeing eye, the observing mood, the power of analysis and description,—the style, humorous or sober, that still is at heart sympathetic with humanity and powerful in its exhibition of itself.

Style in its greatness is distinguished, high refinement. In its shading, it is sensitive to the requirements of its subject; in its picturing, it is clear and strong. It takes its own pathway, asking guidance of none. It tests all suggestion by the standard of its own ideals; it has no need to adopt or to copy; it is sufficient unto itself and can allow no intrusion.

As a master of style, and a writer giving full significance to the beauty and haunting quality of words, Hawthorne stands alone in the world of American literature, strongly marked as a figure of undiminished power.

His imagination is rich and is laden with the essence of pure romance, his imagery is strange, absorbing, and occult, as, for illustration, in "Rappaccini's Daughter":—

"While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow and sickly looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle turn of life, with gray hair, a thin gray beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart."



"Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path; it seemed as if he were looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of this deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors, with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality.

"It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. . . .

"The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice; but finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease."

This power of style applies itself to any subject,—a drama of history, for instance, where, keeping the color of the time, events are massed and set vividly before us. This, however, appears not so fully in the writings of history itself as in the essay or other work where history furnishes an illustration. In history the recording of fact holds the author to a great sense of simplicity and justice. The effect of the subject is to shut off the picturesque and to lead the author to put a balanced vitality into his record of the entire progress of events. The historian has style, strong and superior, but his work lies nearer to science than to art.

In the essay, the writer tends again to literature as a pleasure, and, from the literary point of view, historic situations become word pictures of which the following quotation is an example:—

"The Goths were a wonderful people. When they first appear in history their hair was tossed and tangled by the salt winds of the Baltic. Later, when, in tattered furs, they issued from the fens of



the Danube, they startled the hardest warriors of the world, the descendants of that nursling of the gaunt she-wolf. Little by little, from vagabond herders they consolidated first into tribes, then into a nation, finally into an army that beat at the gates of Rome. There they loitered a moment, a century at most. When they receded again, with plunder and with slaves, they left an Emperor behind. Soon they were more turbulent than ever. They swept over antiquity like a tide, their waves subsiding only to rise anew. And just as the earth was oscillating beneath their weight, from the Steppes of Tartary issued cyclones of Huns. Where they passed, the plains remained forever bare."

In this world of the imagination, the artist who is the author must stand alone, loyal to his own individuality in the production of pictures, and of a style that renders them visible, distinct, and enduring. When he faces his scenery, or the people who come to him by way of his inner vision, he must be alone with them. As he writes, the world must not exist for him, nor must anything outside destroy the charm of his own clear illusion. It is true that any writing involves the thought of its readers, but their turn has not yet come. Nor must the strangeness of a man's own fancy daunt him. The sense of criticism, the eye of the world, should never intrude to make a man lose courage, as new faces and new incidents arise and picture themselves within. Of this, Hawthorne was deeply conscious. He says in "The Artists of the Beautiful":—

"Thus it is that ideas—which grow up within the imagination and appear so lovely to it and of a value beyond whatever men call valuable—are exposed to be shattered and annihilated by contact with the practical.

"It is requisite for the ideal artist to possess a force of character that seems hardly compatible with its delicacy; he must keep his faith in himself while the incredulous world assails him with its utter disbelief; he must stand up against mankind and be his own sole disciple, both as respects his genius and the objects to which it is directed."

The loyalty to one's own imagination is not betrayed, nor does it lose itself in vacancy. It is caught, held, and made manifest by the style which, unconsciously almost, weaves itself for the purpose.

"So every spirit as it is more pure,  
And hath in' it the more of heavenly light,  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairly dight  
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.  
For, of the soul, the body form doth take,  
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

As a first principle underlying style, this loyalty to individual appeal is required for the reason that the deepest, most complicated interweavings of life lie not in mere happenings, not in what is notably seen or heard as circumstance, but within the compass of those thoughts and emotions which are largely unuttered and only half recognized by the mind itself. This inner life is not discovered from exterior movement and incident. It is carried on in its own silence, while the man goes his way in the highways and byways of existence.

"If we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow." Here, then, comes the power of that inner vision which, perfectly carried out and rendered clearly in language, results in style. "What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning in this sphere of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid." The images of this inner life are as perfect in their revelation of themselves as are the people of the outer world. To separate the essence of greatness from its human destiny is to follow it through its own course of development, as Victor Hugo has followed Jean Valjean through that masterpiece "*Les Misérables*." Against the background of ignominy the soul arises. Steadily as it moves from phase to phase of life it looks out at the reader with ever deepening gaze, holding all circumstance below it, revealing itself as the power of life, indomitable and exalted. On such a drawing as this, the student of style is clearly sensible that its faithfulness and unvarying character appear as a result of the intentness and the completeness of the author's power of imagination. As a real person the man lived and grew before the eyes that watched him, and the drawing of his picture is the style through which that picture was given to the world.

Imagination is a deep and most essential quality,—it seeks the very heart of things and is the master-builder among the constructive faculties. It is the cord of dreams and challenges the daylight of credulity. It probes the dark of unreality and while close to symbolism, it is more formative and brings to the heart of man the deep breath and the great daring. This quality Robert Louis Stevenson exhibited in the power of a supreme style. His adventuring mind gave to us a little shelf of rare books, placed for all time against the heart of the world. His style stands unimpeachable; he combines daring with perfect art; the great tone is in all of his writings. The following passage is from the wonderful "*O'Calla*":—

"It was in this place that I first saw my hostess.

"She had drawn one of the skins forward and sat in the sun, leaning against a pillar. It was her dress that struck me first of all, for it was



rich and brightly colored, and shone out in that dusty courtyard with something of the same relief as the flower of the pomegranates. At a second look it was her beauty of person that took hold of me. As she sat back,—watching me, I thought, though with invisible eyes, and wearing at the same time an expression of almost imbecile good humor and contentment,—she showed a perfectness of feature and a quiet nobility of attitude that were beyond a statue's. I took off my hat to her in passing, and her face

puckered with suspicion as swiftly and lightly as a pool ruffles in the breeze; but she paid no heed to my courtesy. I went forth on my

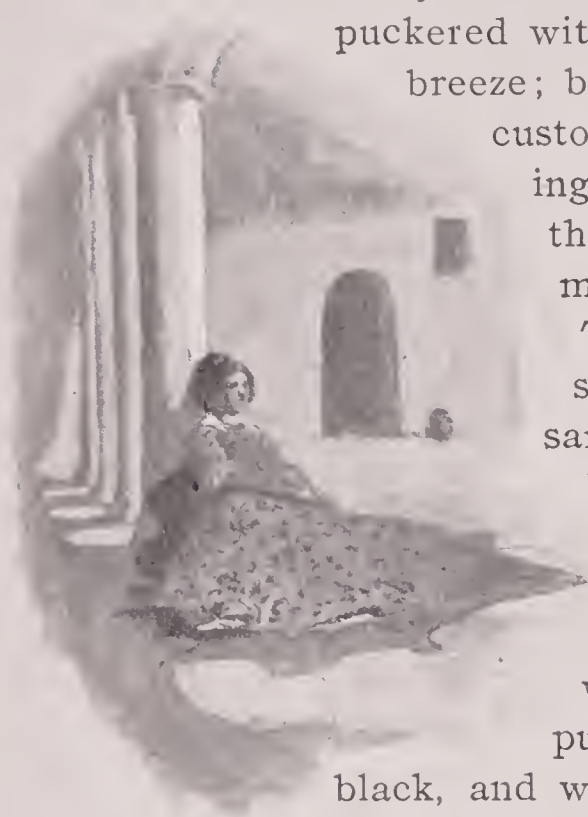
customary walk a trifle daunted, her idol-like impassivity haunting me; and when I returned, although she was still in much the same posture, I was half surprised to see that she had moved as far as the next pillar, following the sunshine.

This time, however, she addressed me with some trivial salutation, civilly enough conceived, and uttered in the same deep-chested and yet indistinct and lisping tones that had already baffled the utmost niceness of my hearing from her son. I answered rather at a venture; for not only did I fail to take her meaning with precision, but the sudden disclosure of her eyes disturbed me. They were unusually large, the iris golden, like Felipe's, but the pupil at that moment so distended that they seemed almost

black, and what affected me was not so much their size as (what was perhaps its consequence) the singular insignificance of their regard. A look more blankly stupid I have never met. My eyes dropped before it even as I spoke, and I went on my way upstairs to my own room, at once baffled and embarrassed. Yet, when I came there and saw the face of the portrait, I was again reminded of the miracle of family descent.

"My hostess was, indeed, both older and fuller in person; her eyes were of a different color; her face, besides, was not only free from that ill significance that offended and attracted me in the painting, it was devoid of either good or bad—a moral blank expressing literally naught. And yet there was a likeness, not so much speaking as imminent, not so much in any particular feature as upon the whole. It should seem, I thought, as if when the master set his signature to that grave canvas, he had not only caught the image of one smiling and false-eyed woman, but stamped the essential quality of a race."

And now we turn to the imperishable legacy left to us by the great writers of the past. Our obligation to them is an obvious one,—  
"Here is a class of men to whom we owe what it is hopeless to dream of repaying; we can never repay it; they will remain our creditors to the end of time." In a study of authors who have risen to eminence as masters of style, every variety of method is to be met with and each has its claim upon one who would see how style has been created, and out of what life elements it has grown. In strong



contrast to the modern note in literature we turn back to these older minds who wrote at royal leisure and under the influence of the religious, political, social, and esthetic conditions of their day.

In the work of Bunyan is a style artless, simple, direct, the product of an imaginative genius. Without ornament, homely, and real, its vigor is never old. A few clear strokes set a figure before us, and every word helps to the faithfulness of the picture. His landscapes, his cities, his pits and dungeons and mountains all have their own atmosphere; they are perfect in their setting as stage scenery for the actors who, drawn with true dramatic ability, successively appear. In his great allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," every scene is like an experience to the reader, and the story, which of itself would be read no more, is, through its style, rendered immortal.

The style is born of the clearness of the imagination. A brain, teeming with images, but never confused as to the separateness of its figures, used language as the means for setting Christian and his companions where other people could see them. This quality of clearness is most precious to the writer. The following quotation from "Pilgrim's Progress" shows this:—


"Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. 'Then,' said the giant, 'You have this night trespassed on me, on trampling in and lying on my grounds; and, therefore, you must go along with me.' So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they."

For another illustration of style, glowing with the rich harmonies of sadness and despair over the frustration of earthly hopes, we take De Quincey. In his writing is an elegance and refinement of spirit, a keenly intelligent comprehension and choice of words, especially as they relate to and express phases of human thought, under pressure of tragic conditions; and with this, a rare power of producing musical cadences by a most precise, yet artistic selection of words and phrases. But this is not light music,—it is prolonged and splendid, rising in its beat with majesty, and maintaining its altitude in sustained power to hold its theme aloft, whatever the disaster that is passing beneath. Of this matchless quality for which De Quincey is noted, Leslie Stephen says:—

"The sentences are so delicately balanced and so skillfully constructed that his finer passages fix themselves in the memory without the aid of meter."



To appreciate this stately rhythmic power one should read in some quiet hour, when wholly undisturbed, "The Dream-Fugue." The sense of vastness, of light, of beauty, of danger, of helplessness, and death, are wrought into the fiber of the language, with a control of sound and movement, that remains in the mind, unearthly and unforgettable.



"The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sat mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel from a crossbow, ran a frigate right athwart our course. 'Are they mad?' some voice exclaimed from our deck. 'Do they woo their ruin?' But in a moment, she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or local vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock. As she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnacle. The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea.

"Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but muttered at intervals,—gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense,—threw up, as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and ante-choir were fling past with unknown voices. Thou also, Dying Trumpeter!—with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing—didst enter the tumult; trumpet and echo—farewell love, and farewell anguish—rang through the dreadful sanctus."

The student of style will avoid De Quincey's habit of tedious digression, but he will read "Murder as a Fine Art" for its humor and irony; the autobiography and essays to feel the insight into nature, the attraction of the mysterious, the spirit of reverence, the poise of refined individuality, and the blending of all these into passages of a masterful style.

To follow still further this line of comparison in style, we take the name and work of Thackeray, a name that "blows the mind clear" and leaves it ready for the fresh and tonic portrayal of life. Thackeray is noted for his keenness of observation. His distinction is that of a painter of human character. Lowell says: "Thackeray's round of character is very limited, but his characters are masterpieces, always governed by those average motives and acted upon by those average sentiments which all men have in common. They never act like heroes and heroines, but like men and women."

In his introduction to "Vanity Fair" Thackeray says: "One is bound to speak the truth as one knows it, whether one mounts cap and bells or a shovel hat; and a deal of disagreeable matter must come out in the course of such an undertaking." We are told that he said of himself directly, "I have no brain above the eyes; I describe what I see." But with the author of "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond," behind mere observation lay insight,—the look into the hearts of men, the perception of motive and the springs of character. His theme was society, yet it was not a bare realistic quality of regard that produced "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes"; such realism alone would not have resulted in the perfected style that belongs to Thackeray. He worked not from fact, but from his "sense of fact."

In this process, in the production of imaginative prose that commands attention and survives the year, the movement is always threefold. The writer first observes the world he lives in; he next looks away from what he saw without to the picture the scene has made within him, and from this latter picture he works. So it is that we meet in Thackeray a style that has been called "original, vigorous, natural, limpid, idiomatic, and flexible—a perfect vehicle for the man's peculiar spirit." Lowell says still further: "Thackeray's style is beyond praise—so easy, so limpid, showing everywhere by unobtrusive allusions how rich he was in modern culture; it has the highest charm of gentlemanly conversation. He was in all respects the most finished example we have of what is called 'a man of the world.' In Thackeray's work is seen a truthfulness that hated shams; a power of satire coupled with tenderness; a humor of abundant and abiding pleasantness, a noble sincerity, and a sensitiveness both as to the touch of the world and to the voice of the soul."

But all this which belongs to the man might have combined to produce character, without producing the artist, if there had not been, in addition to these qualities, the power of imagination—the power that like a mirror reflects the imagery of the hour—the power that invariably results in a potent style. In his introduction to "Vanity Fair" he says:—

"And, as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of."

Passing on to consider style in a new aspect, we take up Ruskin—not a novelist, but an essayist and teacher—whose themes ranged through nature and art, with human society for conclusion. Endowed



with keen and penetrative perception, he had with it a passionate love of beauty in its alliance with its source and with the life of man. From this point of view he worked, and his writings abound with flashes of insight flung into words, direct and clean, and, without effort, are poured out in a flood of diction, remarkable for brilliancy, splendor, and charm. As a creator of style in his own day, Ruskin had great power to enlarge the scope of vision in his reader and to reveal the power of words. Color, radiance, and, above all, movement, are reproduced. Every word has intention and is significant even when, at the fullest, there is something of overabundance in his descriptive prose. The following passage from "Modern Painters" is in his best style:—

"And then wait yet for one hour, while the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against it in darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in a glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm; each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each her tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heavens; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet company, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted winds of many companies of angels; and then when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love for the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has delivered his message unto men."

Stopford Brooke says of him:—

"He can not only see rightly, but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense, and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting, that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the poet does it, by developing intensity of feeling, but by appealing to feelings through the revelation of fact, and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and beauty of the fact and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells the story."

Exquisite precision as to the sound and relation of words, clearness and positive conviction, led Ruskin to a style that, marked by delicacy, is often stately in character. As Saintsbury says:—

"'The Stones of Venice' is *the* book of descriptive prose in English, and all others toil after it in vain."

In writing, it is not quantity that secures immortality. It is style, as the expression of thought and emotion, that is invincible. If any record of a man's name —

“Be blown about the hills of Time,”

it is because, and only because, he possessed style — “the most powerful preservative against decay” in literature. Sir Thomas Browne left a small volume “*Religio Medici*,” and other essays, which through individuality of subject and style, has won literary recognition.

“*Now for my life*, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable.


“For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live in, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas's shoulders. . . . That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. . . . There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the sun.”

In this writing we meet an author who writes not as if addressing an audience, but as if musing. We listen to his thought rather than to instruction. He wanders and is not studious of effect, but his point of view, humane and humorous, is attractive, his thoughts are refined and clear, and his style, though irregular and rambling, is read for its inherent force and beauty.

As another illustration of the value of style in imaginative prose, the works of Edgar Allan Poe stand for strong example. In his writing, the events narrated verge upon the supernatural, yet through his power as an artist they have the character of reality. His style, by its intrinsic qualities, belongs to pure romance. It is flowing and harmonious, using in the painting of its somber pictures no unusual words, yet by the genius of selection calling them together to produce the rare effect. With many authors writing is unequal; in any case it is the best that endures. With Poe, discarding what is not fine, we find in what remains a style noble and melancholy. He wove with threads that were dyed in ancient sorrow, and his strange tales burn with a prisoned fire. The effectiveness of his style lies in the close intimacy of the aspects of nature with the conditions of the heart and soul, and with all the movements of life. It is thus not



openly but suggestively symbolic, the appearance of reality and natural happening being always maintained. In his poetry he was the seer of loss and gloom. We quote from the "House of Usher":—



"During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds were oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone on horseback through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable, for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me, upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant, eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees, with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after dream of the reveler upon opium,—the bitter lapse into every-day life,—the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an illness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it, I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the House of Usher."

In seeking for images to use in literature, the writer turns to nature and to human life. Here in these two widely opposite but intimately related phases of creation and existence, the artist in words, "the ready writer," finds forms awaiting him. The force that wells up within him is creative. It seeks for expression of itself; still, free as man feels himself to be when he dreams along the lines of pure romance, it is true that out of his own fancy he cannot evoke any form that does not already exist in nature or in human life. Whenever power brings the inner vision to perfection in literature, the author has used two means—the forms of life and the forms of language. With these he produces; and whatever his creation may be, it will come into the world individualized, a personality, bringing its own essential qualities—a new thought creation.

Thus it is a "Hamlet," questioning "the undiscovered country;" a "Silas Marner" alone with his weaving; or a "Tilly Slowboy" companion to "The Cricket on the Hearth." Out from the pages of all

books come these creations of pen and brain, and their name is legion; still, like ourselves, they wear the typical human guise, they speak our human language and have their abiding places in their appropriate corners of the world.

And as in this world of thought the author has found the forms of his imagery awaiting him, so for the painting of these images, "for the uttering sweetly and properly of the conceit of the mind," he finds language, the speech of the world,—polished by long usage yet free and ready to adjust itself to individual demand. The author stands in his high kingdom, a master indeed, yet bound by the laws of things as they are, to be original, not in the creation of his materials, but only in their choice and use.

It is interesting to see how through earlier times the heart of man has sought to escape from the insistent order of things. In Egypt, for example, the hawk's head is set upon the human body. So stands Ra, in the myth of Osiris. Keen-eyed, pursuing, leading, and judging mortality, his power is withdrawn from the simple human aspect, and, through the semblance of the bird, is hidden, made esoteric and subtly suggestive. This was the artist's effort to portray the sense of the immortal and the great. But in this labor after vastness of invention, for deep purpose, Egypt could use only what she found. She could invent nothing. She set together the two creations, animal and man, yet the result was to break the order of nature and destroy harmony. In its historical aspect, the figure has the highest value, but it is saved from being farcical and grotesque only by the spirit that wrought for its creation—the quest of the soul, the far-reaching effort to speak some word universal, to give some sign of knowledge greater than man's. This spirit, even under the anomaly of its form is indestructible, but by the unnatural use of form, art is injured and debased.

Incomparably beyond this, the Greek created Apollo—"The Far-darter," "Lord of Life and Light." This was a return to nature for the means of highest art. The Middle Age has its dragons and its unicorn; the sculptured wall has its gargoyle; and to-day the artist of the ideal, in his reach after symbolism, produces a winged figure suggesting the world—an odd conception of angelhood.

But the artist of the word knows that except for slight poetic tradition, he will excel and attain to style, strong and beautiful, only by using Nature as he finds her, and by fidelity to language in its own true form and spirit. These two work by one law, and it is impossible for the mind of man to conjure up any form whose type is not already seen in Nature. Fafner, in the "Nibelungenlied," is a survivor of the reptilian age, but his words are human. In "Faust,"



Goethe, seeking for the least of forms under which to represent the spirit of life, newborn and potent, has Homunculus appear within the phial of the old alchemist. He is of the essence of light—free, strong, fearless. His mission is to “lead the way,” yet he is “*Ein artig Männlein*”—a Manikin. As the writer realizes that the infinitude of power lies not without, in form and language, but within himself, as the very activity of spirit, he sees that his work is not to copy things as they are, but, with his eye upon the inward vision, to take just what belongs to it, to give to it a mortal garb and presence. The spirit leads the way.

Mr. A. H. Welsh says:—

“If style is the rendering, more or less justly, the inward life; if that thought which is your concern can reach the mind completely and with all its advantages only when it is well expressed, it ought not to be necessary to insist that style is a great matter. How many are there who know how to think that do not know how to write? ‘To write well,’ says Buffon, ‘is at once to think well, to feel well, and to render well.’ To neglect form is, then, to neglect, in some sort, the life and the faculty of communication.

“Style is the artistic part of literature, hardly less valuable than the substance, if the product is to be permanent. It is the principal feature in which the writer can be original. Out of the same stones can be reared a Parthenon or a tavern. Shakespeare’s power lay not in finding out new material, but in imparting new life to whatever he discovered; Carlyle’s, not in the novelty of what he said, but in the way in which he has said it. In Shelley’s verse, in Hawthorne’s periods, in Ruskin’s grand harmonies, who is not sensible of influences quite distinct from the matter?

“The same thought, expressed by one author will make us yawn, by another will startle us. An inferior work may obtain passport to futurity through witchery of form, while a work of merit may fail of success through lack of formal excellence.

“Said Napoleon: ‘What is called style, good or bad, does not affect me. I care only for the force of the thought.’ As well might he have said that he cared nothing for the arrangement of his soldiers in battle, only for the energy with which they would fight.”

In the study of style, a grand distinction as to form, lies in the difference between prose and poetry. This at first glance appears to be the plainest and most natural thing in the world; yet the character of this difference has, in reality, been a matter of growth. It has taken centuries of English writing to bring the author to “the sense of achieved distinctions” that now exist between these two distinct methods of expression. Through this long development of the higher

art, sense in writing, delicate shades of difference in modes of expression, have become perceptible and have exercised an immense influence upon others.

In this esthetic distinction the author himself finds a field for study. The lover of style in its "fineness of truth" may, however, leave that to the author, and yield himself, if so he prefer, to simple enjoyment of the beautiful in whatever form he finds it.

In literature, poetry offers itself so far as meter is concerned, under many forms, and in its entire history shows a progressive originality both in the use of forms and in the range of those exalted ideas that, in one age after another, have led authors to turn from prose and to attain to their deepest and noblest power of expression.

In poetry we look for any sentiment known to the human mind,—for thought, for signs of knowledge in life, and above all, for beauty of imagery. When these powers combine in a highly perfected phrasing, we have style in poetry. And style in poetry is not a thing to pass idly by. You may read a perfect sonnet or a ballad, and if lacking in this "copious wonder-draught," it is lacking in all things as far as your sense of inspiration and refreshment are concerned. A poem may have lived on simply because of its mechanism, its carefully wrought out perfection of rhyme, rhythm, and form; but if it does not give you the sense of beauty in style, better not have read it at all. Browning's style is kaleidoscopic. Apart from the universal note in his work he gives unforgettable pictures, using the unique word or phrase to get just his atmosphere—his tint of color or the right light on his character. As in "Sordello":—

"Midnight: the watcher nodded on his spear,  
Since clouds dispersing left a passage clear  
For any meager and discolored moon  
To venture forth; and such was peering soon  
Above the harassed city—her close lanes  
Closer, not half so tapering her fanes,  
As though she shrunk into herself to keep  
What little life was saved, more safely. Heap  
By heap the watch fires smoldered, and beside  
The blackest spoke Sordello."

The greatness of style in one man is inspiration to another. It awakens the spirit. In itself fine art, it calls out the response of the art spirit and becomes a leader along its own highway of culture. The vibration of power, the heart-beat that produced a phrase as the setting of some idea deeply felt and enjoyed—or deeply suffered, awakens its own answer.



It is for this awakening of life in others that style is so valued. It is by that power which it has of completing what another has felt and not spoken, or has vaguely felt and not realized; by that great sensibility, formed into harmonious sound, given a *style*, that poetry has ever been a thing widely loved as an expression of human life sent forth —

“The world’s hard lot to qualify.”

In this poetic style, Coleridge, who wrote so little, was still a vital influence. Deeply sensitive to the mystical relation between Nature and the soul, he produced the “Ancient Mariner” — his most complete work in verse. It was a revival of romantic legend, but as a writing it was modern in its insight, feeling, and poetic style.

That “the genius of all remarkable men is method,” is surely true of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In his work is the dominant note of power, impetuous, vehement; loving beauty and color and “the perfect round of the soul.”

Poet and painter that he was, his style to those who love it must always be a strange, exalted thing. His influence has been to send men deeper into their own souls, to question there and bring forth:—

“The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven:  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.”

Modern poetry is for the most part lyric in character. Under the pressure of changing conditions of life, in what is distinctly a transition period of history, it is notable for its feeling after new form, and being thus variable, the evolution of its style has interest as one of the literary aspects of the time.

And in this modern world Bliss Carman stands as an “Artist of the Beautiful.” In imagery, depth of thought, and poetic vision, his work is commanding. His writing is dusted with a fairy pollen, and yet the strength of it is human, deep, real. He holds close to the symbol and combines an alluring fancy with perfect art, control in style and expression.

“We are as mendicants who wait  
Along the roadside in the sun.  
Tatters of yesterday and shreds  
Of morrow clothe us, every one.  
“And some are dotards, who believe  
And glory in the days of old;

While some are dreamers, harping still  
Upon an unknown age of gold.

"Hopeless as witless! Not one heeds,  
As lavish Time comes down the way  
And tosses in the suppliant hat  
One great, new-minted gold To-day.

. . . . .

"One I remember kept his coin,  
And, laughing, flipped it in the air;  
But when two strolling pipe-players  
Came by, he tossed it to the pair.

"Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart  
Danced to their wild, outlandish bars;  
Then, supperless, he laid him down  
That night, and slept beneath the stars."

Art is long; attainment is but the uplifting of the ideal to set it higher still beneath the stars. But in that expression of its spirit, which is style in literature, it becomes the heritage of the world.

The wonder voices will speak if we but listen.

"Have little care that Life is brief  
And less that Art is long;  
Success is in the silences,  
Though Fame is in the song."

## HOW TO CULTIVATE STYLE

IN A study of the mind and its methods, we can read a lesson from Nature. Consider a hyacinth, a rose. It is the product of time and growth. It tells of cultivation and opportunity. It blooms not only because it exists, but because, having endowment of floral power, it has been fortunate in finding conditions favorable to its development. A seed holds, latent within itself, form, color, and fragrance. The law of its bloom is growth from its own center. But there must be earthly imbedding, days and nights of darkness and sheltered life, before the plant can arise and express itself in the beauty of bloom. In this it follows the provisions of established law, and "he who runs may read", for in literature the acquirement of style depends upon the same factors,—first the natural gift, and after that, opportunity and the conditions favorable to growth. To acquire is to gain. To gain a style from anything without is impossible. All acquirement has reference to *means* of growth; the gain itself comes from within.



Style is the result of development. The "precious seed" is of the nature of man. Its growth is begun in its own secret processes, and, springing from its own root, it is finally to stand full grown before the bar of literary criticism. The sense of style is nursed by all things. Everything in nature and everything in life,—all aspects of these two, all their gifts, their grace, their variety, their range of comedy, their somber tragedies—all that passes; the whispering wind, the breath of life in the soul of man, all things without and within, are as treasure, and, in the crucible of the mind, must be transmitted into power of expression—into style. To recognize these means of culture is the student's first and greatest need. To heed what lies in waiting for him, and, by meditation, to assimilate life's greatness and beauty, gives the best mental position for undertaking any technical study of literature.

In the process of development the student of style must give himself opportunity. He must seek silence for thought, and become conversant with the tendencies of his own mind. Many minds are furnished with ideas, words, selections, quotations, criticisms, facts of history, poems and biographies, and these are good and useful as culture, even if one never writes; but in style, all attainment has relation to the power of utterance. In writing, whatever is taken into the mind must be given out again. The student has this end in view. For this he reads, studies, and compares. His pursuit of knowledge should be undertaken with direct reference to the end in view; *viz.*, the power of expression in literature—the author's style.

In the technical study of style, many helps are offered. The subject of language, as a whole, is divided into grammar and rhetoric. In earliest days, these inquiries into the nature and use of language were divided under many heads, and were presented to the student as difficulties for him to surmount, rather than as aids to his quick comprehension of language and its reasonable agreeable use. But later textbooks tend to simpler ways. It is seen that a few great principles underlie the use of language, and that both for correctness in speech and for the attainment of skill and beauty in writing, a knowledge of these principles affords the best and most intelligible foundation for progress.

In studying language we see that it is divided into words, sentences, paragraphs, and entire writings or whole compositions. This word composition explains itself by way of its Latin origin, as words placed in company: *Pono*, to place; *Positio*, a place; *Con*, with. The writer composes. He sets words together. This also we do in speech. Language flows on through one word to another, in a relationship that, by usage, has become natural to us; yet we know that whether we speak

briefly or at length, our language comes from the use of words in combination. The word is the unit of language and with the word the study of style, the use of language, begins.

Words have two forms. They are vocal sounds, and by means of letters they are written signs. A few of these letters are soft, open sounds, easily and readily breathed—*a-e-i-o-u*. These are each distinct, individual, characteristic, and in themselves complete. They are fluent, these vowels. They can be prolonged indefinitely. They come naturally and without help from within. They are the heart of language. They are interior and musical, and without them no other letters can be formed or spoken.

The other letters are consonants. They sound with the vowels, but not without them. *Sono*, to sound; *con*, in company. None works alone. Being consonants, they follow and move with the vowels. These consonants are many. They serve as the outer protecting shell of sound shaped into language. Liquid, or harsh and strong, the consonants give force. As limitation they give power. Soft and pliant, they bind into sweetness. Thus, through the character of letters, we get the character of the words. Still, the study of sound as language may begin with the structure and the contrasted association of words, since they have their own character and vocal value, some being of themselves musical—as *benign, wanderer, illumine, love*; while others like *obstruct, stark, crooked*, are abrupt and even awkward.

We know from usage that language is organic; its parts, however complete, relate to each other and to the whole. Whatever is said calls for or suggests more, either as a response and continuation, or in reference to something gone before. In this organic idea, when we set words before us for study, we consider them as expressions of thought and emotion in man. In the grammatical aspect of words, the vital point, in the beginning is the verb—*Verbum*; the word. The verb taken by itself is language. It may stand alone yet express an idea—*see, obey, go*. These verbs, or any, taken by themselves, indicate the unexpressed. Within their brevity two people are implied, the speaker and the person to whom he speaks. This is because the verb is the great word of life. It springs into being as a sign of the life of man; and in language, its form, with all of its variations, is the chief central sign of life. The verb is thus the ruler, the leading element of language. It indicates the life of man as known to himself, his will, his love, his command. The student feels this as he reads a list of verbs. They are in the infinitive form—to be, to think, to pursue, to decide,—because they apply universally, everywhere, to all people. Still these verbs relate to the reader and to his own inner being.



They represent by their many and different forms, the force of life at play within the heart of man. *I am*—this is the first simple announcement of existence. The verb is not limited, however. Changing its form and taking aids to itself, it expresses relation to time—*I was*—*I shall be*—and goes on to display in ways manifold and finely distinguished, yet allied, the activity of a single person. So the student recognizes himself in his language, and this sense of the personal interior origin of human speech makes all of its forms interesting.

The next form is the noun. Within ourselves we feel emotion. It shapes itself and grows into thought. It is love, anger, fear, ambition, or power. Whatever it is, it must have a name, and so, by way of the Latin, the student of language and its growth finds the noun. So much begins within ourselves, and goes forth into the atmosphere, and into print, as spoken and written language. The origin of language is life. Its laws are the laws of mind, and, in the harmony of creation, all words first coined to express the being of man are seen also in the environment of nature, to apply to all external forms and processes.

In nature are found the nouns—a name for everything. Here, also, the student finds the verbs; for as life acts in man, to be and to do, to create, to destroy, to attract, to repel, to govern, so outside in nature, after similar methods, life continues to do these same things. Seeing this, the student of style comprehends that his language serves him wherever he may be. What he feels at work within himself, he sees at work outside of himself. The play of force—creation and action, origin and result, this is the cause of his language, and this, too, is the arena of its power. Not to himself alone belong his verbs and nouns, and not to nature alone; but, interchangeably they belong to the world universal. The writer recognizes this range of language with a supreme satisfaction. It is his means of power. It is a sign of the unity of life in nature and in man. The world outside becomes symbolic, a scene of visible speech, and sends him back to his printed page with a renewed wonder for the alphabet, and a new interest in the using of a word.

In language these two, the verb and the noun, are the leaders. For the rest, the little words simply follow after to join, to separate, to intensify, to limit, and to assist in the mechanism of language as a means of utterance for emotion and thought. Seen in this way, language has a character fluent and vital. Born of man, reflected in nature, it is put to human usage; and in the eyes of one who looks thoughtfully over its entire kingdom, the beauty and significance of language, in its own character, gives impulse and incentive to study the methods of its use—its style, and the styles of its authors.

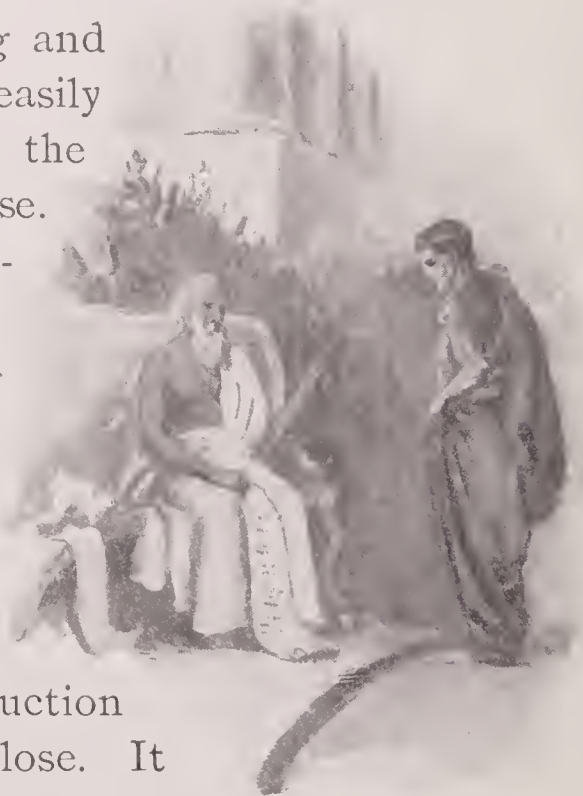
In using words to express thought and emotion, we group them into sentences. We put together verbs and nouns; we unite action with the results of action. I bring to you a rose; that is to say, here at this moment, I, who am one person, bring to you, who are another person, this rose, the product of nature's creation and growth. Or you say, "I feel happy," "I am late." By your pronoun you identify yourself, your condition, your positive relation to other people, and in a word or two, set forth some detail that belongs to your own inner life. You speak to some one, or you write upon a page, and the sentence is revelation.

How then shall sentences be used? How shall words be put together to make them convey in the best manner a desired meaning? Here it is, evidently, that style begins. In the phrasing of sentences, the pauses that separate them call for punctuation. The period is the cardinal division. It marks the strongest conclusion, the most complete ending of what is being said. It is the pause also that includes all lesser ones. "Some thoughts of Scottish superstition and the river kelpie passed across my mind; I wondered if perchance the like were prevalent in that part of Spain; and turning to Felipe, sought to draw him out."

These pauses are indicated in writing because we use them in speaking. They are signs to the eye of the flow and the pause that occurs continually in speech, our own or that of others. "A sentence is a form of speech which has a beginning and an end within itself, and is of such length as to be easily comprehended at once," said Aristotle. It may be of the briefest—I am—or it may pass from phrase to phrase.

The sentence may take any form, positive, negative, interrogative, or exclamatory; but however it shapes itself, it uses words to make sense, and so fulfills its mission. Whether long or short, sentences may be further classified into periodic and loose sentences. The criterion of the former is that the parts remain suspended in the mind until the whole is finished, when the meaning is flashed back from the end to the beginning; of the second, that the construction will yield a complete sense at some point before the close. It is the closeness of connection between conclusion and commencement that gives rise to the name "period," which signifies "circuit."

In speaking, the sentence takes care of itself; in composition it offers opportunity for study. In general, the tendency is to the use of the short sentence. The spirit of the age tends to swiftness. The slow Latinized English of fifty years ago has been distanced. The





three volume novel of former days is now often condensed into a short story, and the modern novel itself dares not to be tedious. The influence of the age bears strongly upon any writer; still language serves all seasons, and, under any conditions, the author has a right to please himself in its usage.

The sentence is primarily the sign of thought. One may write wholly in periods; for example:—

“It is not hard to die. It is harder a thousand times to live. To die is to be a man. To live is only to try to be one. To live is to see God through a glass darkly. To die is to see him face to face. To live is to be in the ore. To die is to be smelted and come out pure gold.”

But herein lies danger. The eye grows weary of repeated brevity; the ear listens for a variation in the succession of sound, and the sense of pleasure flags, because of being stopped so often on the way. As a rule, too, the short sentence steadily repeated implies instruction or the intention of teaching. Here, the reader who is addressed is the judge both of the subject and of its style, and frequently, unless the thought is surely of high order, the brief, condensed form grows tedious and tends to weaken what is said.

Of this, Coleridge in extreme condemnation said:—

“Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession, each indeed, for the moment of his stay, prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but all together, they leave the mistress of the house (the soul, I mean) flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversations of more rational guests.”

The tone of the period is declarative. As a style it is in itself dogmatic, and as an invitation to thought, it may easily go too far, and by its insistence and repetition leave but little to the imagination of the reader. Still, in continuous writings the period is the relief and blessing of the page. For the sentence that is exceedingly long and unbroken has the effect of having strayed from its beginning; if this be not the case, the reader's attention may wander, finding no pleasure in the long way round to the conclusion. In the long sentence the end is far off, and rarely is any clue given to it at the opening. The writer knows what his end is to be; the reader does not. The long sentence is thus by its nature, secretive. It says to the reader, or to the audience, “Wait.” For instance, in a long sentence by Rufus Choate, his conclusion, that American society has “through all its relations a character exclusively its own,” is reached through clauses separated by seven semicolons. This is unusual, but we learn, by both example and precept, and the student of style may

see with a little thought that this conclusion might have been briefly stated at the outset; and the proof, following, would have been none the less interesting.

The construction of a sentence is subject to certain proper limitations, but thought finds so many ways by which to express itself, that within a period's length the author has room for the exercise of comparison, judgment, selection, arrangement; and above all for the consideration of words—their vitality, their meaning, their individual and their related value.

"Words are the voice of the heart," said Confucius. They have a personal relationship, for in every sentence they are a matter of choice. In their choice and arrangement the style of the author first appears. "In speaking or writing English," said Herbert Spencer, "we have only to choose right words and put them into right places." The examination of sentences shows how various these right places may be. Take these brief periods from Emerson:—

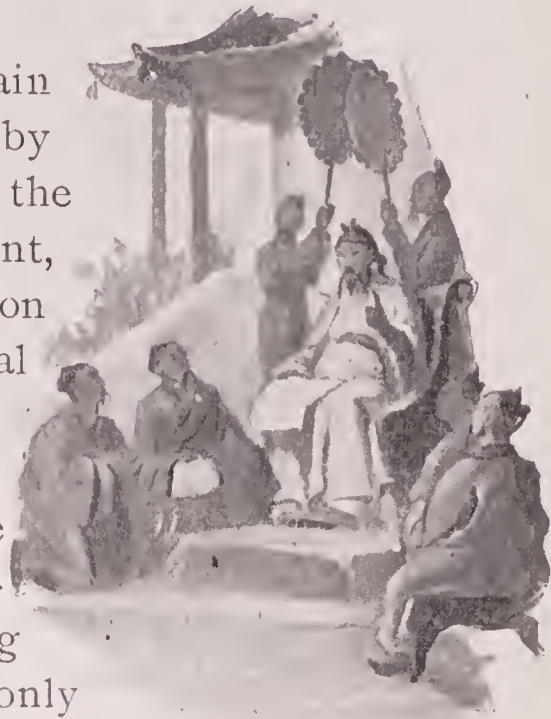
"Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact." "Every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man the laws of right and wrong, and echo the Ten Commandments." "Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the All."

In contrast to this simplicity take this passage from Milton, heavy with ornament:—

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-unused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

Ben Jonson said:—

"Language most shows a man: Speak, then I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of me and is the image of the parent of it—the mind. No glass renders a man's form, or likeness, so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language, in the greatness, openness, sound, structure and harmony of it. Some men are tall and big, so some language is high and great. Then the words are chosen, their sound ample, the composition fair, the absolution plenteous and poured out, all grave, sinewy and strong. Some are little and dwarfs; so of speech, it is humble and low, the words poor and flat, the members and periods





thin and weak, without knitting or number. The middle are of a just stature. There the language is plain and pleasing; even without stopping; round without swelling; all well turned, composed, elegant and accurate. The vicious language is vast and gaping, swelling and irregular; when it contends to be high, full of rocks and mountains and pointedness; as it affects to lie low, it is abject and creeps, full of bogs and holes."

The subject of the sentence is "the unit of expression." It is the point of sensitiveness in writing, for, within the compass of each sentence, the idea of proportion must prevail, not merely in the choice of words, but with regard to the whole composition—the relation of sentences throughout—the entire balance of thought—the consideration of the whole.

In this lies the discipline, and here, too, is the enjoyment. For these two elements of written language, the sentence and the word, are the accredited coin of the realm of literature, and with them well in hand, the writer finds the way to development of style.

In the use of words the choice falls naturally upon those that are familiar to us in speech and in literature. Said Horace, "Use is the law of language." Good usage must inevitably be the rule in all sustained writing. The author dips into the past for something obsolete, as a passing means now and then.

He may say, "Sumer is icumen in" but he will not repeat this phrase. He throws a word from some foreign tongue into what he is saying, but not often. Good taste forbids. "Words must be reputable, national, and present. They must carry good and sound meanings; they must be of the tongue of the country in its purity, and of the language as it is used at this time."

For, as we know, language is a continuous growth. It has been full of changes, and these, appearing in literature, are signs of the changing character of the times. Compare, for instance, these extracts—the first from Sir Thomas More, who died, in 1535:—

"Mistress Alice, in my most hearty-wise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Geron of the loss of our barns and our neighbor's also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it were great pity of so much good corn lost, yet since it has liked him to send us such a good chance, we must, and are bounden, not only to be content, but are also glad of his visitation."

And this from George Bancroft, the historian, 1854:—

"Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country; take possession of the North American continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and man. Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out

with the fountains that as yet sing their anthem all day long without response . . . till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity."

And this word from our own day:—

"And I remain thus, dreaming, listening to that interminable dialogue between the heart that desires and the reason that reprehends, going from hypothesis to hypothesis, like a blind bird casting itself incessantly against the four walls of its cage."

The choice of words rests then upon what is best in usage; and their arrangement in the sentence follows in the same way, guided by whatever instinctive feeling for accuracy, fitness, and beauty, the author may possess. This instinctive sense should be relied upon and cultivated, and, to this end, whatever knowledge we have of words, Latin, Saxon, or of any language, becomes of service.

In "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin says:—

"And therefore, first of all I tell you, earnestly, and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning."

When once this study of words is a habit, their effectiveness in special places is constantly appearing to us. The fine setting of a single word may make the fineness of a line, or of a phrase; and because these words are so fine in their own descriptive force, and so well placed in relation to other words, many have become familiar through quotation. So in Shelley's "Hail to thee, blithe spirit"! Shakespeare's "In cradle of the rude, imperious surge"; Rossetti's line, "The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill"; Keats's " . . . budding morrow in midnight"; Pope's "Damn with faint praise," or "Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

Ruskin says further:—

"A few words well chosen, distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting equivocally in the function of another. Yes, and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now . . . there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will fight for, live for or even die for, fancying they mean this or that or the other of things dead to them, for such words wear chameleon cloaks, of the color of the ground of any man's fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas; whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favorite masked



word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry.”

This is a consideration of words in their deepest moral and social significance. To the student of style it is a reminder of the intimacy of thought and language, and a further suggestion of their power as a revelation of the author—his ways of thinking and his ways of work. In the use of the sentence the author learns the art of listening to himself and to others, and to perceive how wide a range may be given to modes of expression. He will see the extreme of balance in sentences such as these:—

“Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.”

“Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.”

When the successive clauses of the sentence are similar in plan and movement, and certain words are repeated purposely for emphasis and effect, he will feel how, passing from such limitations to the free, full flow of language, the writer, by infinite steps and innumerable differences, may work to develop his own sense of beauty in language. With the mental eye fixed upon the thought to keep it in order, all ways may serve:

“The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child’s expression of its needs, may alternate with the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view.”

In these last words is again suggested the law of the sentence. Its purpose is to present an idea. Its form becomes an exposition of the author’s style. In the technical study of style, the subject is considered not only as to its elements but as to the way in which these elements are used, and with regard to the effect of that usage upon those who read.

In this study three qualities are distinguished. Mr. Wendell, of Harvard College, says:—

“In the first place, any piece of style appeals to the understanding; we understand it, or we do not understand it; or we are doubtful whether we understand it or not; in other words, it has an intellectual quality. In the second place, it either interests us, or bores us, or leaves us indifferent; it appeals to our emotions; it has an emotional quality. Finally it either pleases us or displeases us, or leaves us neither pleased nor offended; it appeals to our taste; it has a quality which I may call ‘esthetic.’ These three qualities are called in rhetoric, clearness, force, and elegance.”

Clearness of style is based upon clearness of thought. The student need not cry with Young,—

“Will no superior genius snatch the quill  
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill!”

but on the brink, he may save himself, for salvation lies in thinking long and well before beginning to write. What do I want to say? This may well be the author's leading question when in pursuit of clearness and imbued with the idea of being understood. For, if asked and answered sincerely, this question will train one to the *habit* of thinking clearly—a habit of mind that will prove invaluable to the writer, and that must result in a clear style, likely neither to be misunderstood, nor to be tedious.

Clearness in writing, however, does not demand absolute simplicity of phrase or language. If this were the case there could be no such thing as style in its greatness and variation of manner. Herbert Spencer says: “Even in addressing the most vigorous intellects the direct style is unfit for communicating ideas of a complex or abstract character.” The ideas are to dictate the style. This is a vital principle. There is something of suitability between a thought and the language that is to be chosen for its expression. Things too briefly told are obscure. They show that the author did not see the whole of his thought himself, or that he did not consider how he should present it to others. This is a lack of power. Its remedy must be sought in earnest second thought, both as to the subject and its style.

On the other hand, clearness is lost if the subject is overladen with words. It costs an effort to check a facile pen; but in the pursuit of art, this must often be done. In either case, the thought gives the first suggestion. “Whoever is master of his thought is master of the word fitted to express it.”

In the study and practice of style all models are of service. In this extract from Swift is seen a peculiar simplicity:—

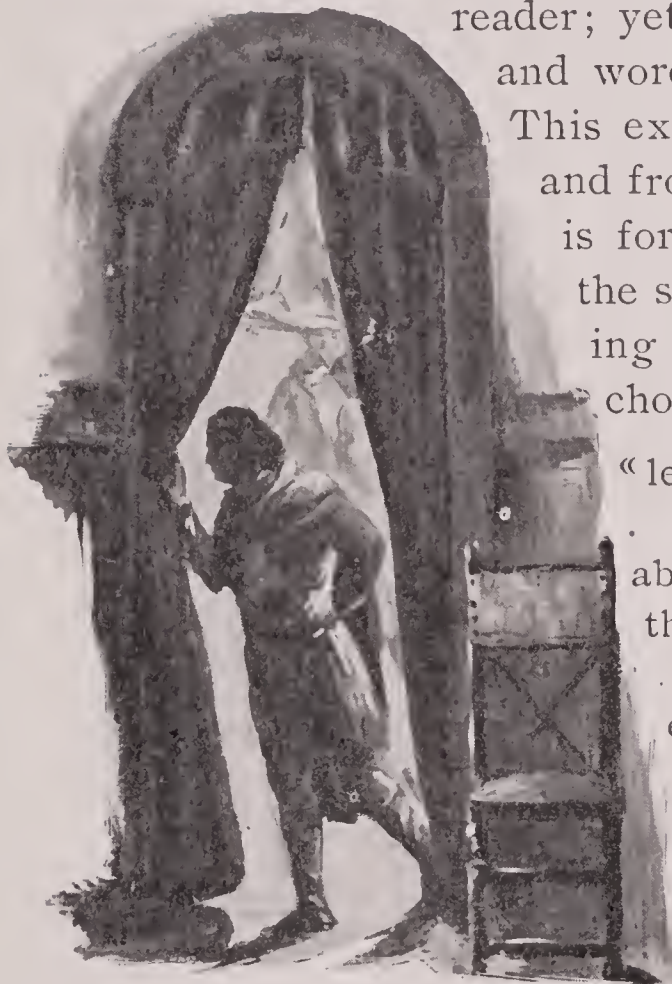
“But I know not how it comes to pass that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meaning to those who are not of their tribe; a common farmer shall make you understand in three words that his foot is out of joint, or his collar bone broken; wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek.”

In this passage from “Macbeth,” Shakespeare uses simplest words to depict a moment of deep and dark deliberation. Close set as they are, they convey the picture perfectly:



“That is a step  
On which I must fall down or else o’erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,  
Let no light see my black and deep desires.  
The eye winks at my hand. Yet, let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.”

In this question of clearness the thought may be clear to the author, and easily understood, also, by any intelligent and thoughtful reader; yet the style may be so condensed, both as to thought and words, as to require close attention in the reading. This extreme economy of space comes from long practice, and from intention on the part of the writer. The writing is for those who enjoy leisurely reading, dwelling upon the style, as one enjoys color in a mosaic. The following extract from Pater is a fine example. The author chooses to —



“leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader.  
 . . . . To really strenuous minds, there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author’s sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, ascêsis, that too, has a beauty of its own; and, for the reader supposed, there will be an esthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space, connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.”

To excel in clearness of thought will be the author’s first great help in his search for style, and in his handling of the marvelous power of words to exhibit it. Goethe says:—

“Altogether the style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him first be clear in his thoughts; and if he would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul.”

And Carlyle says:—

“Speak not at all in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak.”

Next after clearness of thought comes vitality or force in expression. With what strength and impetus shall it be sent upon its way? With what skill, insight, and watchfulness, shall it be guided toward its rightful place?

In this we are brought to a sense of literary judgment, to consciousness of force, and of its relation, in varying degrees, to thought and language. The study of this faculty of force, of its use in the production of a finely balanced style, and of the power of control resident in the writer, leads Herbert Spencer to say, “. . . the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature.” Force is thus a personal characteristic. The author learns that force must be held steadfastly within, at the center of the subject, as it were; that it must be adjusted, held from waste, kept ready for elective increase at any instant, raised as to intensity and length of duration and, in short, that as a living power it must become subject to the author's will.

The author must determine what use of force, at a precise moment, is artistic; what restraint shall be used to soften, or even to intensify, but not to destroy, a meaning. Evidently the use of force implies relationship. The author writes to reach an audience. His aim is to carry conviction, to depict vividly some cause or condition, and to persuade or compel the reader to respond with sympathy to the reason, the beauty, the awfulness, of the theme. The author may feel deeply, but clear thought includes himself, his subject, and his audience; and in the pursuance of style, he will be governed, not by unrestrained feeling, but by a sense of discrimination, and, as he seeks to attain his end, he will find means for the modulation of undue energy.

The literary means that lie ready for such usage are known as figures of speech,—similes, metaphors, minor images, symbolic phrases,—all diversity of illustration. These the writer gathers from experience, stores them in his mind, and transmutes them into the power of language.

Says Shelley:—

“My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which like a sleeping swan doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.  
And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside the helm conducting it.”

And Tennyson says:—

“Life is not as idle ore  
But iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And battered with the shocks of doom  
To shape and use.”



Cries Shakespeare:—

“You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Know you not Pompey?”

In literature, these many methods of appeal are to be found singly and in company everywhere, and from their usage it is plain that these figures of speech are first figures of thought, and that, consequently, they have a direct influence on style. Nature is full of form and movement. No steadfast gaze into any landscape can go unrewarded. The life of the soul is linked to that of nature, both by love and by knowledge, and through centuries of habit, the exquisite images of earth, air, and sea, have been loved and responded to in literature as a means presenting force, modulated and attempered into style.

Figures are of every kind, and from every phase of life.

“The news was as a dagger to his heart.”

“Those evening bells! those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells!”

“Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity.”

“Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans be but sheep!”

“He, above the rest,  
In shape and gesture, proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower.”

“Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow.”

“And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice.”

“The masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning. Poplars swayed and tossed with a roaring swish; dead leaves sprang aloft, and whirled into space; and all the clear-swept heaven seemed to thrill with sound like a great harp. It was one of the first awakenings of the year. The earth stretched herself, smiling in her sleep; and everything leapt and pulsed to the stir of the giant’s movement.”

In spoken addresses, force is often used in continued passages. In a full and generally impassioned utterance, the influence of the personal will is at work, joined to reasoning, to imaginative, political, or social feeling; and by the genius of words and a clear delivery, orators have at times become notable for strength and eloquence of diction. Of this form of expression, Theodore Parker says:—

“The accomplished orator treads the stage and holds in his hand the audience, hour after hour, descanting on the nation’s fate, the nation’s

duty. Men look up and say how easy it is, that it is very wonderful, and how fortunate it is to be born with such a power. But behind every little point of accomplishment there is a great beam of endeavor and toil, that reaches back from the man's manhood to his earliest youth."

This touches the inner principle of force in all style. Whenever it comes, at any moment, it is the power that, at the season of writing, exists as development of life. It is the force of experience, the force of temperament, the force of language — all accumulated, and all combined to appear as force in the presentation of ideas and the production of style. Here vivacity and grace, sarcasm, humor, grandeur, and beauty, all phases of thought and feeling, press upon the author and become his means and opportunity for the expression of his own inmost fire of heart — the force that gives his thought momentum, and sends it out, strong to deliver its message and to command reply.

In work that is to go directly into "cold print," an instinctive sense of propriety restrains the writer from outbursts. Waste must not be allowed. Economy must be enforced. The journey may be a long one. Thought processes are exhaustive, and the end, however far off, must be provided for. All this belongs to the perfecting of style. Points of emphasis there will be, of course, and the climax, in its technical sense, is at times most effective. The word explains itself. It is climbed up to; and this climbing requires strength. The sudden gaining of the point must have its clear approach. It must appear as a result, to which preceding words have led both writer and reader, naturally, honestly, and with the intention of accomplished style — as Mar-mion on the point of departure flings his defiance:—

"And if thou saidst I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

And Wolsey's speech:—

"O how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again."

In the climax, force for the moment seems to exhaust itself. With the author, however, whatever may be the situation he portrays, this





should never be the case. There should be always a reserve of strength—of educated or trained force, and, as is evident, climaxes should not be introduced too often.

Frequently, when energy is especially required, the best effect and the best style impose the use of as few words as possible. Force must be concentrated. "The narrower the compass of words wherein the thought is comprised, the more energetic is the expression. Accordingly, we find that the very same sentiment expressed diffusely, will be admitted barely to be just; expressed concisely, will be admired as spirited."

For example: "Instead of being loved they were feared, and the fear they inspired was the heart-rending fright of a child pursued," and the lines

. . . "that withered all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigor left them drained,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen."

Elegance in style is a quality of fineness and of grace that gives tone and character to what is written. As a quality, it comes from the relation of the individual toward other things in existence, and, in literature, it is the sign of a sensitive and delicate feeling for the relation of thought to thought, and of thought to words, and also of words to words.

In literature this element of elegance expresses itself in part by the use of certain forms that, without being essential, are aids to fineness and beauty. One of these forms is Euphony—the arrangement of words to produce a flow of melodious sound. For example these lines from Poe are quoted:—

"And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Or this from Percival:—

"Then with a light and easy motion  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea."

While cases of extreme euphonic beauty occur quite frequently in literature, the general use of this power is directed toward making whole passages agreeable rather than to produce striking effects. This idea leads to another point conducive to elegance. Harmony—the suitability of subject and style; the idea of appropriateness; the adaptation of words and phrases to the character of a theme, gay,

solemn, pastoral, reflective, or whatever it may be. It relates to and comprehends also "the similar construction of corresponding parts, as in balanced and antithetical sentences; the right relation of parts to each other and to the whole." Harmony in its greatest sense relates to a piece of work in its completeness, not merely to the fitness of things in the parts, their arrangement in themselves, but to their association in the entire composition.

Within the general plan are other and finer points that apply to details of the work. These are Rhythm, Variety, and Imagery. As to Rhythm, apart from poetry, and considered especially in prose, it is "the recurrence of accents and pauses at such intervals as shall produce an agreeable rise and fall of tone. It is a principle of proportion introduced into language, according to which words are so chosen and arranged as not only to express the meaning, but also to appeal to the musical sensibility." For example, "An absolute silence prevailed. At long intervals there was a restless mewing of a wind-eddy, baffled among the remote corries. Sometimes, far beneath and beyond, in the mid-most depths of the forest, a sound, as of the flowing tide, at an unmeasurable distance, rose, sighed through the gray silences, and sank into their devouring depths."

This sense of rhythm requires watchfulness. When it is too clearly imposed upon the reader, and too steadily repeated, it becomes wearisome, and has the effect to weaken the sense of what is said. Every language has its natural cadences, and within these, phrases have their habitual emphasis, their accents, their duration and flow of words. The cadence of any prose is readily caught by the reader; the accents and pauses are perceptible, and the rhythm, whether slightly marked or apparent, is thoroughly felt in silence.

When this rhythm follows suitably upon the idea, the reader feels the symmetry and fine proportion of the style, and experiences through it a pleasure akin to that produced by music. This pleasure, however, should be held to its purely literary character; and, with this idea as a guide, language will yield itself, responsively.

In the cultivation of elegance the writer constantly turns to figures of speech. The imagery of life and of language offer relief, and, for emphasis and illustration, come alluringly into mind. Here style is gained by the cultivation of critical literary judgment. The finest style will follow upon the penetration that recognizes the true analogy between the action of great laws in nature, and the invisible conceptions of the mind.

In the light of these controlling ideas, words will be to the writer as signs of living power. He will learn to get them out in all of their values, and to so relate them as to make his images vivid and power-



ful. In this, all forms will serve him. The antithesis — as “To Adam, Paradise was a home; to the good among his descendants, Home is a paradise.” He will use fable and apostrophe, he will wrest words from their ordinary meanings, to speak for him — as “The pleased ear will drink with silent joy,” or “Her voice was but the shadow of a sound.”

He will repeat his words for their effect, as —

“Fare thee well, and if forever,  
Still forever, fare thee well.”

He will fling forth his questions, as “What was then the meaning of your arms, your spirit, your eyes, your hands, your ardor of soul?”

He will surpass literal truth in hyperbole, as —

“Camilla  
Outskipped the winds with speed upon the plain.”

He will have vision —

“I see before me the gladiator lie.”

He will disguise ridicule as irony —

“Cry aloud; for he is a god!”

He will comprehend the metaphor —

“Short lived indeed was Irish independence.  
I sat by her cradle; I followed her hearse.”

By study he will see how many shades of speech and meaning may belong to this suggestion of one thing for another; and the simile, also, that “explicit statement of resemblance between two essentially different objects” — “She is as short and dark as a mid-winter day.”

He will learn to put the whole of a thing for a part —

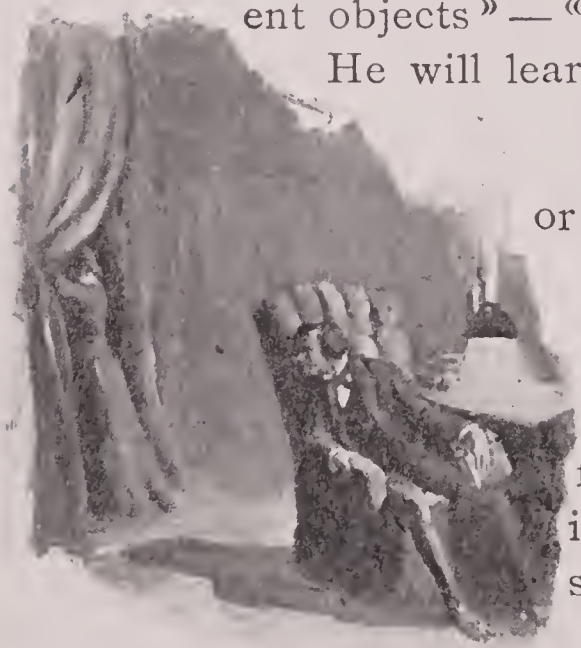
“Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.”

or a part for a whole —

“No sheltering roof was nigh.”

In short, whatever has been done with words, positive or negative in their placing, or with any form or figure of speech, lies ready to the pen of each new artist in literature as he studies to perfect his touch, and to set forth his style in clearness, energy, and elegance.

Spencer says, “the skilful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest, is the key to success.” This is called the minor image. An illustration is seen in Poe’s “Fall of the House of Usher.” “While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called), passed slowly through a remote portion of the apart-



ment and without having noticed my presence, disappeared." "Slowly" the lady moves as with the foreshadowing of doom, and, to the reader, her silence is like a fine drawn line of etching.

In the cultivation of style, the first requirement is practice. The style should come of itself. The more involuntary the writing, the more individual it will be; and whatever the natural inclination to expression, it should not be interrupted, but should be allowed to exhaust itself along its own lines before the author pauses to criticize himself. Too much teaching beforehand imposes a burden upon power. But when a thing is on the page it can be studied. A constant listening, a constant balance of one's own faculties, a willingness to go over and over what is felt to be poor, until one sees why and where it is weak, overloaded, unrelated, or in any way a hindrance, these are the ways of development. To hold enthusiasm and intensity of expression in check; to have power in reserve; to use it deliberately so far as the head is concerned, to use it warmly so far as the heart has influence; to learn to avoid limited habits of expression and to seek for wider ones; yet with all this, to be passive and to let the style reveal itself—all these are the ways of style—the ways of its growth and perfection.

## RHYMES AND RHYMING

IN THE study of poetics, the principles that underlie the art of poetry, modern methods have greatly enhanced the interest of the subject by dwelling upon the fact that the foundations of form and movement are not to be found in technical rules, but in the character and quality, the energy and the laws, of human life. The study of poetry as a mode of expression, is made more beautiful by the close relation it bears to the laws of music; and neither music nor poetry is lessened in art value, but they are made more intimate and more expressive by the light shed upon them in their physiological and psychological relations to man and nature.

From observation of ourselves, we see that two methods of expression are habitual to us. In ordinary affairs of life, we speak plainly and simply, in prose. At other times, moved by different feelings, we satisfy an instinct deeply ingrained in the fiber of our intelligence by employing rhythmic cadences of speech. We use repetitions of word or sound. In speaking to a little child, for instance, we take pleasure in laying aside our distinct, measured prose, and speak from affectional impulse; we tend in our phrasing toward music, or toward a recurrent, rhythmical movement—that is, we turn from prose to poetry when we turn from practical affairs to express emotional phases of life.



Evidently these two, poetry and prose, are native to us in our present condition of growth and development of mind. As modes of utterance standing distinctly apart, they divide the whole movement of language; and these divisions teach us clearly that language springs from the nature of the requirements and possibilities of the human mind; and also that through a long historic progress, these two modes of using language stand far apart in character and use. To the student of verse there is value in the recognition of these things, and here observation is of service.

In prose, books represent the law, theology, history, all the sciences and the industries that result from each. In these books, prose-writing follows the subject and is simple, direct, and forceful. Its object is to impart information. Language is used to preserve results. Prose has come into use as it has been needed, to record new knowledge and set forth new theories; and because of the development that has followed the social and scientific unfolding of life, a prose library, as a whole, is a page of history.

The separation of prose and poetry appears to be a wide one, even abrupt; but it is not so, for in its conclusion, prose goes on to construct other and lighter forms of literature, and directs its energy to an interior service — making an appeal from thought to thought alone. Poetry is used to exhibit imagination in place of fact. It is busy with the longing, the love of man. Its expression is from the heart to the heart, its voice is that of the feeling, the soul, the mind, the emotion, of human nature in association with nature and society.

Prose is the art-plane of literature, and at this height a change occurs, not in language, but in its method of use. Prose is not enough for all that man has to say. Instinctively he feels the change that he makes in passing from his outer life into its inner circle; and, as he enters this interior kingdom, longing ardently to express himself, he becomes aware of the flexible nature of language and its higher possibilities, and puts it to a softer and more harmonious usage. Thus out of the nature of human thought, and out of the sense of human life, arises poetry. This is the point to which the progress of life has carried us, and these distinctions, which belong to life itself, mark the relative positions of prose and poetry at the present day. But there was a time when these things were not as they are now. As the child grasps at language and gradually acquires the power to add one phrase to another and to express itself at length in prose; and as it begins by cadences of its own, and is given to singing to itself, and to repeating short phrases with a marked rhythmic movement, so, with the race, the earliest expressions of language were, in the main, poetic in character, and also in form. Oriental writings are an illustration of this statement. The reason for this lies in the nature

of man. The consciousness of feeling precedes knowledge of fact, and the expression of feeling tends toward a musical form. The extremes of prose and of poetry, as they appear in literature to-day, illustrate the whole literary history of man. Prose has developed to meet intellectual requirement. Poetry remains as it was at first, the speech of the heart.

Just where, between these two, the dividing line should be drawn has been a question for critics. Certainly it can never be sharply defined, for the greatest poetry is farthest from prose, and the finest prose maintains its own character, forbidding too much of rhythm in its phrases. It is noticeable that in its progress from practical to poetic usage, language reveals its possibilities through innumerable changes. These appear as a consequence of the changing character of thought, as it turns toward the inner life. Prose becomes poetic in tendency when it dwells upon and pictures the unseen, when —

“Imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown”

and speaking for the heart, seeks to become interpretation — as in this extract:—

“With each note (of the bird) the years of time ran laughing through ancient woods, and old age sighed across the world, and sank into the earth, and the sea moaned with the burden of all moaning and all tears. The stars moved in a jocund measure; a player sat among them and played, the moon his footstool and the sun a flaming gem above his brows. The song was youth.”

Here fact is put to flight, and the forms of nature are used as figures, altogether ideal: the conception is poetic in spirit and pauses only in the form of expression.

Here, then, we reach the border land, and here the study of versification must begin. We are clearly aware that between prose and poetry a formal, technical difference exists. There is something to heed, some toll to pay, before we lay aside our everyday habit of speech to follow new pathways into the fields of poesy — and the elements that await us and demand our first attention — the elements of poetic form and movement. The elements of meter are accent, rhythm, and rhyme.

We see that in prose, whatever the theme, we speak without regard to the time of the words or the sound of the phrases. We speak to convey an idea. One may say, “The wind blows hard this morning.” After that any word may follow. The person spoken to has been listening to the idea, not to the musical sound of the words, or to their length, duration, or emphasis.

In any speech, whether elegant or careless, there is no measure to control what is said, except to express the thought that we wish to con-



vey. What we say has its accents, its emphasis, its rising and falling inflections, (for these are a part of language), but in talking, there is no imperative time limit, no meter for us to pay heed to as we speak. If one says, "He had to study half the night to get his lesson," it is not needful to say more. But if one says: "Heap on more wood! the wind is chill," the listening faculty is touched. Something has been suggested that calls for more; something begun that should be finished after its own method. We are not sure what that method is. We have not heard enough to be quite able to anticipate it, but whatever comes must be in harmony with what has been said, and the basis of this agreement of parts is measure — it is the sense of given time in speech.

Heap on' | more wood'! | the wind' | is chill';  
But let' | it whis' | tle as' | it will'  
We'll keep' | our Christ' | mas mer' | ry still.'

In reading poetry aloud we notice first its general movement; we notice the measure, the meter that it follows, and the accent that marks the meter. In marching or in dancing, movement, following the music, is marked by accent and by measure or time.

The waltz has three steps to a measure, the polka has four, the "two step" names itself. In the dance, the time, with its regular beat, is given at the beginning, and this, be the step what it may, is maintained throughout. In poetry, after the same principle, the regular movement of language, with its accent, follows the meter, the measure. This is because the measure is first in the thought and, from that mental determination, has control over all movements, mental and physical alike.

In dancing, time or the measure is marked by the feet. The steps, long or short, heavy or light, continually mark and repeat the accent. In poetry, time is marked by the syllables of words and their accent; and because the foot has been the natural time-marker with all men, from the leader of the Greek choir to the negro with his banjo, a measure of poetry is called a foot.

A foot or measure of poetry is a group of syllables taken together. With two syllables, if the accent falls on the first, the foot is called a Trochee, as this:—

Lay' thy | bow' of | pearl' a | part'  
And' thy | sil'ver | shi'ning | quiv'er.

If the accent falls on the second of two syllables the foot or measure is called an Iambus. For example:—

Hast thou' | a charm' | to stay' | the morn' | ing star'?

When syllables are grouped in threes, these forms arise: first, the Dactyl. The accent falls on the first syllable, as in the word *heavily*:—

mer'rily | mer'rily | shall' I live | now'.

The second form is the Amphibrach. The accent falls on the second syllable, as in the word *compassion*:

That in' the | dim for'est  
Thou heard'st' a | low moan'ing.

The third form is the Anapest. The accent falls on the last syllable as in the word *pioneer*:

There's a beau' | ty for ev' | er unfad' | ingly bright'.

But as these terms apply to arrangement of quantity rather than of accent, they frequently fail to describe accurately the English measures. Hence the use of new terms.

Initial or initial double measure is accented on the first syllable, and corresponds, if composed of one long syllable followed by one short, to the Greek trochee. . . .

Terminal or terminal double measure is accented on the second syllable, and corresponds, if composed of one short followed by one long syllable, to the Greek iambus.

Initial triple measure, if composed of one long followed by two short syllables, is the same as the Greek dactyl.

Median or medial triple measure, *i. e.*, triple measure with the accent on the middle syllable, if composed of one short, one long and one short syllable, is the same as the Greek amphibrach.

Terminal triple measure, if composed of two short syllables followed by a long one, is the same as the Greek anapest.

A pause in a verse is a Cæsura, as—

Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze.

These accents are frequently marked thus:—for the long tone, and ~ for the short; as in this example:—

Angĕls ǒf Gōd! wās thĕre nōne tǒ āwākĕn thĕ slumbĕrĭng māidĕn.

Thus we get the main elements of meter as the basis of English verse-structure. Even measurement is the framework of poetry. It is the bare skeleton of the building. It marks out and defines in a precise way, the exact character of the verse, and it must be steadily maintained throughout any composition. This is the first law of verse-making, for it is through this steadfastness of the metrical quality that the writer is given opportunity to develop and produce those other overlying elements of beauty in verse known as rhyme and rhythm. First, however, after meter, comes the matter of accent. In using language rhythmically we are led to notice the flow and the force of sound, and to see that upon certain words or syllables in any phrase, a certain stress is laid that is not given to other words or syllables. This is accent. For example we can quote this illustration:—



(*Four accents*) . . . . Day after day; day after day  
 (*Three accents*) . . . . We struck, nor breath nor motion,  
 (*Four accents*) . . . . As idle as a painted ship  
 (*Three accents*) . . . . Upon a painted ocean.

Prof. George L. Raymond in his "Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music," says:—

"The reason for the accent is physiological. The vocalized breath flows through the throat—as water through the neck of a bottle—with what may be termed alternate, active, and passive, movements. The former of these movements is that which in every second, third, fourth, or fifth, syllable, produces the accent. In our language all words of more than one syllable have come to have an accent that is fixed—as distinguished from variable, which may be affirmed of words in the French; and all our monosyllabic articles, prepositions and conjunctions, are unaccented, unless the sense very clearly demands a different treatment. These two facts enable one to arrange any number of our words so that the fixed accents shall fall, as natural utterance demands that it should, on every second, third, fourth, or fifth, syllable."

This idea of "natural utterance" as the basis of form in poetry is invaluable to the writer. The tendency of modern teaching to lead from the written rules to the source of the rule in man himself, should bring greater poets into the world, for its consciousness and recognition lie at the heart of all great poetry. This author continues:—

"Words are not uttered slowly but rapidly. It follows, therefore, that while, because of the physiological necessity of accent, there must be these small groups of two or three syllables, the movement is rapid enough for other groups of four, six, eight, and even more, syllables, of which these smaller groups of twos or threes can form subdivisions."

The main idea of this tracing of natural action as the basis of accent and rhythm, is to bring the student of verse to look within himself for intelligent examples of methods in poetics, and for constant models of the harmony that he is to carry into ultimate form in verse. In a word, "Whenever it is necessary to pause, in order to breathe, one series of groups must necessarily be separated from another. Nature, therefore, furnishes speech with two characteristics—accents after every two, three, four, or five, syllables, and pauses after every four, six, eight, nine, ten, twelve, or more, syllables. . . .

"We have found that rhythm is not only determined by the difference between accented and unaccented syllables, necessitated by the flow of the breath through the larynx, but that it is also influenced by the difference between exhaling and inhaling the breath; and that as the first requirement leads to the grouping of syllables in measures, the second leads to the grouping of measures, or rather of the accents determin-

ing the measures, into lines. Art is a development of natural tendencies, of which we are not always conscious."

Following this suggestion as to the real nature of accent in poetry, we see that we do not speak in monotone. The voice rises and falls continually, and we are led to observe that the stress that we give to words, originates in the feeling that lies beneath them. The words themselves have also, as a part of organized language, their own stress or accent on special syllables which they habitually retain; but the accent in its heaviest tones varies somewhat as a sign of the thought or emotion that led to the choice and use of words.

Next beyond the meter of verse and the accents of its syllables, comes the element of rhythm. Rhythm is the recurrence of accent and pause in the movement of sound. In comparison to meter, it is not regular. In reading verse aloud, the law of the regular time-beats is easily perceived. The law of the meter is the law of form and its preservation. But rhythm in poetry stands above the meter as a higher degree of expression. It is indeed the rhythm of thought and feeling manifested in language. Its law is to exhibit emotion or imagination, by means of words freely chosen, yet chosen for their own accent, and always under the restraint of the meter in the verse to which it belongs.

In its largest sense, the principle of rhythm appears in all movements of nature and of life. It is heard and its effects are seen in all forms of wind and water, and less perceptibly in the solid forms of earth. There is no longer in books of science the idea of nature at rest. The throb of life is perpetual, and from the earth to language the rhythmic impulse prevails. It is the natural movement of energy. In poetry it appears as the outcome of emotion or fancy, and its purpose there is to awaken feeling in those to whom it appeals.

For an example of meter and of rhythm in simple and beautiful form, we may take a few lines from Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott":—

"On either side the river, lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field, the road runs by  
To many-towered Camelot."

If this is read for the meter, the structure is plain. But if read for the picture that it makes, as this is dwelt upon, a new cadence is heard—a series of cadences, rising and falling, making pauses of their own, which are not the same as those of the meter, but which take their own way and are to be heard passing over the regular beat, and marking their own intervals. In this the mechanical regularity of the time-beating, the meter, is not disturbed; but it is built upon, and partially concealed by, the flow of language following the flow of thought. For instance—in



the first line, according to the measure, the word *river* has the beat upon its first syllable. In this the verse-accent and the word-accent agree, as by the laws of verse they always must. After river, however, the meter makes no pause. It goes on its own way to the end of the line. But the reader, following the cadence of the *rhythm*, makes a pause after river, for the reason that the stream is the leading feature of the scene. The river makes the valley. The fields are its accompaniment. The road leads to Camelot, with its fair towers, but the river leads to the lady:—

“And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
The island of Shalott.”

To follow the cadences of the rhythm in these first lines as they mark out and paint the picture—the meter says:—

Long fields’—

The rhythm, stealing to itself a little emphasis, balances this force and leads the reader to think of and to say:—

Long’ fields’—

The meter continuing says:—

of bar’ ley and’ of rye’

Here the rhythm, passing lightly over the measured connective *and*, moves with the measure, the stress of the two being identical.

In the next line:—

That clothe the wold and meet the sky;—

the rhythm runs in light descriptive cadence, dwelling upon the words *clothe* and *meet*, *wold* and *sky*, in unison with the measure and its accent.

In the closing lines of this half-stanza:—

And thro’ the fields the road runs by—

the rhythm moves with the meter through the field to the *road* when it pauses an instant. The meter, going on, makes its natural slight pause at the end of the line, but the rhythm, overtaking the movement, with pleasing cadence carries the thought on to its destination—

To many-towered Camelot.

By these delicate adjustments of meter, accent, and rhythm, apart from rhyme, the poetry appears. If the meter was the poet’s only means of expression, poetry would not exist. The interpretation of human emotion and imagination comes through its own assertion of presence; and it is this power of the inner impulse that brings about the superior, expressive cadence, with its rhetorical accent, its swing, its grace, its en-

ergy, which we call rhythm. Its vocation is to harmonize the lesser accent and measure of words and syllables, by using them to uplift and set forth in beauty the substance of the idea or feeling of the verse. In the production of musical rhythm, all elements of speech are truly included—the poetic quality of words; the flowing of the vowels, the retarding and shaping of the consonants, the flow of accented syllables and their sequence as a whole; the time and the tone of words; the elements of “consonance or gradation, dissonance or abruptness, interchange or transition”; the relative value of lines, long and short; the relation of accent and pause, and the modulations of voice that follow. For while poetry no longer requires a musical accompaniment, being now so perfect in its own form, its ultimate purpose still is vocal, and it is out of a fine sense of all these verse-elements, and the power to use them harmoniously, that poetic art is perfected, and the reading of poetry aloud is made so great a pleasure.

In the technical finishing of verse we come to rhyme, the pleasing termination of lines, which is so marked an element of beauty in poetry. To look back for its history, the laws of language (Indo-European) were first exemplified in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. In these three tongues the leading idea was that of *time*, that is, of the duration or *quantity* of sound. In later days, when the Teutonic languages became nationalized, they presented in contrast a dependence upon *accent*, force, or stress, as the leading feature of rhythm. Out of these differences new forms of poetry arose. In the endeavor to fit language to the poetic impulse, and to make it say all that it could in the most musical way, the Teutons, early in the Middle Ages, invented rhyme.

Because the love and use of rhyme now prevail in eastern countries, it has been credited, as a poetic form, to the Arabs. “ . . . but the statement is made on good authority that it cannot be traced further back than the rymours of Normandy, the troubadours of Provence, and the minnesingers of Germany. It never occurred to the Greeks and Romans to use rhymes, as we do; but, now and then, they seem to have stumbled upon them; or possibly recognizing their effect, they intentionally introduced them into their blank verse, as Shakespeare sometimes does.”

Rhyme itself is the harmony of sound produced “when two syllables or combinations of syllables agree in the quality of their sounds.” Rhyme falls on the accented syllable at the end of a line, and comes from similarity, in both the vowel sound and the consonant sound that *follows* the vowel, while the consonant sound *preceding* is different.

“The function of the rhyme is threefold: first it individualizes the line by bringing its termination prominently into notice. It gives the pleasure the human mind takes in correspondence or echoes of sound. It links the lines in groups—couplets, triplets, or quatrains with similar



sound terminations, thereby creating the next higher group or stanza, which, without rhyme, could be constructed only of lines that were marked by similar accent positions or similar lengths."

To be without rhyme, we feel at once, would be to lose a very great means of expression. Its use has enabled the energy of the English tongue to attain to soft and melodious forms of utterance, and has given to us our great mass of lyric poetry.

When rhyme is not used, the measures are called blank verse. While blank verse approaches the freedom of prose and so appears very easy to manage, it is in reality the most difficult of ordinary meters. Its origin, growth, and perfection, mark the modern period of English poetry. Imitated from the Italian poets, and first used in a notable way by the Earl of Surrey in his translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's "Æneid," the fortunes of English blank verse were soon assured. In the hands of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Milton, this form of poetry attained distinction, and it remains in favor as the form most suitable for epic poetry, for dramatic writing and for reflective poems of length.

Rhyme is, in a sense, an addition, an ornament, to poetry, yet it springs from the sense of harmony and is perfectly natural to the mind. In most of the poetry of the day, it is an essential element. In its study certain principles lead the way. In perfect rhyme, whatever the letters may be, the vowel sounds and the sounds that follow them in the rhyming syllables, must agree. For instance, *learn, turn, stern*, are rhymes. So are *tic, sky, buy; street, defeat, concrete*.

In double rhymes of two syllables the same rule holds, as in *glory, story*; and in triple rhymes, such as *merrily, cheerily*. In such rhymes the last syllables are unaccented.

Syllables that rhyme must be accented alike; that is the verse accent and the word accent should fall on the same syllable, keeping one stress of tone. Thus *duty* and *beauty* rhyme, but *beauty* and *sea* do not.

The letters that precede the rhyming vowels must not be alike — that is, words that, however spelled, sound alike throughout are not rhymes. For instance, *beat* and *beet* are not perfect rhymes, nor are *great* and *grate*, though all of these may rhyme with other words, as *beat* and *beet* with *treat*, or, *grate* and *great* with *mate* or *prate*.

Rhymes should not be too far apart. It is one of the simplest principles of art, that effects should appear to be what they are intended to be. Therefore, rhyming lines should not be so separated by intervening lines that the ear will fail to detect that they are meant to go together. Rhymes should be perfect, not merely "allowable." For instance, *dove* and *love* are rhymes; but *dove* and *move* are imperfect. Words that are spelled alike, as *lost* and *post*, are sometimes called *visual* rhymes; but, as the sound proves, they are imperfect.

Words that are alike throughout except for the initial letter, are rhymes; as *lame*, *blame*, *flame*. The same rule applies to letters preceded by *s*, *smile* being a rhyme to *mile*. Similarly, *h* and its compounds rhyme, as *shows*, *those*, *chose*, and any word ending in *phose* with *hose*. It is wise, on the principle of rhyme—the difference of sounds preceding the common base—to avoid any similarity by combination. For example, *is* is a good rhyme for *'tis*, but you should be careful not to let *it* immediately precede the *is*, as it mars the necessary dissimilarity of the opening sound of the two rhymes.

In a line, a sound that runs close to the rhyme and foretells it, should be avoided. This does not apply however to rhymes at the half-line, as in this example:—

And the bay was white with silent light;

or

I bring fresh showers for thirsting flowers.

Study of the repetition of sounds brings out the variety of combinations that are possible in rhyme. The quality of assonance—correspondence of the vowels but not of the consonants in rhyming syllables, that is correspondence of vowel *sounds*—adds a great beauty to verse, when intelligently applied, as:—

Lofty and overarched, with open space.

Beneath the trees, clear-footing many a mile.

A solemn region.

Also, opposed to this, is intentional force in words harshly unlike, as in “*Macbeth*”:—

“Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clep’d

All by the name of dogs.”

In these lines from “*Measure for Measure*,” we get an example of alliteration, the beginning of successive syllables with the same sound:—

“They say, best men are moulded out of faults,

And for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad.”

And also from Tennyson’s “*Princess*” the lines—

“Current among men

Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.”

Judiciously used, or even better, instinctively used, this element of harmony sometimes adds emphasis to the sense, or softness to the musical sound of verse. The following extract from Swinburne is sug-



gestive to the student for its contrast and its overabundance of alliteration: —

“Sharp and soft in many a curve and line,  
Gleam and glow the sea-colored marsh-mosses,  
Salt and splendid from the circling brine,  
Streak on streak of glimmering sunshine crosses  
All the land sea-saturate as with wine.”

In the study of rhyme, it is essential to know all possible associations of sound, not merely on account of the range and choice of rhyme, but because rhyme is only one part of the perfect whole—the effect left upon the mind and the ear by unity, proportion, and melody of the verse molded in one.

This effect is first felt, then recognized, and, if one pleases, may be sought for in the construction of the verse, as in the quality of these lines from Poe’s “Haunted Palace”: —

“Banners yellow, glorious, golden  
On its roof did float and flow;  
This, all this — was in the olden  
Time, long ago.”

By the delicacy of touch, by the effective pause, by the softness of sound and the simplicity of line, the picture as a harmony in itself is brought clearly into view, then dropped into memory—the whole being written as out of shadow and sadness. The imagination of the writer is the impulse of creation; but in fine verse the impulse suggests all harmonious detail.

Also in Shakespeare’s beautiful song —

“Take, O take those lips away ——”

and in Hood’s “Bridge of Sighs” —

“Rashly importunate  
Gone to her death,”

the harmony of sound and construction is apparent, as the secret of beauty and the power of art.

In the study of verse, the writer is compelled to give close thought to the subject of verse-forms, with their standard varieties of line, measure, and stanza. Innumerable shades of difference are found in the work of English authors, and this is an indication of what may be done and of what has proved most serviceable in English verse.

The little book, “Ballads and Rondeaux,” by Gleeson White, will be found of great service to those who are interested in the study of French forms of verse. These include the rondel, the triolet, the villanelle, and other forms in which metrical skill is often combined with fine poetic fancy.

## HINTS TO THE ASPIRING AUTHOR

THE American author, just at this period, has many ways to look. He does not stand, as our earlier writers stood, in a new atmosphere, free to express his thoughts and feelings, with small regard to the conditions of things about him. The writer of to-day is born into a life that is fast becoming international, and while the influences of his own home are still the strongest, the world spirit is not absent. Changes of life are constant and rapid, and changes of thought move in company therewith. The social, moral, religious, and artistic interests and ideals of to-day are the outcome of prior conditions and represent a growth that is yet hastening onward, aided by the impetus of the times. The author who is to win a place for himself in this new society, should seek to know all that he may of its character and tendencies.

The demand for books is incessant. They are wanted in every department of life, from university work, through all lines of special information and scientific study, to the newest fiction and the latest verse. They fill an exact and recognized need. If the book is practical in character, it must hold clearly to its subject, press forward to its principal points, set them distinctly in order, relate them after their own natural sequence, and, in every way, seek to be of service.

The literary life is not made easy by the pressure and quick step of public and private life. The market is refilled every day, and the standard steadily rises. The reading public is educated, not merely by books, but by the conditions of life, by travel, by commercial enterprise and association, by war and military interests, by lectures, evening schools and libraries. Out of this increase of life have grown the new methods of writing that are both a response to the spirit of the times, and an education in that spirit; and out of it and its movement have arisen also new methods of reading,—rapid, keen, critical, and progressive.

It is true that when an author is born, the spirit of the times into which he comes is native to him. He knows no other world than this of to-day. History, not experience, teaches him of change, and it is more important for him to feel at home in his own day and generation than to realize, as older minds must, the differences of late and earlier periods.

If, then, we look a little closer into the literary life, we find two classes of people facing each other, to give, to take, and to give back again. Here are the authors offering their gifts; here are the readers eagerly awaiting them. And the process is threefold, for the readers are not passive or of one mind. A result follows the reading, a result that appears in the



uprearing of that intangible yet most real thing, our literary criterion and standard. The substance of all this traffic is human thought. Printed matter is substance of the same kind. It is seized upon by the reader and, through his thought processes, evolves the word of praise or of overthrow that makes the rose or the thorn of the author's life, so far as the public is concerned.

Two sides of this literary life are singularly unlike. The author's side has an attractiveness that persists through time. The ranks are always full, and in every generation these "knights of the quill" have held themselves happy in their vocation, have proved their loyalty by hours of drudgery, and often by a brave front in the face of defeat. Some have won laurels; others have died, to be laurel-crowned long after; many have simply swelled the ranks of the ordinary workers, each helping to make the great literary life until he —

"Home has gone and ta'en his wages."

Certainly the life of letters is alluring. If one is an author, his life is indeed free and independent in a high degree.

"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home."

The life of letters includes both the artist and the drudge. Still, it is the artistic side of the craft that draws most people to it. Many begin in the hope to rise. Some attain their desire; others, through failure of original power, or owing to lack of opportunity, fall into the lower ranks and swell the army of those who as scribes, readers, and general assistants, range from the library of the specialist to the work-rooms of the publishing house. Much interesting detail concerning these is to be found in "The Pen and the Book," by Walter Besant, who writes as one who knows.

The author who proposes to do original work is drawn to this field of his choice chiefly by the stirring within him of his own creative instinct. Language is the means by which he can create. The love of language is born with him. It is a joy to feel the power of words, to feel his own power in using them. Moreover, the environment is attractive. It is a clean and quiet occupation.

It depends little upon surroundings. It is itinerant, also. The pen and the little pad of paper are enough for days of work, and any place will do, provided it be warm or cool enough and comparatively quiet.

Beyond the attractiveness of the work itself, lies the hope of recognition and fame. Authors are contestants before the literary judges of the world, and there is always the possibility of success. The life of



letters ranges from the work of politics, theology, and science, to that of the critic and essayist, the dramatist, the short-story writer, the novelist, and the poet. Beyond these is also the work that is done in the newspaper and the magazine — the great drift of current literature in which so many are employed.

In all of this work, great as is personal independence, certain lines of training act to hold things in order, and to these, every aspiring author is bound to give good heed. To begin with, let him see where duty lies. Certainly in these days, by the law of Christian charity, the writer should send to the editor a clean, clear manuscript. The days are gone when paper was covered with a handwriting so close and fine as to make the modern beholder think of a microscope. The outfit of the writer is cheap enough. He has not even to mend his goose quill. He should, therefore, have plenty of paper; he should leave wide margins, these being often useful for notes and afterthoughts; he should allow himself the comfort of generous spaces, and should strive to make his handwriting legible. Between the author and his longed-for print, stands the editor, the printer, and the proof-reader, all of whom are to deal with the manuscript, and who have a right to be treated as fairly as the writer would wish to be treated, did he fill any one of their invaluable positions.

The typewriter has come into being as a remarkable help to those who can command its assistance. To have a quantity of work done by it is, as yet, an expensive matter; but to those who use it personally it yields the greatest benefit, while the typewritten manuscript is a great relief to all who have to do with the writing on its way into print.

“To any one engaged in literary work, money put into a typewriter is invested at compound interest. It is a mistake to suppose that the process of learning is a long and difficult one. On the contrary, a person of ordinary intelligence can learn the principles and manipulation of the machine in a few hours—speed being, of course, a matter of time and practice.”

In the manuscript comes the question of spelling, which is the writer's responsibility. To throw it upon the printer is unfair, both because it imposes upon him a duty not his by right, and also because he must bear the blame if things finally go wrong. Yet in this matter of spelling there is room for sympathy, for to spell correctly is often more a gift than a virtue. Certain people spell correctly without trouble and without thought. The faculty is a part of their mental equipment. Others who are as well educated and who have, perhaps, more literary taste and genius, often make many errors in spelling. Some people overcome their natural defect by dint of labor; some need to the last a dictionary or a friend.



After spelling, comes punctuation. It would seem as if the writer should punctuate in the way that will best help his readers to see just what he means. The point is that he shall see for himself what it is that he is saying. After that, he can use his judgment as to the signs of its pauses. Still every writer should know what is usual, and to this end a little study will lead him.

The paragraph also belongs to the mechanical preparation of matter for the printer. The paragraph is suggested to the writer by the flow of his thought. It marks a pause longer than punctuation gives—a pause in the sense and connection of what is being said. It comes in as a relief and as a leading on of interest, and in reality its use depends mostly upon the subject itself, and upon the feeling as well as the taste of the author. This being so, it becomes a matter for each writer to decide for himself. But whatever his decision, each paragraph should be clearly spaced, for the sake of ease in reading.

In any external preparation for writing, the author will make himself as comfortable as he can in his choice of materials and in his arrangement of the things he habitually uses. A well-equipped, modern library should be accessible, and if it is possible to own a few carefully chosen reference books, they will be of service in saving time and labor. A dictionary and a set such as Cassell's "Reference Library" would give the greatest help.

In any subject that is not purely imaginative, the author finds help from current literature. The thoughts of others are an impulse and incentive to one's own. A word here, a sentence there, sometimes awakens in the mind a whole train of thought. This is not at all in the way of imitation; it is rather the striking of a match by which one lights his own candle. The magazines and other periodicals, as well as the newspapers, travel everywhere, and the author can often obtain from them valuable suggestions, and by their regular coming be made to realize that he works as one among many, and that his thought, too, is good and serviceable, and that it may yet win its place, even when the highest attainment may seem far off.

In sending manuscript to an editor for examination, stamps for its return should be inclosed, and the author's address should be clearly written. For convenience in reading, the manuscript should be sent flat, with a piece of pasteboard laid upon one or both sides of it. Never roll a manuscript. Many editors refuse to examine a contribution sent to them rolled. Everything should be plain, straight, and simple, without any ornament. The idea is to make things as convenient as possible, so that the manuscript may be easily read. If possible, the author should keep



a copy of his manuscript. While editors are proverbially careful, it is still possible for losses to occur. Before a manuscript is sent away, the author should examine it carefully, to cross the t's and to retouch whatever he has left undone. This will save trouble at the time of proof-reading. Any mistakes should be corrected in red ink, the general work being done in black.

In the inner kingdom, each author realizes that he stands alone in his own world of thought. As he sits with his pen, all depends upon himself. Herein lies the joy of authorship in its first processes, and here all confidence should cheer and uphold the author as he works. His power is his own; expression has no limits; yet what he says, will, when written, be in a form definite and lasting, and therefore subject to criticism. How, then, shall the author write? What leads and clears the way for his subject to follow? How shall power be guided so that production shall express the writer's thoughts at their best?

In writing, certain great points are made clear—certain lines of construction stand out as essential, and are seen to be fundamentally alike, no matter how great the ultimate differences in work. In this, it may be said, the thought back of all expression is the first and greatest thing. It must be a thought worthy of your absorbing attention. It must hold you first of all, if it is expected to hold others, out in the world. After the mind has held it with tenacity, the putting it into written form is the next achievement, and this is the point where so many young writers turn back with discouraged heart. To put into form, with a lasting setting of beauty, an idea that has come to you with a strong personal force, is proof of power. Here comes the heroic effort and the test as to whether you are great or small.

"A man is worthless," says Mr. Roosevelt, "unless he has in him a lofty devotion to an ideal, and he is worthless, unless he strives to reach this ideal by practical methods." Not to try to do anything especially brilliant or unusual, but steadfastly to go on in the face of all odds, is to gain a strength of mind that is lasting. Get the thought that is in your mind outside of yourself—where you can look at it. Express all of it—not half, not a hobbling part, unfitted to take its place in the ranks, but the whole of it—and you become a larger individual than you were before.

"Sometimes, however, a person is endowed with working power but with small talent, and so wears out his life on his half talent, mistaking the chief attribute of genius—the power for infinite labor, for genius itself. These have no more, and no less, than those who 'could, but won't.'"





Too much cannot be said for "infinite labor." This labor, when closely considered, resolves itself into the gathering of materials, the sorting them over, the setting them together in character. This last is the test of literary power. The idea of such work is unity. De Quincey says:—

"Every man as he walks through the streets may contrive to jot down an independent thought, a shorthand memorandum of a great truth. Standing on one leg, you may accomplish this. The labor of composition begins when you have to put your separate threads of thought into a loom; to weave them into a continuous whole; to connect, to introduce them; to blow them out or to expand them; to carry them to a close."

This weaving is done from the model in the mind. The writing there is not a string of thought, but the picturing of some central image or idea, with all that relates to it properly grouped about it. The law of doing—this is old; the way of doing it is forever new—is the author's. To this task he will bring the faculties of observation and of memory; the qualities of sympathy and the sense of kinship with nature and with man, and always a clear imagination. In writing, he will preserve the unity of his subject; he will hold himself to the one point of view with which he began; he will not change his style, but will keep it harmonious throughout; he will be deeply interested in all that his characters are revealing of themselves; but, while he realizes that through them he is setting forth what he himself knows and feels as to life and nature and society, he will preserve the unity of appearances and leave the reader to remember the author after the work has been laid down.

One experience, which is both interesting and valuable, is likely to occur and should have recognition. In the process of writing anything, it may be a story, an essay, or even some plain piece of work done to order and under restrictions, it is not uncommon for other thoughts to awaken in the mind and frequently to begin phrasing themselves in adequate language. It is then well to stop and listen, and to write whatever is thus being said, no matter what the digression from the work in hand may be. If note-books lie always at hand, the flow of thought may be caught and set apart under its own heading, to wait until it is wanted. And probably no such note was ever wasted. In vivid moments the force of thought is awakened; and while it is an author's business to keep his thoughts under guidance, and to direct them to the subject in hand, its overflow at such times has in it something instructive which should never be lost. Many a clear and even brilliant sentence has thus been caught and laid aside, until, perhaps long after, the subject of the day may bring it to mind, and it may lift the author a long way on his road. To allow wandering of the mind is another thing; and to be afraid to stop, is weakness. This involuntary action of the mind is sometimes

curiously clear. In the midst of writing an essay of serious character, an author one day paused and wrote without intention, as it were, upon a sheet of paper lying near, an entire poem of four stanzas. Upon later examination it proved to be admirable. The usual outcome of such interruptions however, is a passing thought that flits sharply across the mental vision; a few words jotted down will serve to make it of permanent value.

In literature, ideals have been set by the few. They are looked to and beloved by every one who contemplates entering upon a literary life, and each writer who has excelled has had an influence upon those who follow him. But the young author must beware of imitation. It is the snare that may destroy him. The advice that Sir Joshua Reynolds gave to artists has been well quoted as a help to authors:—

“Instead of copying the touches of the great masters, copy only their conceptions; instead of treading in their footsteps, endeavor only to keep the same road. Labor to invent on their general principles and way of thinking. Possess yourself with their spirit. Consider with yourself, ‘How would a Michelangelo or a Raphael have treated this subject?’”

The value of good models cannot be overestimated, yet all original work should be done in times and seasons quite apart from any such study. In the first place, it is of importance that the writer should see, by what he has written, just what his thoughts are. To accomplish this, the influence and character of any model should as far as possible be forgotten, and any and every impulse should be allowed to have its way: To discard a thought that has not clearly shaped itself, or a phase that seems unusual or unexpected, before one knows what it is, is to lack courage and to be unworthy of success. There is no greater joy than the discovery of what one may possibly be or do himself. We owe it to ourselves to find that out.

So too, following upon thought, should come the style. “Discourse ought always to be obvious, so that the sense shall enter the mind as sunlight the eyes, even though they are not directed upward to the source.” If the ideal of the style is intelligence, it will be “obvious,” that is its meaning, let it take what course it will.

This freedom should come on the basis of training, but the training should be sought as a thing by itself, and should not be in mind when thought is pressing for utterance. Whatever is technical, the reading of Cæsar, of Schiller, of Racine, in the originals, the study of Greek or Anglo-Saxon—these are things to be set apart from the time and season of art work. So it is good to read the lexicon or the English dictionary, daily, but not when one is writing.



In the habit of thought and practice, an unfailing help awaits the author. Whenever a subject is held steadily in the mind, it becomes a magnet drawing to itself whatever is kin thereto. "Seek and ye shall find" is an axiom that constantly verifies itself; and through this self-training, thought expands, and illustration is gathered almost unconsciously, making a fertile ground from which the actual work shall arise as a labor of literary delight.

Stevenson said of himself as a young author:—

"I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words. I lived with words and what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice."

This study of words and of descriptive power, will, with the writer of fiction, become the study of human character. With the essayist or the critic, the same kind of practice will lead to a clear and happy style of expression, for such separate study of words and of things reveals to an author his own little ways and manners; and by a frequent change of theme, his efforts will cause him also to see how universal he should seek to be, in his consideration at least, of the ways of writing.

One of the arts of authorship is to learn to criticize oneself. Sidney Smith says,—

"After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words and you will be surprised how much stronger it is."

The words that an author takes out of his manuscript in order to make it stronger, are those that leave the story or the thoughts entire. "The adjective, called the enemy of the noun, is often used by the inexperienced writer when it would be omitted by the thorough scholar. Compare in this respect the artificial and the superficial writer with some noted men of letters." When thought is roused, these words of lesser value are likely to crowd into the mind, but a little observation will prove whether or not they really belong to the subject, and in writing, the rejection and control of a word soon becomes as great a pleasure to the writer as does its use.

It is wise to cultivate this scrutiny of one's own work—to place the fine enlightening particles where they belong, to keep the eye on the thought, to keep the ear open to the laws of words and their significance, to shred away the superfluous, to be blind and deaf to the temptations of mere ornament, to work to bring the idea out from the intelligence that produced it and to set it where other intelligence can behold and judge it.



The writer's pathway leads outward by every highway; it leads inward to study the result of these excursions. This is true, or should be true, with any writer, along any line of work. It is especially true if the author turns to fiction. There the apprehension of human nature is the task, and to penetrate past appearances and to portray what is hidden, is the ideal.

In "Elements of Literary Criticism," by Charles F. Johnson, it is said of life in general: —

"We are hedged in by a wall of convention, which hides human nature from our view. In this world, spirit flits by spirit, but the faces of all are masked. Most of these masks have the same vacant, unreal expression. The fixed grimace of society hides the real man and woman. . . . The artist who removes this mask, it may be for a moment only, and gives us a glimpse of a real person, renders us a service by showing us that humanity is as interesting and as varied as nature. He who shows us that we live in a world of spirits and not merely of forms, treats of matters on which man's curiosity is inexhaustible, and each generation reads his book with eagerness; for in his subject-matter are forces which are eternal, and not mere phenomena, which are transient. The one may amuse; the other teaches."

Says Emerson: —

"Insist on yourself; never imitate. . . . That which each can do best, none but his maker can teach him. . . . Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongues, deign to respect itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs (Shakespeare, Moses, Dante,) say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature.

"Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again."

## COMPOSITION

To most people, conversation comes as easily and as naturally as breathing, but to write an essay or any formal kind of composition seems to many a difficult matter, and to some, an almost hopeless task. In reality, conversation and composition are the same, except that one is done through the voice and the other through the pen. It certainly ought to be just as natural, and as spontaneous, for a person to write his thoughts as to speak them. The real reason for the difference between the two is that everyone grows up with the habit of talking forced upon him by the very circumstances of life; while writing is a later and more voluntary acquirement, and is too often neglected in youth.

While writing should never be stilted, the colloquial expressions, the occasional inelegancies, and the abrupt changes permissible in ordinary conversation, must be avoided. Care must be taken as to the manner in



which words are put together, because what is written is intended for more permanent expression of thought, and there is no opportunity afterward to explain or to correct blunders. Furthermore, ideas cannot be thrown out at random as they too often are in conversation. It is necessary to devise some order which will help the reader to follow the ideas readily from point to point. Again, even though the subject may not be hard, nor the reader slow to grasp it, it is essential to write with such clearness and pointedness as to engage the reader's attention and to give the idea a lodgment in his mind. In conversation, the listener has the advantage of observing the speaker's face, noting its changes of expression and the variations of emphasis which aid in revealing the character of the idea in the speaker's mind. But in writing, this lack must be supplied in the method of composition. The words, the sentences, the plan, and the various details, must be skilfully adapted to produce the proper effect in the reader's mind. The art of expressing one's thoughts with skill and of giving to composition the qualities that it ought to have in order to accomplish the writer's purpose, is called rhetoric.

You will find many rules laid down for this branch of knowledge, as in others, but rules alone will not make a good writer. A carpenter must know not simply what his tools are, but how to use them, and this knowledge he acquires by practice. He cannot use them at all until he has something in mind which requires their use. The first essential in composition, then, is to have something to say.

At the beginning, and always, no matter how proficient you may become, it is well to study English prose writers of acknowledged excellence, and to read their work thoroughly and attentively. With a little care, you will attain a knowledge of the secret of good writing. You will note, if you study carefully, how the author has made use of words, how he has arranged them in sentences, how he has marshaled his sentences into paragraphs, and how he has used all to develop his ideas into a whole which leaves an impression on your mind. As you study good authors thus, you will gradually find that you are developing not simply a taste for good writing but an ability to express your thoughts in better style. You may not have learned as yet the rules of rhetoric, but you will find yourself following them naturally, because you have taken good writing as an example for study.

#### PROCESSES OF COMPOSITION

##### *Description*

WHATEVER the subject you may choose for Composition, it will usually demand one of four methods of treatment. The same requisites of plan and development will constitute the working principles in all, but

variations will be necessary, not simply by the nature of the material at hand, but by the effect which you desire to produce. These four processes may be called respectively: Description, Narration, Exposition, and Argumentation.

Description is the portrayal of objects in language. The aim is to make the reader realize the object as the writer does. You must plan a description very much as an artist would plan a picture. You must make your reader see how far you are from the object, and what position you occupy with reference to it. This is more essential than it seems, for nothing is so sure to confuse a description, as a mixture of qualities that you see near by with those that you see at a distance; or of details that impress you from one direction with details that come into view from another.

As a rule, the whole object, if it be description, should be outlined at the first stage. The reader needs a background for the picture he is to contemplate, something that will enable him to think of it at once as a whole, and to which he may mentally refer the various parts as they are successively mentioned. When a description is brought in incidentally, as part of a larger composition, it generally consists merely of an outline. The more complete or effective you can make this outline, the less time and effort will be needed for details. Too many details become tedious and confusing. Never give more details than are necessary for producing a vivid picture, unless you wish especially to elaborate the details. The writer will study to find ways of expressing details in few words. Sometimes a well-chosen, clean-cut phrase will set forth a detail better than would a long and labored description.

### *Narration*

Narration is the telling of a story. It requires a high degree of skill to so place all the parts of a narration as to produce an effective whole. Here, as everywhere, you should avoid putting in details where they will do no good, and forego the emphasis of unimportant points. Each detail must be estimated by the end sought, not for its own sake. If it does not in some way promote the significant part of the story, it has no business in the narrative. In a narrative, therefore, it is especially desirable to have the end in view from the first.

The parts of the narrative which are of special importance to the end, will naturally be dwelt upon. Unimportant parts are passed over with a few comprehensive touches. As a story is naturally made up with reference to a culmination, every part of the narrative should be so framed as to lead naturally up to it. The skill with which this is done will depend upon the writer. Every detail of character, scene, and conversation, ought to have the proper influence on the reader's expectation. But the



culmination should not be just what the reader expects, as in that case it will be flat and disappointing. The story should be so framed as to produce a pleasant surprise. Narrators, therefore, often make use of contrast. A character from whom one action may reasonably be expected, finally does something quite different, though perhaps just as natural to him. A particularly obvious event need not be dwelt upon, nor be more than suggested.

### *Exposition*

Exposition means giving an explanation of things. The peculiar difficulty of this form of writing is that instead of describing objects, you are really giving a reason for their appearance, actions, or character. This reason is your own idea, and it may differ from the idea your reader holds. The necessary thing, therefore, is to present your own conception so that the reader will readily catch it. You might have a very clear conception of a steam engine and its workings, but you would find it especially difficult to transfer such conception by written words to a reader who never saw an engine. Various devices must be resorted to. Parts of the machine may be compared to other and simpler machines which the reader may have seen. Sometimes you may reveal the true nature of a thing by an effective contrast — by showing in clear language its essential difference from something else. This is a form of writing requiring much practice, and it is one for which no definite rule can be laid down. All depends upon the subject, the reader, and the skill of the writer.

### *Argumentation*

Argumentation is generally much easier than exposition, because in it you are setting forth the truth of a thing as you see it, for the conviction of a reader who has his own ideas, but who, perhaps, is open to conviction upon the subject. Successful argumentation is one of the highest of the literary arts. It involves the processes of reasoning. One of these, called induction, makes a truth grow step by step by building together the particulars furnishing indications or evidences of the truth. The conclusion is drawn only when the reasons are all given. Success in this requires that you should not be too hasty in drawing the conclusion. The evidences or indications must all receive their proper place and weight, before risking the conclusion. Never put your faith in one indication only, for appearances are deceitful, and it is only when a series of strong indications tends to determine one thing, that you can safely regard that thing as sufficiently determined to establish a theory.

Another process is deduction. In this case, some evident truth is taken and the reasons why it is true are traced. To the deductive argument can be given a formula of reasoning which is called a syllogism.

This is made up of two assertions, called respectively the major premise and the minor premise, and the conclusion drawn from them. The major premise states a general fact or truth. The minor premise gives some particular person, or thing, or truth, to which the general fact will apply, and the conclusion unites the two. For example, the major premise may state: "Any machine that is liable to get out of order cannot come into extensive use." The minor premise will refer to a particular machine: "This machine is liable to get out of order." The conclusion is that, "This machine cannot come into extensive use." The syllogism has to be handled with care. The major premise may be too sweeping; it may prove too much. There may be exceptions; and no argument is conclusive where there are many exceptions.

Analogy is useful in argument, but it is not always conclusive. It takes what occurs in one line of action or life and reasons from it what will occur in another. But the analogy will fail unless there is similarity between the two lines. While argumentation involves many processes, some of them difficult, it is useful and practical, for it is the means of telling whether certain things are true, and why they are true. It will always be an accomplishment of a good writer.

#### THE PLAN

AS BEFORE stated, the first essential in writing is to have something to write about, and this involves having a plan. Your mind must first form an idea of the character of what it is you are to express in written language. Random observations upon the subject, made without order, and without reference to their natural relation, will not result in what can be properly called a composition. Before you can group words into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, and paragraphs into the whole, you must have mentally grouped and arranged your ideas. Having selected a subject, you will have a line of thought or a series of facts which you wish to convey. As first presented to your mind they may be vague. Your first business, therefore, is to learn by thinking on your subject just what it means and what you wish to say upon it. The plan thus formed will naturally vary with the subject, with the knowledge you have of it, and the way you wish to present it. In any case, it is advisable first to draw up an outline of what you propose to write. You may often, with good results, put it in a sort of tabular form, thereby expressing each thought concisely and in its order. Observe in just what place in the whole line any particular thought would naturally fall. In this way you will get a consistent line of thought which you can easily follow when you come to write, and which your reader can readily follow when he comes to read.



First, then, lay down your theme. It may be a theme on which you desire to impart a fact, or principle, or truth. Such is generally best expressed in the form of a proposition to be proved. If your subject, for example, be Daniel Webster, one of the themes must be, "Webster was a Defender of the Constitution," and your work will be directed to showing how this is true. If you treat another theme in your subject, it may be one in which you are endeavoring to impress the grandeur of an event. Such a theme would be a description of the scene in the United States Senate, when Webster replied to Hayne. Thus the themes will require different treatment, according to their nature and the manner in which you wish to impress them upon the reader.

In the division of your plan, work for distinctness, sequence, and climax. The course of thought should run continuously, without giving the reader a sense of a break. To accomplish this, the main thoughts of your plan should not be mixed together, but should be distinct, though related to each other. You should study to make every new thought grow naturally out of the preceding, and to make each successive thought increase in interest and strength, as you go along until you reach the climax at the end. If you will read Washington Irving's little essay on Christmas you will see that it reads continuously from beginning to end, but that the several thoughts are distinct. The writer begins with the more general considerations, and then advances to the particular. In compositions of considerable length, you will doubtless have besides the main divisions, various subdivisions, each of which gives particular thoughts relating to the main division. These subdivisions should be arranged with reference to the main division to which they belong, in the same way that the main divisions are arranged with reference to the composition as a whole.

In making your plan, do not think it necessary to include all that you may know or may learn upon your subject. Bear in mind the nature of your composition and reject anything which will not add to the purpose you have in writing. It requires considerable practice to become an adept in planning, but there is no more valuable aid to thought than the choosing, weighing, comparing, and rejecting of that which is involved in making it.

#### THE FILLING-IN

IN MAKING your introduction, be sure that it really introduces. It should not concentrate attention on itself because of its beauty or elaborateness, but should guide the attention of the reader toward the theme or subject at hand. It is simply saying what is necessary to make your reader aware of how you are going to treat your subject. Do not put into an introduction anything that you are not to utilize afterward.

When you have selected a subject, it is well always to ask yourself at the start, what makes it interesting? This, whatever it is, is the line of thought for you to take. If you are writing about a house that is interesting because it is old and quaint, your ideas should be directed to that characteristic and not to features which might be common to any house.

In planning what to say last, have your mind on all that you have said before, and aim to close with something that shall in some way concentrate its effect on the one strong point you wish to produce as the distinct result of your composition. This will depend upon your aim. If you are seeking to make your reader know some truth or fact, your conclusion will naturally summarize and reiterate this. If you wish him to feel or to realize something, you may draw a picture in closing which will convey the proper impression and produce in him the desired feeling. If you wish to make him decide something, you may, in closing, appeal to motive or character.

#### THE CHOICE OF WORDS

IN ALL of the processes of composition, after the selection of the subject and the formation of a plan, the most important consideration is the choice of words. This is something to be kept in mind from the very beginning to the final revision. In this, as in other requirements of composition, the best aid is a habit of observing words in the pages of the best writers and of tracing their fine shades of meaning. In making a choice of words, four matters are to be kept in mind: the subject, the reader, standard usage, and good taste.

The subject includes the whole composition, and the main thing is to use such words as shall set forth with exactness and force, the thoughts relating to it. Here, as elsewhere, rules can only indicate the general lines to follow; the real choice depends upon the skill and judgment of the writer. Our language is rich in groups of words having similar meanings, but never quite alike. It is good practice to write a sentence several times, each time using different words, but conveying, as you might suppose, the same meaning. Then if you will read over these sentences you will readily discover that but one of the forms will really convey the meaning to your complete satisfaction. This practice will reveal to you better than any other exercise, the different shades of signification in words. Two words may mean the same thing, but one may be a little stronger than the other. The weaker may possibly fit your idea better than the stronger, or the opposite may be the case. Some of the plainer distinctions in words are in the degrees of intensity, as in anger, rage, fury; differences in size, as in knoll, hill, mountain.

In our ordinary conversation, one is apt to exaggerate in a careless way that does much to impair the accuracy of the vocabulary. A man



who is simply angry is not furious; a good beefsteak can scarcely be called elegant. Equally deplorable is the choice of too weak a word. A man would not be simply vexed at long-continued injustice; he would be indignant. Words are so often misused in the newspapers and in the more common prints, that many people come to use them interchangeably when there is a very clear distinction between them. For example, you will often read that a person saw all that transpired; what is meant is, all that happened or took place. That which transpires, means that which becomes publicly known. The difference is well illustrated by a sentence from an American author: "What happened never definitely transpired." It never became clearly known. If you transpose the words in the sentence, you will readily see how incorrectly the words are often used. It would be obviously absurd to say "what transpired never definitely happened," while it is entirely correct to say "what happened never transpired." These examples are cited simply to show how much may be learned by substituting similar words in sentences, and in observing the effect.

Be on your guard against words that have an ambiguous meaning. One example will suffice. When a man asked, "Have you seen Brown's last book?" he meant Brown's latest book; but an enemy of Brown, taking advantage of the ambiguity, answered, "I hope so." If you make accuracy the serious and constant aim of your practice in composition, the errors of ambiguity, of exaggeration, and vulgarism, will gradually fall away of themselves, and you will find that you have made a great step in advance as a writer.

The choice of words with reference to the reader is a much more important matter than it might at first appear. It is not simply necessary that you should find those words which accurately convey your meaning, but that you should select those which your reader will understand. This matter may not give you any anxiety at first, but it would mean much if you became an author. Now all readers are not learned people. They are the people we meet every day, and they usually have only an ordinary education. If a writer uses such words as the ordinary reader can understand, the more highly educated will also understand them; and, if their culture is genuine, they will not be offended at a simplicity which adapts itself to all. The best writers do not use the longest or most unusual words. A good rule to follow is to use the simplest words that will convey the idea. Subjects of a profound character, involving deep reasoning, will often demand a large proportion of unusual words, but he is always the most successful writer in such lines who avoids an unusual word wherever he can.

Much has been said in favor of the use of Saxon words in place of words derived from Greek and Latin, but, while this advice is good so

far as it goes, there is an error underlying it. It arises from the mistaken belief that all short words are Saxon. Many of them are from the Greek and Latin, and are as readily understood by people of ordinary education as are the Saxon derivatives. You may forget whether the word is Saxon, or Greek, or Latin, if you remember that you should always use the simplest, wherever it came from, to express your idea.

Attention must also be paid to standard usage. Words may be both accurate and easy to understand, and yet not be reputable words. As the English is not a dead language, it is constantly taking in new material and casting off old matter. New words come into use every year, but not all pass into what is regarded as good usage in writing. Slang is likely to be of this transitory character, and, of course, should be avoided. As to words too new or too old, there was never laid down a better rule than that of Pope's:—

“In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;  
Alike fantastic if too new or old:  
Be not the first by whom the new are tried;  
Nor yet the last, to lay the old aside.”

Last, but not least, he who would write well must educate his taste. A composition may contain certain words unobjectionable on other grounds, but lacking in good taste. The choosing of words comes in a great degree, but not wholly, from inborn aptitude. For the proper development of good taste in the use of language, you should read the best literature and cultivate the power to feel its charm and strength. The most frequent sin against good taste in writing is the effort to clothe a common subject in unusual and high-sounding words.

#### GRAMMAR

THE science of grammar has to do with the putting of words together, and it may be assumed that its general principles have been fairly mastered before serious attempts have been made to write. But some special attention should be given to the organization of the sentences, which are the bricks or stones of which the composition is constructed. A sentence should be so constructed as to make a single impression on the reader's mind. It need not be short in order to be simple. The essential requisite for its simplicity and unity is that it contain but one thought. A sentence may be made up of a variety of clauses and phrases containing several subjects and several verbs, and yet, when complete, may produce the effect of having expressed one thing. Such a sentence possesses the valuable quality of unity. Use in a sentence only those clauses which have close relation to the subject of the sentence. Your study of the sentence should simply be an investigation of the question—what ideas belong together and what should be separated. This question cannot be



answered by rules, but must be solved by practice. That which is to be sought, is the most natural position of words, a position in which every word has its proper emphasis, whether strong or light. When such a position is found, you at once feel its fitness. Until it is found, you are vaguely aware that something is wrong with the sentence.

As a general rule, that which most naturally comes to the mind first should begin the sentence. It should end with the distinctive feature of the idea expressed. If the end of the sentence is something unworthy of emphasis, there is produced an effect of flatness, and the sentence seems loose and rambling. Rather than say, "the evidence shows how kind to subordinates he is," you should say, "how kind he is to subordinates," as the latter word deserves the distinction. If, however, you should say, "how kind he invariably is," this would be the proper form, for the adverb creates a distinction for the verb. By reading aloud from good authors, you can readily train the ear to note distinctions like these.

Many rules have been laid down for the arrangement of sentences, but in the end this depends upon the judgment and taste of the writer. To cultivate his literary perceptions, he should study good authors and practise composition. The short sentence is best to give point and crispness to a thought. The reader at once gets the idea in its condensed strength. But not all sentences should be thus favored, for all cannot be equally important. A series of short sentences produces a disagreeable, scrappy effect. The advantage of a long sentence is not simply in producing a better general effect, but in affording room for the amplification of an idea. Young writers should construct long sentences with great care. It is always well, after composing a sentence, to read it over and observe whether it would not sound better if divided. There is nothing which will cause a reader's interest to flag so surely and so quickly as too many long and involved sentences.

#### NATURALNESS

Young people are inclined to think they must be equipped for writing with a set of ideas and words wholly different from those used in conversation. If you attempt to write guided by this principle, you will find when suddenly called upon to furnish material, that the hitherto unused portion of your brain will refuse to work. The advice which is usually given to a beginner in a newspaper office is to "write as you talk." By this is not meant that you are to use those colloquial forms which make ordinary conversation awkward when printed, but that you should write as nearly as possible in the style unconsciously acquired through your manner of conversing.

If one tries to write in a way different from that in which he talks, or to express thoughts which are not clear in his mind, learning to write

his own language will be as difficult as learning to speak a new language. In all that you write, you should confine yourself to simplicity and naturalness of expression. This is not the method most young people adopt in beginning to write, hence the flow of words, so easy and unstudied in conversation, congeals at the point of the pen and refuses to be transmitted to the page.

Naturalness, however, should not be mistaken for carelessness. You should exercise due care to secure the best expression, and a clear meaning. Try to make the sentences correct and clear as you write them; if you fail to make them so at first, alter them until you feel satisfied. Virgil devoted the first half of his life exclusively to preparation for his work. Tasso, after endless revision and correction of his writings, was still morbidly sensible of the imperfection of the result. Goethe began his "Faust" at the beginning of his career, and worked on it during the greater part of his life. Schiller was ever changing what he had written. Voltaire was of the opinion that an author should be continually correcting his writings. Rousseau usually transcribed his writings four or five times. Macaulay never allowed a sentence to pass until it was as good as he could make it. He would recast a whole chapter in order to make some little point clearer; and his works are regarded as masterpieces of clearness. Darwin always had three copies of his writings made before they went to press, and he was extremely particular with his proofs. We might enumerate many other names famous in literature to prove that however easy writing may be to a brilliant man or woman, he or she has won reputation only through faithful and laborious preliminary study and work.

#### LETTER-WRITING FOR PRACTICE IN COMPOSITION

For the development of naturalness there is no practice equal to that of letter-writing. In letters to your friends you are really talking to them with your pen. Were they present, the message of the letter would be delivered verbally. You are aware that what you write will be of interest to the recipient of your letter, and that it will not be read with a spirit of criticism or fault finding. This knowledge relieves you of all feeling of restraint, and you express yourself with naturalness, and directness. English literature abounds with instances in which familiar letters from friend to friend or between kindred, meant only for private perusal, have been rescued from obscurity, to become a part of our choicest and most valued literature.

The advantage of letter-writing lies in the fact that there, more than in any other form of literary exercise, you can make a direct effort at improvement. You know exactly what you wish to say. When, therefore, you have written a letter, you can, by criticising it, make a



better estimate of your ability to express your ideas correctly, than you can by criticising an essay in which you were not certain of what you wished to say.

When writing to any one, try to say what you have in mind with brevity and directness. Avoid diffuseness, and ambiguity of expression. The ability to write a clear, well-expressed letter has a high market value in the business world; indeed, it is a requisite qualification for service in many lines of clerical work.

#### SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS AND ESSAYS

LETTER writing has been mentioned as a valuable exercise for securing a natural and easy style in composition, but it is evident that the few letters a boy or girl has to write in the course of a week or a month do not furnish the practice necessary to gain proficiency. The main difficulty, perhaps, is in making yourself think that you can have suitable thoughts on any subject. But the practice of cultivating thought is quite as valuable in its way as is the practice of expressing thought. No author, however skilled he may be with his pen, can expect to write without study of the subject on which he is to write.

One of the simplest methods of securing a subject and information at the same time, is to take an extract from the writings of another, read it over until you have become familiar with the subject-matter, and then to try to express it in your own way. This is called reproduction. It is essential in order to become sufficiently familiar with the extract, to retain a clear impression of the thoughts expressed, but of course it must not be learned by heart. It would then become simply practice in spelling and penmanship. It is better to read the matter over three or four times, making short notes giving the central idea, and then to reproduce from these notes.

The advantages of this method are seen at a glance. The student starts his work at once, knowing just what he has to do. He has not only the thoughts in his mind, but he will retain in memory the spirit of the extract and of the well-chosen words. It may interest you to know that Benjamin Franklin, whose success in many branches of life was due to his perseverance, acquired his proficiency in writing by this method. The following extract is taken from his "Autobiography":—

"About this time I met with an odd volume of the 'Spectator.' It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this in view I took some of the papers and, making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been ex-

pressed before, in any suitable words that came to hand. Then I compared my 'Spectator' with the original, discovered some faults and corrected them."

Another excellent method consists in taking a passage of good prose, similar to one chosen for an exercise in reproduction, reading it over carefully several times, and then substituting for it a similar subject and adapting from memory the language or argument of the original to the treatment of the new subject. This will be found an especially good exercise in description.

A third method of using the writings of others as a source of ideas, may be found in taking extracts of somewhat greater length and condensing them into a smaller compass. This exercise may be performed with the book open, and has the practical advantage of abridging the ideas of others without losing their essential character. You should select the important matter from the original, and not omit any that will be necessary for coherence. It will not do to pick a sentence here and there, but you must select the important or main ideas and state them in your own and in shorter language. It is often good practice to take a well-known descriptive poem and condense it into prose. By this you will not only learn to distinguish the differences between poetry and prose, but your prose will catch a spirit from the poetry which later may go far in giving a charm to your writings.

Practice of this kind you may supplement with compositions upon given subjects, the information for which you may possibly obtain from a library. In preparing for any kind of writing, it is often necessary to consult authorities, and if you have access to a public library, such as is now found in most large places, this is a simple matter. Generally it is only necessary to consult the catalogue, which is usually divided into two parts, one containing a list of books arranged alphabetically according to their subjects, the other according to the names of the authors.

In most cases the library will contain bound files of various periodicals, and every year there is published an index to this literature, called "Poole's Index." By consulting this, you may find various articles on any subject of which you wish to treat. After reading these articles and making your notes, you can group your facts according to a plan, and you will find a composition growing naturally and easily into shape. All such exercise, besides improving your facilities in composition, will extend your knowledge.

Information of a wider character than any you can derive from your ordinary experiences, will be necessary for your progress in the way of writing what may rise to the dignity of being called an essay. Unless you have studied or read, or at least reflected, upon a subject, you cannot well write an essay upon it. If called upon to write an original composi-



tion without previous opportunity for preparation, it will be better for you to choose for the topic a description of something you have seen, a story that you have read or one that you can make up. The essay needs work of preparation before it can be written.

If properly managed, essay writing can be made the best means of proving to yourself that you are making progress in your work. The pages which contain the expression of your own knowledge on a subject that you have been studying, will be to you, if to no one else, a reality of no small significance. Keen delight will come from the consciousness that you have learned something.

But avoid choosing a subject for the sake of choosing one. Sensible men and women would never think of acting on this principle in writing. Those who have interested the world have written books because they could not help writing them. The authors of the best books wrote them because they had the subject so much in their thoughts. They did not first determine to write and then look for something on which to write.

The first question in your mind should not be "What can I write about?" but it should be "What shall I think about?" "What do I talk about?" or "What am I interested in?" You will find that there are subjects uppermost in your mind, and that by a little study you will write upon them because you feel like writing. If the only thought you have is how you dislike school, write about it. Tell why you dislike it, and before you have finished, you may come to change your opinion.

But you will find that you have a great many better thoughts than these which you can develop on paper. If the subject is taken from your school life, or from your own occupations out of school, you will have many ideas of your own if you are really interested in the matter. It will always be well, however, to talk it over with some friend who is interested, and thus add to your own stock of information. If you have arrived at opinions on any debatable matters, give your friend your opinions, and your reasons for having adopted them. What he may say in reply will probably suggest new ideas to you.

If your essay is to be on some current topic of general interest, your fitness to write will depend on whether you have gained an interest in your subject by listening to intelligent conversation or by reading articles in the newspapers and magazines. If you have not become interested in either of these ways, you may conclude that you have not selected a good theme. You have chosen it for the sake of choosing something. If, however, the subject is well chosen, you should make notes of all the information you have gained from conversation, and you should find as many articles as you can with which to supplement your information. Information is what you want. Your essay will be interesting in the proportion as it tells your hearers something they

did not realize before. You should always feel that you have sufficient information to make the subject perfectly clear to your readers. If you have an encyclopedia at home you may consult that, but do not write your essay from it. Simply absorb its ideas, and in your own way make them your own. If you are going to write an essay on the Life of Alexander the Great, you should not simply read his life but should form your own ideas upon it. In writing an essay, all the directions for a less pretentious composition will naturally be followed. You must form a plan, or an outline. Sort out your knowledge under such heads as most naturally suggest themselves. You may be required to use in one essay all the various forms of composition that have been mentioned.

Some useful hints for subjects for composition may be given for those who are beginning to write and who feel the need of suggestion. We may divide these under the heads of Natural Objects, Objects of Art and Manufacture, Experiences, Human Qualities and Criticism.

#### *Natural Objects*

A Walk in the Wood.  
The First of May in the Country.  
Flowers that Bloom in June.  
The Growth of a Tree,  
A Country Pasture.  
Describe the most beautiful Natural Scenery you ever saw.  
A Journey on the Water.  
The Pleasures of Fishing.  
An Autumn Sunset.  
A Summer Sunrise.  
The Clouds.  
The Trotting Horse.  
A Flower Garden.  
A Snow Storm.

#### *Objects of Art and Manufacture*

Improvements in Transportation.  
Dancing.  
The Navies of the World.  
Church Architecture.  
The Suez Canal.  
Robert Fulton's Steamboat.  
Cathedrals of Europe.  
The Writings of Oliver Goldsmith.  
Longfellow's Poetry.  
How Pins Are Made.  
An account of the Manufactures in your vicinity.



*Experiences*

Give an account of the Most Remarkable Event in your life.  
Describe any Book you have read.  
Describe any Trip you have made.  
Describe how you learned to Swim or to Skate.

*Human Qualities*

The Qualities Requisite for Success in a Mercantile Career.  
American Wit and Humor.  
The Evils of Slavery.  
Vanity.  
The Pleasures of Hope.  
The Pleasures of the Imagination.  
Self-made Men.  
Religious Persecution.  
The Consolation of Old Age.  
The Pleasure of Doing Good.  
Philanthropy.  
"Necessity the Mother of Invention."  
Occupation as a Means of Health.  
Characteristics of an Irishman.  
Characteristics of an Englishman.  
Characteristics of an American.  
The Evils of Indiscriminate Charity.  
The Evils of Poverty.  
The Blessings of Poverty.  
The Opportunities of Wealth.  
"Knowledge is Power."  
The Necessity of Religion to Society.  
The Effect of Education upon Manners.  
Good Manners.  
What is Good Society?  
The Position of Women among Savage Nations.  
Melancholy.  
The Love of Country.  
The Love of Home.  
Superstition.  
True Hospitality.  
Generosity and Prodigality.  
"Honesty is the Best Policy."  
The Benefits of Coöperation.  
"Discretion is the Better Part of Valor."  
Enthusiasm as a Factor in Character.  
Public Opinion.  
Personal Character in Political Life.  
Office-seeking.

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."  
 Liberty and License.  
 Hero Worship.

*Criticism*

Carlyle as a Historian.  
 The True Objects of Government.  
 The Growth of Socialism.  
 The Treatment of Criminals.  
 Modern Church Music.  
 Railroad Combinations.  
 Class Legislation.  
 The Spoils System in American Politics.  
 The Modern Novel.  
 The Political Opinions of Jefferson.  
 The Protective Tariff System.  
 Universal Suffrage.  
 Property in Land.  
 The Modern Newspaper.  
 Bimetallism.  
 Monometallism.  
 The Policy of Territorial Expansion.  
 Modern Business Morality.  
 The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.

## CULTIVATION OF THE MEMORY

"MEMORY," Emerson says, "is the cement, the bitumen, the matrix, in which all the other faculties are embedded. As gravity holds matter from flying off into space, so memory gives stability to knowledge; it is the cohesion which keeps things from falling into a lump, or flowing in waves."

Indispensable as this wondrous faculty is for the preservation of all our past feelings, experiences, and mental acquisitions,—nay, even of our personal identity,—there is no other power of the mind the value of which is so generally underrated. The vainest person will not hesitate to acknowledge the feebleness of his memory, however reluctantly he may admit that he is slow witted, that his judgment is weak, or his taste defective. One reason of this is the absurd opinion, so generally entertained, that the stronger a man's memory, the weaker are his judicial and his inventive faculties. Even Montaigne consoled himself for his fancied weakness of memory, with the reflection that the more defective the memory, the more powerful are the other faculties. "If a man have a good memory — if his memory be prodigious in any sense," says a recent



writer, "it will always be found to surpass his other powers." Nothing can be more untrue than these assertions. Hundreds of biographies contradict them. Though a poor memory does not necessarily imply the lack of genius, yet it is certain that nearly all great men have had remarkable memories. Rousseau complains again and again of his lack of memory, but without reason; for it is certain that no man with a memory as feeble as he represents his to have been, could have gathered and treasured a tithe of his knowledge.

So utterly untrue is the assertion, often and confidently made, that the intellectual powers are in inverse proportion to the strength and tenacity of this faculty, that the very reverse is usually the fact. Memory is the main fountain and nourisher of thought. As Burke says: "There is no faculty of the mind which can bring its energies into effect unless the memory be stored with ideas for it to work upon." What is an author without a good memory? We talk of "creative" minds, but this is only a figure of speech, for only Omnipotence can create; man can only select and combine. When a man writes a book, whence does he draw the materials? From his own recollections—from his hoarded readings and experiences. Hence the Ancients called Memory the mother of the Muses. What is a statesman or a political leader without a good memory? He is continually called upon for feats of recollection. Not only must he have a recollection of the leading political, religious, social, and financial events in the history of his own and other countries, but he must have also an exact memory of names and dates, and a verbal memory—so foolishly despised by many—in order to quote promptly and accurately. He must be able to recall distinctly all the leading points and facts of an opponent's speech, and at the same time must adhere to the preconcerted plan of his own reply; and all this must be done clearly and distinctly, without hesitation or stammering. The most eminent orators are those whose ability to draw upon memory is absolute. The power which holds an audience spell-bound depends in no small degree upon the readiness and accuracy with which the speaker can recall facts and fancies, pathetic scenes or mirth-provoking incidents, telling anecdotes or thrilling passages of prose or verse—all the items in that fund of knowledge which he has been depositing and hoarding in the great storehouse of memory since first he dreamed of public life.

As a means of social success, a memory that retains vivid impressions of what one sees, hears, or reads, is of priceless value. To the business man a good memory is helpful in countless ways. The prompt recognition of a face, the ability instantly to recall a name, has often led to a lasting business acquaintance, advantageous to both persons. To a politician, a retentive memory is invaluable. Henry Clay, James G.

Blaine, and Theodore Cuyler owed much of their personal popularity to the fact that, once introduced to a man, they never forgot his face, and years afterward could address him by name.

Such being the inestimable value of this faculty, is it not astonishing that the mass of men — especially those who complain bitterly, and generally unjustly, of their “wretched,” their “treacherous,” memory — take so little pains to improve it? *Why* is your memory weak? Simply because you make no effort to strengthen it. If this precious, God-given faculty is inefficient in your case — if it is like a bag with holes, through which everything slips that you drop into it, it is simply because you do not care, or do not care enough, or are too busy, or too lazy, to take the necessary steps to invigorate it. Far from being treacherous, the memory is one of the most faithful of all our faculties. No other is more surely or more quickly strengthened by exercise. It is doubtful if anything, once well lodged in the cells of the memory, is ever lost. “Knowledge,” it has been beautifully said, “may slumber there, but it never dies”; it is like the dormouse in its home in the ivied tower — sleeping while winter lasts but waking with the warm breath of spring.

But how — by what means — may the memory be cultivated? By what arts may it be made both retentive and ready? We answer, the true art of memory-culture may be condensed into six rules: —

1. Memory is assisted by *whatever tends to the connection or association of ideas*. Thus, the old gossip, Mrs. Quickly, in Shakespeare, remembers one thing by another. She recollects Falstaff’s debt by association — she recalls that when he borrowed the money he was sitting in her dolphin chamber, by a sea-coal fire, and that Mistress Ketch, the butcher’s wife, came in, and called her “Gossip,” etc. The poet Rogers thus beautifully depicts the associating principle: —

“Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked in many a hidden chain;  
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!”

To retain facts permanently, we should, if possible, arrange them in such order, that each shall be a nucleus or basis for others, in an endless series. It is not a parrot memory that we want, but a memory founded on the relations, analogies, and natural connection of things. In all the phenomena of nature, physical or moral, there is a marked family likeness. Certain facts indicate the existence of other facts, so that memory is helped by a certain key which classification suggests, and thus one effort of memory serves for all. A habit of classifying the things we wish to remember — clustering them together as illustrative of some principle — is of immense value. Try, therefore, to establish “pigeonholes” in your brain, and as facts fall under your observation, classify them by putting together those which are related to each other.



In the study of science this is vitally important. How, but by an exact and rigorous classification, could the botanist remember a thousandth part of the innumerable plants which he recalls with unerring certainty? The very highest type of memory is the philosophic, which associates facts and truths with universal principles.

2. The art of memory is the art of *attention*, and that, again, depends upon the *interest* we feel in the thing to be remembered. Nobody easily forgets what keenly interests him. The dull boy, who cannot remember a line of his arithmetic or grammar lesson, is the very one who never forgets a bird's nest, a cherry tree, or a pool where the trout lurk. Why is it that the sportsman, who is baffled in his attempts to remember facts in history or science, or general literature, can recall so quickly the names and pedigree of all the winners in the great races, so that a scholar would be as much surprised at this as the former would be at the scholar's memory of kings and queens, or etymologies? It is simply because the sportsman is deeply interested in the one class of facts, not in the other. It is for the same reason that we rarely forget facts which are answers to questions that we have ourselves originated, or which solve some problem or mystery over which we have long puzzled. When a man finds that he forgets those things in which he feels a deep interest, and which other men, who feel no interest in them, yet remember, he may then, *and not till then*, rightly complain of his want of memory.

In acquiring knowledge, time is an all-important consideration. There must be an incessant iteration of the newly-acquired ideas, until they are linked to the old by suggesting chains. The new knowledge must be brooded over, meditated upon, and turned over and over in the mind, until it is not only added to the old, but interpenetrates it — so that the old can scarcely come into "the sphere of consciousness" without bringing the new with it. "To know by heart," says Montaigne, "is not to know." Lawyers understand this, and hence their repetition of important principles and testimony in addressing juries.

The forensic advocates who are most successful in winning verdicts, do not hesitate when they have thick skulls to penetrate, to indulge in what would otherwise be unbearable iteration. Rufus Choate, who usually drove "a substantive and six" (adjectives), could be terse enough when he chose; but he would reiterate, in different forms of expression, a fact or an argument a dozen times or more, if he saw by the looks of a dull or hard-headed juror that he was unconvinced. Sir Albert Pell, a verbose and prolix but very successful English advocate, who made havoc of syntax and pronunciation every time he opened his mouth in court, owed his forensic victories largely to his iteration. When a gentleman criticised a jury address of his in an important case,

Pell "confessed and avoided" the seeming justice of the censure. "I certainly was confoundedly long," he replied, "but did you observe the foreman, a heavy looking fellow in a yellow waistcoat? No more than one idea could ever stay in his thick head at a time, and I resolved that mine should be that one, so I hammered till I saw by his eyes that he had got it."

An impression is deepened by being conveyed through several of the senses at once. Of course, the more earnest and exclusive one's attention, the more lasting is the impression made on the memory. Like every other faculty, the memory is strengthened by exercise; just as the waterman gets a strong arm by rowing, or the blacksmith's muscles acquire volume and vigor by repeated blows on the anvil. Porson, the famous classical scholar, had a prodigious memory. He could repeat the whole of "Roderick Random," and he once asserted that he could learn by heart a copy of the London "Morning Chronicle" in a week. He acquired his quickness and tenacity of memory only by intense labor. "Sometimes," he said, "in order to impress a thing upon my memory, I have read it a dozen times, and transcribed it six." Dickens had a marvelous power of recollection, — and why? Because his powers of attention and observation were marvelous.

No class of men is more celebrated for feats of memory than actors. Their special training often strengthens this faculty to an almost incredible degree. Mathews, the famous comedian, was so familiar with his plays, that he sometimes stepped aside as the curtain drew up, to ascertain the title of the piece advertised for the evening; and that, too, when he was tormented with a disease of the tongue, and uttered with the keenest pain the lines his audience so delighted to hear. On one occasion he personated the leading character, "Affable Hawk," in a new comedy recently translated from the French, and though his part required him to be on the stage throughout four long acts, with hardly any intermission, he committed his part to memory in twenty-four hours. To use his own words after the first night, "I swallowed the whole dose, and don't think I spilled a drop."

The memories of great lawyers are trained to a degree of retentiveness, accuracy, and promptness, that almost staggers belief. What but a long life of legal discipline and training, involving constant tasking of the memory, could have enabled Lord Lyndhurst to perform such feats of recollection as he did at the age of eighty-nine, in the case of "Small vs. Atwood," in the House of Lords? In that case, the trial of which lasted twenty-one days, the judgment he pronounced was entirely oral; and, without referring to a note, he spent a long day in reciting complicated facts, in making perplexing calculations and in correcting the misrepresentations of counsel on both sides. Never once did he falter



or hesitate, and never once was he mistaken touching a name, a figure, or a date. A memory so phenomenal must have been naturally tenacious; but by what enormous painstaking must it have been brought to its final perfection! Scaliger could repeat a hundred lines after one reading. He is said to have learned Homer in twelve days, and all of the Greek poets in four months. Bishop Jewel, who died in 1571, could commit to memory a whole sermon while the bell was ringing for church, and repeat it *verbatim*. In strong minds like these, the habit of memory is not a mere aptness to receive impressions; it is a strenuous effort. They seize facts as a hungry lion seizes his prey.

There are some things which everybody remembers. A creditor does not incur much risk of forgetting his debtor, and the recollection of an insult is generally vivid enough; Ben Jonson was wont to say that it was hard to forget the last kick. The feverish, hurried life which men, especially Americans, live to-day; the multitude of things that divide and distract the attention, and the nervous exhaustion consequent upon overstimulation and prolonged fatigue, are fatal to vivid remembrance.

3. Memory is greatly assisted by a *full view and clear apprehension of a subject*. To acquire this, one should revolve the subject slowly in the mind, concentrating the attention upon it to the exclusion of everything else, and surveying it in all its aspects. If you are reading a historical or scientific work, close the book after reading a page or a paragraph or two and try to recall the important facts, thoughts, or reasonings, not vaguely but distinctly, putting them in express words, as if you were relating them to some listener. In quoting what you have read, if you find your recollection vague or shadowy, refresh your memory by referring to the book again, and *do this a dozen times if necessary*, until you feel that you have lodged the facts or ideas in question permanently in the brain. This, if faithfully followed, will be found an invaluable practice. It will not only greatly assist the memory, but will also improve both your power of conception and your command of expression. Conception is the faculty which makes a man "clear-headed," enabling him to see clearly, and to grasp at one view the beginning, middle, and end of what he is considering, or wishes to convey to others.

4. Memory is aided by a *strong determination to remember*. There are few persons who cannot remember nearly all that is necessary for the calling or business on which their means of living depends. A guard of an English mail-coach, in the olden time, being asked how he remembered so well where to leave the papers and packages intrusted to him, replied: "I remember because I *must*." It is said that Xavier, the Catholic missionary, anxious to prepare himself quickly for his work, learned

one of the Indian languages in three weeks; also, that Bolingbroke learned enough of Spanish in the same time to correspond with the Spanish minister. Petrarch says that Pope Clement, having had his memory weakened by a fall on the head, applied himself so vigorously to repair the damage, that he acquired more power than he had lost, and henceforth never forgot anything that he read. All this shows that our memory depends very much upon our own will and determination. Dr. Johnson said that an author might at any time compose, if he would only set to work with a dogged determination; so, if he will make an earnest effort, a man can remember. Euler, the mathematician, had a marvelous memory. Becoming almost totally blind, he was obliged to make and to retain in his mind the calculations and *formulæ* which others preserve in books. The result was that the extent, readiness, and accuracy, of his mathematical memory became prodigious. No other faculty of the mind is so rapidly strengthened by exercise as is the memory.

"A very common reason why men do not remember," says a wise writer, "is that they do not try: a hearty and ever-present desire to prevail is the chief element to success. Nothing but the fairy's wand can realize the capricious desire of the moment; but as to the objects of laudable wishes, deeply breathed, and for many a night and day present to the mind, these are placed by Providence more within our reach than is commonly believed. When a person says: 'If I could only have what I wish, I would excel in such an art or science,' we may generally answer: 'The truth is, you have no such wish; all you covet is the empty applause, not the substantial accomplishment.'"

Many of the surprising tricks of the Houdin conjurer were simply feats of quick attention and memory. He trained himself to such keenness of attention, that he could take in at a glance, and afterward correctly enumerate, the arrangement, and other particulars, of forty articles displayed in a toy store window. Sir William Hamilton, the Scotch philosopher, thought that he himself could thus take in *seven* articles at a glance, without counting, and was rather proud of his ability! It is said that Henderson, the actor, once repeated to Dugald Stewart, after a single reading, such a portion of a newspaper that the metaphysician thought it marvelous. "If, like me," said Henderson, modestly, "you had earned your bread by getting words by heart, you would not be astonished that habit should produce facility."

5. Memory is very much aided by *method*. "One will carry twice more weight, trussed, and packed up in bundles," says the old divine, Thomas Fuller, "than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardeled up under heads are more portable." In studying any subject, we shall fix facts and ideas in the mind most securely by mastering its several parts in a natural and orderly



sequence,—from the simpler and easier to the more complex and difficult. Study of this kind is like a well-built staircase, by which you can climb to a great height with a minimum of fatigue, lifting the body only a few inches at a time. In a philosophic memory, the various parts of a subject, like the stones in an arch, will often keep one another in place.

6. Finally, the retentiveness of the memory depends largely upon *the physical condition*. The impressions made upon the mental tablet are like those made upon a photographic dry-plate. If the chemicals and solutions are good, and properly applied, and the plate is in a condition to receive the impressions, it is capable of yielding a good negative; if the negative is poor, however, the picture will be unsatisfactory. So with a man who is sickly and debilitated, and whose brain is consequently weak; the pictures made upon his mind will partake of its feebleness and obscurity. The memory, therefore, is one of the most delicate tests of the physical condition of the brain.

Some of the wisest hints ever given for the cultivation of the memory are those published by Dr. Thomas Fuller, three centuries and a half ago:—

“First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it, if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it next morning. Overburden not thy memory, to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion therefor.”

As the quaint old divine had himself a memory of wondrous capacity and retentiveness, his advice may be considered that of an expert.

Here let us say to every man — especially to every young man — who is engaged in self-culture, do not be disheartened because you forget a large part of what you learn. It is fortunate that you do not remember it. Do you want to retain the husk as well as the corn, the shell with the kernel of the nut, the skin and core with the fruit? I need no more to remember the things that have nourished and disciplined my mind than I need to remember the dinners that have nourished and strengthened my body. We do not put guano on land in order that it may yield guano. If the dressing on your land is visible, it has done no good; it is only when, by permeating the soil, it becomes invisible, that the soil is enriched. If the end and aim of reading or study is to stuff and fatten a man mentally, as you would stuff a turkey for Thanksgiving, or a prize ox for exhibition, then let us employ a professor of *omne scibile* to instruct

us and to cram us with knowledge; but, if we agree with shrewd John Falstaff when he says, "What care I for the bulk and stature of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Brook; I say, give me the spirit!" then we shall seek to extract, to store up, and to assimilate the pith and essence of our acquisitions, making haste to forget all the rest as a useless burden to the memory.

Let us not forget, then, while striving to increase the retaining power of the memory, that it has also a negative or rejecting power, the value of which is not generally appreciated. The finest intellects are not more remarkable for the readiness with which they unconsciously select what is their proper mental food, than for the ease with which they resist and throw off that which has no relation to their work or life. Their memories, like magnets stirring in sand that is mingled with steel filings, draw to them only that for which they have an affinity. Hammerton, the well-cultured author of "The Intellectual Life," writing to a student who lamented his defective memory, says:—

"So far from writing, as you seem to expect me to do, a letter of condolence on the subject of what you are pleased to call your 'miserable memory,' I feel disposed rather to write a letter of congratulation. It is possible that you may be blessed with a selecting memory, which is not only useful for what it retains, but for what it rejects."

What are called bad memories, Mr. Hammerton says, are often the best. They seldom win distinction in examination, but are eminently serviceable in literature and art.

"A good literary memory is not like a post-office, that takes in everything; but like a well-edited periodical, which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual purpose. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: 'What you remember is what you ought to write; and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much, it will only save beforehand the labor of erasure.'"

The extraordinary successes which have been achieved even by men of mediocre abilities, in cultivating and strengthening the memory, are full of encouragement. We have cited several instances, but will close with a few more. Macaulay's memory—extraordinary at the age of four years, when he could repeat whole cantos of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," after reading it for two or three hours—was cultivated and trained with the most sedulous care. Gladstone's memory of political precedents and of classic authors was so prodigious, that a colleague in the cabinet who found his own recollection no match for that of the "Grand Old Man," said to a friend: "Now I ask you, how are you going to stand up against such a memory as that?" Justus Lipsius had Tacitus by heart, and pledged himself to repeat word by word any passage called for, allowing a dagger to be thrust into his body, if he made a single slip.



It is said of Mozart that he wrote out the matchless opera of "Don Giovanni" from memory, on the morning preceding the evening of its first performance. H. C. Adams, a master at Winchester School, says he knew a schoolfellow who could never master a lesson, but who could go through all the scores in the matches with Eaton and Harrow, from the very first, giving to each player, correctly, his number of runs, as well as the manner in which he was "out." Mr. Adams also knew a boy of ordinary capacity who could repeat the whole of the English Bible, word by word. Name any verse, and he would go on repeating the following ones, as long as you cared, or had patience, to listen. Euler, the great mathematician, carried the whole of Virgil's "Æneid" in his memory. More wonderful, however, than all of these feats, was that of Thomas Lyon, an itinerant actor of Edinburgh, who in 1793 performed one of the most superhuman exploits of memory on record. Betting that he would next day repeat the contents of a whole double sheet of the "Daily Advertiser," advertisements and all, without a mistake, he accomplished the feat!

## ELOCUTION

**I**N A letter to his son, then a student at Amherst College, Rufus Choate wrote: "I hope that you will from the start cultivate elocution. The power of speaking with grace and energy—the power of using aright the best words of our noble language—is itself a fortune and a reputation,—if it is associated with and enriched by, knowledge and sense." Others have paid tributes equally strong to the art of managing the voice, both in speaking and reading, in declamation and oratory.

The study of elocution is of great importance to all persons who are likely to be called upon to do any considerable share of public speaking. Under any form of government which permits or encourages the free discussion of questions of public interest, the ability to speak easily and gracefully is highly desirable. No man, however polished his language, or however strong or original his thought, can exercise over his audience that influence to which he aspires, or do full justice to his mental powers, without some training in elocution. Half the effect of his words is lost if his delivery of them is indistinct, or feeble, or even monotonous. There have been instances of people with extraordinary vocal gifts—who have received from nature what the rest of mankind can learn only by patient application to the art of speaking. Probably a majority of persons who strive to attain distinction in public speaking have no exceptional vocal endowment. Many, at the beginning of their efforts, have positive defects. But practice of the right kind achieves wonders.

It has been said that elocution cannot be taught, but this mistake is the result mainly of pursuing wrong methods. The voice can be strengthened and improved, and a defective articulation can be remedied by exercise and drill, just as muscular strength can be gained and a thin chest can be filled out by proper gymnastic exercise.

The difficulty is that students of elocution too commonly begin at the wrong end. They waste their time in attempting to declaim elaborate and difficult passages, before they have learned to breathe properly and to pronounce the elementary sounds correctly. By beginning at the beginning, by cultivating a proper carriage, by taking exercise calculated to expand the chest and lungs, and by studying the position of the vocal organs necessary to produce each sound or combination of sounds, the voice may be greatly improved and strengthened and a fair degree of elocutionary skill may be obtained. The mere declamation of pieces learned by rote will not be sufficient, although that is the extent of the instruction given in many schools. Persistent physical and vocal training is indispensable to every person who wishes to become a good reader or speaker, just as it is indispensable to every one who wishes to become a great singer.

Elocution is simply the art of speaking words in an intelligent, forcible and agreeable manner. The elocutionist's task is to convey to the mind of the listener the author's meaning, unshorn of its strength and beauty.

### BREATHING

It is of first importance that a speaker be able to control his breath. Breathing, of course, is dependent upon health, as it is in itself a sure test of health. But by a proper course of training, the action of the lungs can be made freer and more vigorous. There are three ways by which the chest may be enlarged and air taken into the lungs:—

(1) By raising the shoulders, collar bones, and upper part of the chest. This is called clavicular or collar-bone breathing. (2) By extending the lower or floating ribs sidewise. This is called lateral or costal breathing. (3) By flattening the midriff or diaphragm. This is called midriff, diaphragmatic, or abdominal breathing. The lungs rest upon the midriff, and when this powerful muscle is flattened, they must follow. At the same time the abdomen is protruded because its contents are pushed downward by the midriff. The lower ribs are also pushed out by the same muscle, so that costal and midriff breathing almost invariably take place together. Thus the chest cavity is enlarged where the walls offer the least resistance, and where the lungs are the largest.

No speaker should ever use collar-bone breathing, even in combination with costal and midriff breathing. It forces the upper walls against



the root of the tongue. Throat-tones, "speaker's sore throat," and kindred troubles, are largely due to this method of breathing and of controlling the breath. It follows that the practice of deep breathing, that is, the costal and midriff combined, often cures sore throat and corrects faulty tones. When the speaker draws in a breath by flattening the midriff, he can by the same muscle hold it down and use it as needed in speaking. The throat should have nothing to do with controlling this. It should be used only in speaking. All its muscles should be relaxed and the speech organs should merely use the air as it passes from the lungs through the mouth. No more air should be allowed to pass out than is needed for speech. But never, in speaking, strive to fill the lungs as full as possible, or to hold the breath as long as possible. Both are injurious. The lungs should be constantly replenished with air, but there should never be an oversupply. In speaking, therefore, take breath at every opportunity.

By practice, much can be done in securing control of the midriff. A long breath may be drawn in and gradually exhaled. Practiced for five minutes, two or three times a day, or for shorter and more frequent periods, this exercise will do much for you. Such practice is much better than a half hour once a day. Do not overdo the exercising when you begin. Exercise in moderation, regularly and conscientiously repeated, will increase the breathing capacity, improve the voice and make speaking easy. It will incidentally be of great advantage to health.

### QUALITY OF THE VOICE

ANY ONE who has ever heard boys and girls reading aloud at school must have noticed their tendency to deliver every passage, irrespective of the meaning, in the same dull monotonous drone. A kind of shrill, high-pitched, sing-song seems to be the favorite style of delivery at school, and too few teachers try to remedy the defect. Faults of youth become fixed in manhood. Many public speakers spoil their delivery by failing to modulate their voices according to the sentiment of the various passages in their discourse. Few faults in a speaker are more offensive to an audience or so likely to throw a damper on its enthusiasm. If a speaker utters the humorous, the pathetic, and the practical, in the same wearisome key, without distinction of manner or matter, his hearers lose interest in his remarks and cease to give him their undivided attention. So many preachers have this fault that their best sermons produce but little effect.

It is difficult to give rules for correcting this common fault, but much can be done by faithful practice along certain lines. The following paragraph from an article entitled "How to Read Well," by Edmund Shaftsbury, though intended for readers, is suggestive for speakers:—

"The person who desires to acquire the colloquial style should take a newspaper and select some short sentence, and say this aloud to some person in his presence. For instance, to-day's paper contains the following: 'The heat of yesterday was so intense that many persons were prostrated.' If you *say* this, the person hearing it will suppose it is a remark of your own. It is better to sit behind the person, so that the paper may not be seen; then read as many selections from it as possible, trying in each case to deceive your hearer."

You may help yourself by getting a friend to help you. It is the constant daily practice, day after day, that brings the unruly tongue into subjection, makes the weak voice strong, and enables one who has a squeaky or a growling voice to remedy the defect. But sometimes, one does not realize the defects in his own voice. It is well, therefore, to have a friend try to imitate you, and so allow you to hear how your voice sounds to others. Then you must try to imitate some one who speaks well.

Force is the volume of voice to be used in reading a passage in any given key. The force requisite to render faithfully a given passage is regulated by several different considerations, such as the character of the thought or emotion expressed, and the size of the space which the voice must fill. The degree of force used must be sufficient to make the voice distinctly audible to the hearer at the greatest distance from him. But if too great a degree of force is used, the volume of the voice will be unpleasant to the auditors nearest the speaker, and a continuously loud voice wearies both speaker and audience. Loud speaking is not always distinct speaking. This brings us to the important matter of articulation. Upon correct articulation, you must depend largely for clearness, energy, passion, and force. It is in the endeavor to make noise do the work of articulation that thoughtless speakers often acquire an unpleasant tone.

Men said of Wendell Phillips that he spoke to an audience of two thousand as though by his own fireside. It is safe to say that he did no such thing, for, if he had, he would never have been heard. He used greater force, but he spoke in a natural way, in a conversational manner, and with an articulation so perfect that those who heard him felt as if he was speaking with ordinary force. In it lay the charm of his speech. Edwin Booth, the great actor, could whisper so that two thousand people could understand what he said, but it was not an ordinary whisper. He made the articulation perfect, and then supplied just enough force to make himself heard throughout the theater.

Wendell Phillips's biographer said of his enunciation: "Each word was as distinctly uttered as though it were a newly-coined gold piece. Yet he never elocutionized; there was nothing pedantic in his utterance.



Like everything else about his oratory, it was natural, or seemed so." No other orator spoke with so little apparent effort, and yet there was force in his voice which he would never have used in talking to a single companion. The audience did not realize it. Therein lay a part of his art. It was the highest art because it seemed so natural.

### VOCAL INFLECTIONS

WHILE for effective declamation the predominating tone should be neither unusually high nor unusually low, the expression of different feelings will require variations in the inflection, and these may, at the same time, add to the ease of articulation, and to the general distinctness of utterance. Elocutionists call these inflections by various names.

Sweeps are those movements of the voice preceding and following the emphasis on a word. To prepare for the application of this emphasis, the voice rises above the key to the emphatic word or to its accented syllable. This upward movement is called the First Sweep. Then, as a result of the application of the emphasis, the voice is carried below the key and then back to it. This is called the Second Sweep. If you will observe the course of your voice while speaking a sentence naturally, you will notice that it invariably makes these movements. If it is not made, the effect is not good.

The Slides are the upward and downward movements of the voice which characterize many expressions. When a question is asked directly, the voice is quite low at the start and gradually slides up to a high tone. This is the Upward Slide. You will observe this when you ask the question: "Are you going now?" If, however, you ask: "When are you going?" you will notice that the voice begins above the key and is left below it. This is the Downward Slide.

The Bend is a gentle upward inflection of the voice at a place in the sentence where a slight pause is made without completing the sense. There are two Falls, the Partial Fall and the Perfect Fall. The first is a slight fall of the voice at an intermediate pause of complete sense; the second is a fall of the voice quite below the key which indicates the end of a sentence. It should be even more marked at the end of a paragraph. Rules for the proper use of these inflections for all kinds of sentences, are laid down by teachers of elocution. Yet it does not follow that such rules are always to be adhered to. Elocution is not an exact science, and how any sentence should be spoken is largely a matter of taste and judgment. The practiced speaker does not think of rules. He studies for the best effects. Nevertheless, it is certain that all good speakers unconsciously follow these general principles.

## DECLAMATION

THE preceding rules and suggestions apply equally well to reading or to declamation, but the latter requires attention to some details which are usually out of place in simple reading. The word declamation, as now used, applies mainly to recitation in public schools, and it is regarded as instruction preparatory for public speaking later in life. While in reading you have only to pay strict attention to the requisites of distinct and effective utterance, in declamation you must also suit your actions to your words or to the sentiments expressed. Having committed to memory the words you are to speak, you stand before your audience and use every power and muscle at your command to exhibit in the correct degree the feeling which the author of the language intended to be shown.

The first essential of declamation is that you should appear before your audience in an easy, graceful, and unembarrassed manner. To many people this is extremely difficult. It must come with confidence in yourself, and often it must be cultivated with great persistence. Some successful speakers never wholly escape from what is called "stage-fright," though when once they have begun speaking and have forgotten themselves in their subject, they are safe. This forgetting of yourself and becoming thoroughly imbued with your subject, is always a means to success. Awkwardness vanishes when you cease trying to be graceful; and when every movement of your muscles shows the feeling expressed in your words, the audience forgets itself also and becomes one with you.

Remember, however, that you cannot make a movement upon the stage which your hearers will not see. Do not imagine that, unseen by your audience, you can slyly pull down your cuff or wriggle yourself into more comfortable relations with your collar. At the first movement they cease to be auditors and become spectators, interested only in what you are doing. They sympathize with what you are trying to do, but they are not listening to what you are saying. You might just as well stop speaking. If the cuff must be pulled down, pull it down and then go on with your declamation or speech. If the collar chafes, pause while you arrange it. It will be better to pay some attention to these matters, which are not trifles, before you face your audience.

As illustrating this point, a story is told of the self-control of Père Hyacinthe, the famous French pulpit orator. He was preaching with his wonted fire and fervor and stopped for a moment to moisten his lips. But the glass on the desk was empty. He thought to fill it from the pitcher beneath the desk, but the pitcher also was empty. Then he asked for water and waited quietly and silently until it was brought. He drank, and then, and not until then, took up his discourse and went on



triumphantly. The audience was ready to go on with him. Had he continued his sermon while waiting for the water, his hearers would have been more intent upon watching the person who should bring the water than upon the words of the speaker. He would have run the risk of having an important thought interrupted. Remember that in declamation, or in public speaking of any kind, your audience will follow your thoughts as expressed in your actions; and if your thoughts are on something besides your words, it will show itself in your actions. The audience will neglect the words and divine your thoughts.

### GESTURE

GESTURE is the action accompanying a word and enforcing or expressing more vividly some thought or emotion. It should never be used except where it comes in naturally and when it makes more forcible the meaning of the expression which it accompanies. Between too many and too few gestures, it is better to err in the direction of the latter. If they are appropriately and gracefully made, they enhance the strength of the expression and impress the hearer much more than if they are awkwardly introduced at every turn. Even if gracefully made, they pall upon the audience when used in excess. It should be remembered that repose in style of delivery is as essential as it is in style of writing. To accent every sentence with a gesture is as much a waste of energy and as much of a demand upon the patience of the audience, as to use the utmost volume of voice in all parts.

It has been said that great orators have been great orators, not on account of their gestures but sometimes in spite of them. Strictly speaking, the audience should not be able to tell how many gestures a speaker makes. It has often been said of Wendell Phillips that he made few gestures, yet his biographer says that he made many. The fact is that they were so natural, he so exactly suited the action to the word, that the gestures, as gestures, made no impression on the audience. This is the reason for the rule that is sometimes laid down: "Do not make gestures; let them make themselves." Yet you cannot expect that your gestures will take care of themselves until you have learned something about them, and have also learned what is most effective. You must certainly learn to control the lips and the tongue so that they will obey your will, and when this is learned, they will take care of themselves. In the same way you must first learn to control your hands and arms, before you can hope to leave them to their own devices.

There is no better way to take your first lesson than to stand before a mirror. No man can be a great speaker who practises his gestures before a mirror, but he can take his first lesson in that way. In order to get yourself started right you must yourself see how you look. When

you are to "speak a piece," therefore, study not only the delivery but the gestures. Decide just where and how you may use a gesture to advantage. If you find that a movement makes you look absurd to yourself, do not use it.

In gesture, as in everything else, strive for naturalness. But remember that while such movement must be natural, it must also be graceful. This means that the more natural grace you have, the better. A graceful carriage of the body is important and that may come from other kinds of training. Teachers of elocution say that they almost always find that the best athletes make the best appearance on the platform. Boys who by club-swinging, running, wrestling, and other forms of exercise have learned to control every muscle, usually have the best control of themselves when they walk or speak. It is well to get this control in some way, therefore, and then to add to it by practice in declamation. Walk to the platform firmly and deliberately; bow quietly, stand well poised on your hips in an easy, and not in a slouching, attitude. Move when you please, as though you meant to move and were not afraid to. Have control of your hands and arms. You must be accustomed to the feeling of moving them about, and remember that the gestures are made with the hands, not with the arms alone. You may have seen beginners make gestures with their arms. Their hands appear without life or feeling. A proper gesture should extend to the very finger tips.

In books on elocution it is generally directed to complete the gesture at the moment of uttering the word or syllable which it accompanies. Some, however, have contended that the gesture ought to precede, somewhat, the utterance of the words. They maintain that such is always the natural order of action. An emotion struggling for utterance produces a tendency to bodily gesture, to express that emotion more quickly than words can be framed. The words follow as quickly as they can be well spoken. It is claimed that this is always the case with the real, earnest, and unstudied speaker. These two views are not really inconsistent. The gesture is begun first, but the word is produced so quickly by the voice that usually the gesture is not completed till the utterance of the word is completed. The matter cannot well be tested in speaking the words of others. But, in delivering your own words, if you feel impelled to use a certain gesture at a certain point, that gesture will probably be made at the proper time. In any case, a gesture should not linger after the word or expression which it is intended to illustrate or emphasize. You should not hurry your gestures; nor wriggle your hands as they hang at your side; nor look at your hands as you gesture; nor swing your arms as if they were fastened to your shoulders by pins; nor scrape the floor with your feet as you walk; nor walk too much. Begin your speaking in a clear, natural voice that you are quite certain will reach



every person in the audience. If when you begin to speak there is a buzz of conversation, a rattle of papers, a flutter of fans, speak so loudly, so clearly, and so distinctly, that every one will know you are speaking and will give attention to what you are saying. Having thus secured your audience, drop the voice until you are speaking in your natural key and with your natural force, always making sure that you are heard. After talking to one part of an audience turn to another. Do it deliberately and do it while talking. Never walk forward as though at that place in your speech you had decided to walk. Make every movement mean something.

Practise faithfully in all these matters of breathing, articulation, delivery, gesture, and attitude, and when you go before an audience, strive to forget it and to put your whole soul and your whole well-trained body into your speech. Then you will speak.

### ORATORY

PRACTICE in declamation is the natural preparation for the delivery of an oration; the natural training for an orator. Whereas in the declamation you are setting forth sentiments expressed by some one else, in the oration or the debate you are supposed to be setting forth your own sentiments. "I define oratory," wrote Henry Ward Beecher, "to be the art of influencing conduct with the truth sent home by all the resources of living man." In oratory, therefore, genuine earnestness is the great essential. In your declamations, you have tried to feel what the author felt when he wrote; in the oration, you are the author and must feel what you say.

When you have become an orator, it must be assumed that you have completely mastered all the requirements of good declamation so thoroughly that you no longer think of them. They are yours as if by nature. You are left with the capability of depicting your thoughts so that all that is necessary for you is to have the thoughts and to believe in them. There are doubtless many finished orators who use their skill for pecuniary considerations, and who are employed for carrying conviction to an audience, whether it is their real conviction or not. On the political platform, in campaign times, these men are called "spellbinders." But if the audience has any reason to suppose that the speaker does not really believe what he is so eloquently setting forth, his speech will lose its effect. He will hurt rather than help a cause. On the other hand, you may have heard speakers whom you knew to be intellectually, morally, and physically in earnest. Your hearers must know and see that you are in earnest. Make them believe it.

You may think that this physical earnestness is something which must come with conviction, but it is nevertheless a fact that you

can cultivate it even when you are delivering the words of others. One who cannot be in earnest when delivering a declamation, rarely becomes physically earnest when delivering his own words. It is well in your preparatory work by declamation, to choose for your speaking, words that express your opinions. If they do not at first, then study to make the author's conviction your own. Put yourself in his place, as far as possible. Then you simply adopt the phraseology of the author and with it express your own views. In this way, physical earnestness can be acquired. Then, when you go out into the world and find that you have a message to deliver to waiting men, they will listen to it and believe you more readily than if you had waited to do your practicing upon them.

To say that you must have physical earnestness, however, is not to advocate that you "tear a passion to tatters, to very rags." Spurgeon was right when he said that "it is an infliction, not to be endured twice, to hear a brother who mistakes perspiration for inspiration, tear along like a wild horse with a hornet in his ear till he has no more wind, and must needs pause to pump his lungs full again." Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher: "Coming home from church one day, he said, 'It seems to me I never made a worse sermon than I did this morning.' 'Why, father,' said I, 'I never heard you preach so loud in all my life.' 'That is the way,' said the Doctor, 'I always holler when I haven't anything to say.'" You will notice the distinction, therefore. There must be an adjustment of the parts that go to make up oratory. You must have physical earnestness, but it must be in proportion to other things.

#### PREPARATION

Few men make speeches without carefully preparing them beforehand. It is rather amusing that so many speakers try to produce the impression that they speak without having made such preparation. Sometimes it is by beginning with the conventional statement that the call upon them is unexpected. But few speakers fool their hearers by these methods. Peter Harvey says that Webster said to him that no man who was not inspired could make a good speech without preparation; that if there were any of that sort of people, he had not met them. He added that his reply to Hayne, the most famous of his speeches, was based upon full notes that he had made for another speech upon the same subject. He said that if Hayne had tried to make a speech to fit his notes, he could not have done it better. Again he said: "The materials for that speech had been lying in my mind for eighteen months, though I had never committed my thoughts to paper nor arranged them in my memory." As for speaking on the "spur of the



moment," Webster said, "Young man, there is no such thing as extemporaneous acquisition."

Edward Everett always wrote out his orations and, as he said, impressed them simultaneously on the paper and on his memory. Many of Phillips's orations were in type before he spoke them. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, that gem of American eloquence, was read by him from manuscript. The greatest orations have probably been the best prepared. The brightest and most effective after-dinner speeches have been probably most carefully considered. But this does not prevent a quick and fortunate use of unforeseen incidents and the remarks of others.

### THE DEBATING CLUB AS AN EDUCATOR

THERE is no method of popular education that contains so much of both pleasure and profit as the properly-conducted discussion of an interesting question. There is no training more valuable for quickening individual thought, concentrating the mind, directing ideas into definite channels, and developing facility in the effective use of our mother tongue; in fact, there is no accomplishment more practically beneficial to the average man or woman than the ability to think while "on the feet." It is hoped that the following suggestions will aid every one who may desire to acquire this most desirable art:—

Selecting good questions is the secret of success for a debating club. Dullness, the fatal disease that sometimes attacks a club, is usually the result of poor judgment in the choice of questions. To prevent this, clubs should submit every question to the following tests: *First*—Is the question evenly balanced? Are there two distinct sides? Would it be easier to debate on one side than on the other? *Second*—Is it worth discussing? Would it make any difference to anybody if it were decided either way? *Third*—Is it broad enough to lead out several lines of argument? A too specific question hampers a debater, especially if he has had but little experience. But guard also against the other extreme and do not make it so broad that it will not be worth discussing. *Fourth*—Is there plenty of material available from which the debaters on either side may prepare their arguments? *Fifth*—Is it a question in which some of the debaters have a personal interest? A question concerning athletics will be discussed more enthusiastically if there are one or more athletes taking part in the debate.

It is not always necessary to reject a question if it does not meet the above conditions. In many cases, the defect may be remedied by proper treatment. Take, for example, the question:—

*Resolved:* That novel reading is injurious.

Apply the first test. No sensible person would try to prove the broad assertion that novel reading is injurious. Apply the second test. Yes, it is worth discussing. Apply the third test. It certainly is broad enough. Apply the fourth test. There is abundance of material. Apply the fifth test. Probably any society will find novel readers in its membership. The conclusion is, therefore, that the question is admirable except for the fact that it is not evenly balanced. Note how easily this defect may be remedied:—

*Resolved:* That the great amount of novel reading at the present day is injurious.

This change takes away none of the original advantages; yet it balances the question so that the average group of people would be evenly divided in their opinions for and against it. That questions be debatable is not the whole secret. What is known as "the spice of life" is an important element to be considered. Debating committees must be ever on the alert for new ideas. Since they must cater to various tastes, they must introduce a variety of subjects. As a rule, young debaters prefer questions that have a political bearing. While a certain amount of this sort of discussion gives helpful training to the future citizens, it is by no means best to limit any society to political subjects. Questions which deal with the problem of making the most of life are far more beneficial to the average debater. The questions should never depart from the realm of common sense, but it is not advisable that they should be confined entirely to the serious side of life. At reasonably long intervals, questions should be introduced that will give to the members a chance to develop the humorous side of their natures. Take the question:—

*Resolved:* That the man who invented sugar coating for pills was a public benefactor.

The main idea in this question is sensible, but it is so worded as to afford numerous opportunities for making witty points. Once in a while, it is well to have a discussion of some general subject, which cannot be arranged in the form of a debate. Occasionally, there should be introduced an emergency topic; that is, a topic which is presented for discussion without allowing members an opportunity to prepare beforehand. Sometimes this emergency topic may be varied by giving to each member a different topic of current interest, allowing two or three minutes for the impromptu discussion of each topic. The practical benefit of any debate may be increased greatly by supplementing it with a talk by some experienced person on a subject relative to the one debated. Preparing an argument is the secret of success in debating. Webster always prepared on both sides of every current question. This custom accounts for his brilliant extemporaneous speeches. Extemporaneous speaking



does not mean speaking without study or arrangement of ideas. It means simply the free action of the mind, in which the form of expression is modified, more or less, by the presence of the audience; it is so styled to distinguish it from a speech which is read from manuscript, or delivered with the assistance of copious notes.

One of the chief values of debating is that it induces study and research. Before discussing any subject, find out everything that you can that others have written about it. Procure books and periodicals which contain articles bearing on either side of the question; then go carefully over the material you have gathered and take notes on cards, devoting one card to each separate branch of argument. When a note is made, a reference to its source should be entered. Make each note brief, giving only the point to be brought out, and indicating such phrases and illustrations as may be quoted in the argument. Let us emphasize what has been hinted previously, that each debater should prepare himself on both sides of the question. Success in battle often depends upon the employment of spies, whose business it is to find out beforehand the strength and the plans of the enemy. Even so, the skilful debater will find out his opponent's probable arguments and so prepare to refute them.

When the debaters have collected all the material that they can find, there should be a meeting of each side, or team, to arrange a concerted plan of action. The points which all have collected should be divided proportionately among the several debaters, thus preventing repetition of arguments. Each debater should keep a complete list of all the probable points that the opposition may bring up. Debating, like football, depends largely upon team work. Having determined what you will say, the next thing is to decide how to say it most convincingly. From beginning to end, bear in mind the word "convincing." Of course you may be entertaining, instructive, and, perhaps, amusing; but all of these should be subordinate to "convincing."

The leading speaker of either side states the question. This is the only introduction that has a place in debate. Everything else should be discussion; beginning with an argument and ending with another. Build your arguments as a house is built, having each part fit into some other part, making the design complete. Arrange all the points in a logical sequence and, if possible, reserve your strongest point for the close, thus fashioning the mightiest weapon of logic, the climax. On a small card note briefly the points in the regular order in which they are to be presented, and run over them many times until you have the whole argument thoroughly in mind. You should commit to memory the beginning of your speech, at least, and it would be well to memorize a few striking sentences to be used in the body of the argument.

It is an excellent plan to stand before your mirror and argue the question to yourself. Another helpful practice is to induce a critical friend to listen to you. In fact you will do well to discuss the question informally with several of your friends, because this is the best way to discover which are the weak and which the strong points in your argument.

Before leaving this subject of preparation, it will be well to warn you against the bugaboo, "the spur of the moment." Some one is certain to tell you that the chief aim of debating is to teach you to think on "the spur of the moment," and that "cut and dried" preparation will deprive you of this important lesson. Such advice is nonsensical. The "spur of the moment" seldom comes to those who simply sit down and wait for it. Farmers say that "you can't get blood out of a turnip," which is no truer than the fact that you can't get bright ideas out of a head that has never been filled with bright thoughts. So, if you want to make brilliant speeches "on the spur of the moment," you must prepare beforehand by reading, studying, thinking, and thus storing your mind with bright ideas.

Sincerity and brevity are excellent watchwords for a debater. If possible he should argue on the side of the question in which he believes. It is well to take a vote on the question before it is debated, and to assign the leading speakers to sides corresponding to their opinion. But, if it should be necessary for a debater to argue contrary to his convictions, he should never use this as an excuse for misrepresentation. It is not the chief object of debate to win for your side; but to present the facts in the clearest possible way without reference to the decision of the judges. Of course, this does not mean that you should give facts to help your opponents. It is simply a warning against a too common practice of attempting to refute every argument of the opposing side. No false argument can withstand the truth, and the debater who tries to misconstrue facts, in nine cases out of ten will do so in such a way as to give to the opposing side an opportunity to show the false position. After that, the judges will distrust every statement he makes, even the truth.

Brevity is a twin sister of sincerity. It always takes longer to tell a falsehood than it does to tell the truth. So, when the facts are ready, the next thing is to present them in the fewest words possible. The aim in debate is to say as much as possible in the shortest time possible. "Much" is used advisedly and does not mean "so many words." In fact, it means the contrary. Cut out all words that can be omitted and leave the bare facts clearly represented, and you have the best and strongest kind of an argument. One of the chief lessons to be learned in debates is the value of clear, concise statements.

In delivering your argument, it is well to bear in mind the homely maxim "Don't beat about the bush." Waste no time on an introduction



but get to work at once. Beware of so-called oratorical frills. Forget yourself and think only of the question you are discussing. Stick close to your text. Be earnest, even to the point of enthusiasm. Avoid large words and long sentences. Say everything that is necessary, and nothing that is unnecessary. You cannot afford to waste a word, much less a sentence. After presenting a point, drive it home, clinch it, and go on to the next one. When you have finished, stop. It does not pay to be stingy of time. If five minutes is allotted to you, try to finish your argument in four minutes and fifty-nine seconds, or in even a second or two less. The rap of the chairman's mallet may spoil the effect of your finest argument.

Every debater would do well to memorize the following definition which was given by one of the greatest orators of modern times, Henry Ward Beecher: —

"I define oratory to be the art of influencing conduct with the truth sent home by all the resources of the living man."

#### QUESTIONS SUITABLE FOR DEBATE

*Resolved:* That early marriage injures a young man's chances for success.

*Resolved:* That success is more dependent upon ability than upon opportunity.

*Resolved:* That the present system of teaching in our public schools is not such as to give the average pupil a knowledge of the true principles of successful living.

*Resolved:* That poverty rather than wealth has a tendency toward the development of true manhood.

*Resolved:* That the achievement of the American people was greater in gaining independence than in suppressing the Rebellion.

*Resolved:* That life in the country is more favorable to human development than is life in the city.

*Resolved:* That the press wields more power than does the pulpit.

*Resolved:* That there should be an educational qualification for voting.

*Resolved:* That the farmer is a greater benefactor to the community than is the manufacturer.

*Resolved:* That the successful explorer is deserving of higher honor than is the successful warrior.

*Resolved:* That the observance of a day of rest should be required by law.

*Resolved:* That the happiness of nations increases with civilization.

*Resolved:* That pursuit affords more happiness than possession.

*Resolved:* That ambition has wrought more harm than good to mankind.

*Resolved:* That military drill should be taught in the common schools of America.

*Resolved:* That the love of fame is a more powerful motive in human affairs than is the love of money.

*Resolved:* That the great amount of novel reading at the present day is an evil.

*Resolved:* That the drama is a more powerful agent for arousing the emotions than is the novel.

*Resolved:* That education has more to do in producing a great and good character than have innate tendencies.

*Resolved:* That the United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people of the States represented.

*Resolved:* That a lawyer is justified in trying to secure the acquittal of his client when he knows him to be guilty.

*Resolved:* That religion has conferred greater benefits upon the world than has science.

*Resolved:* That the United States does not need a powerful navy, and that all expenditures—beyond a small sum to provide a few vessels for peace service—is money wasted.

*Resolved:* That all races and nations should be equally eligible to citizenship in the United States.

*Resolved:* That poverty produces more crime than does wealth or ignorance.

*Resolved:* That the chief aim of punishment should be the reformation of the criminal.

*Resolved:* That the government and institutions of a people cannot long remain better than the people themselves.

*Resolved:* That eloquence is a gift of nature and cannot therefore be acquired.

*Resolved:* That the world is made happier by the increase of wealth and luxury.

*Resolved:* That the influence of women has contributed to civilization more than that of men.

*Resolved:* That all trusts and general combinations tending to banish competition should be forbidden by law.

*Resolved:* That the President of the United States should be elected directly by the people, for a term of six years, and should not be eligible for a second term.

*Resolved:* That the standard of integrity in business and political life has declined since the American Revolution.

*Resolved:* That the tariff should be imposed for revenue only.

*Resolved:* That party allegiance is preferable to independent action in politics.

## JOURNALISM

THE word "journalism" is less pretentious in the present century than it was in the last. Webster defines it as a "profession;" the dictionary of most recent date names it a "business." A journalist, according to Webster, is the conductor of, or contributor to, a public journal. The latest publication of definitions admits that a journalist is a newspaper man. There may be less dignity in the definition, as there is perhaps less dignity in the calling, but the calling must fit the times,



whether it fits the definition or not, and even the penny-a-liner, as the scribe was once called in London, may not hesitate to refer to himself as a journalist.

Journalism is a young man's business, and it is one to which men who have grown old in its service, rarely apprentice their sons. As a channel leading to other careers, journalism is unexcelled. For the political arena, the training and experience is exceptionally fine, and for the literary field, the discipline has proved itself of greatest value. Many of the literary lights of the present time have, at some time in their lives, served an apprenticeship, in some capacity, in a newspaper office. It may be that they served such apprenticeship long enough to prove to themselves that "the future" toward which they were looking was not to be found in that direction, and, therefore, they bettered themselves as soon as the opportunity offered. The men who toil hardest in the newspaper office, to whose reliability and capacity for plodding the paper owes its success, are not the men whose names are heralded abroad, as also they are not the men, who in their old age, find a substantial fortune to their credit. Then, again, as a newspaper man ages, his value decreases. In the practice of law, or medicine, or in the ministry, the way opens wider and wider with years of development; but in journalism, while the old man may have much to give, it generally happens that what he has to offer is not keenly wanted, and that the alertness and enthusiasm of the young man at his elbow is more in demand than is his own greater experience.

#### BUSINESS MANAGEMENT



"If I were to begin my business life over again," said a successful managing editor, "I would commence by sweeping out the business office. After I had learned the business end of the newspaper I could then take up the editorial end; for the editorial office is secondary to the business management, or at most is but a part of it." It is true that the commercial end of a large daily paper is the place where an experienced man is always in demand. In the editorial department, there usually stands at the elbow of the best editorial writer some man who can do his work as well as he can—and possibly better. The only editor who is indispensable in the office is the one who owns the controlling stock in the newspaper. Ideally, a newspaper is an enterprise that is run for the convenience of the people, for the purpose of disseminating news, and for doing good in countless ways. The

model newspaper is regarded as something of a reformer, with tendencies altruistic in the extreme. But in reality, the newspaper is a vast commercial enterprise whose policy is shaped in a way to insure the greatest dividends to the stockholders. "Any paper can get news," said the head of the business department, "but it takes hustling to get advertisements."

As an illustration of the dominance of the business department of the representative dailies, it is worth while to recall the occasion of the cholera scare some years ago in New York City. It was in the month of September, the closing of a summer of intense heat, when every one who could possibly escape from the city had done so. All summer long there had been mutterings of what might happen in the city should any of the incoming steamers convey to port the germs of the dread disease. Every day the papers put up "scare heads," even the more conservative of them indulging in apprehensions and lingering doubts as to future safety. Ocean steamers were detained for days and days at quarantine, and the Health Department buckled on its armor ready for action. The papers enlarged upon every minute detail, until the people who could not get away from town were in a perfect frenzy of fear and anxiety. Papers sold like wildfire, and "extras" were the feature of the hour.

Finally, after the scare had lasted about four weeks, the advertisers called a meeting, held a consultation among themselves, and decided that it was time to act. Thereupon, a committee was appointed to call upon the business managers of the various dailies, to inform them that unless the cholera scare abated immediately they would one and all withdraw their advertising. "Our business is being ruined," said the advertisers. "People are afraid to come back to town, and the newspapers are responsible." The effect of their action was magnetic and there is no instance on record when a cholera epidemic, or any other epidemic, was suppressed so promptly. The papers with one accord announced that the scare was over, and that settled it. The power of the press is an expressive phrase. The dominance of the business office is well understood, for it is the business office that pays the salaries, a fact that the editorial office cannot afford to forget. Another interesting feature of the general mechanism of a partisan paper is the fact that in order not to estrange the general reader by a too-rabid demonstration of partisanship, an editor having convictions directly opposed to what he must advocate, is employed to furnish editorials, and thus a happy medium is secured. Editorials may be half-hearted; but better be half-hearted than that the constituency should be circumscribed. The business office again!

Some one has well said that the business of the modern daily journal consists in the purchase of white paper by the ton, and the sale of it at

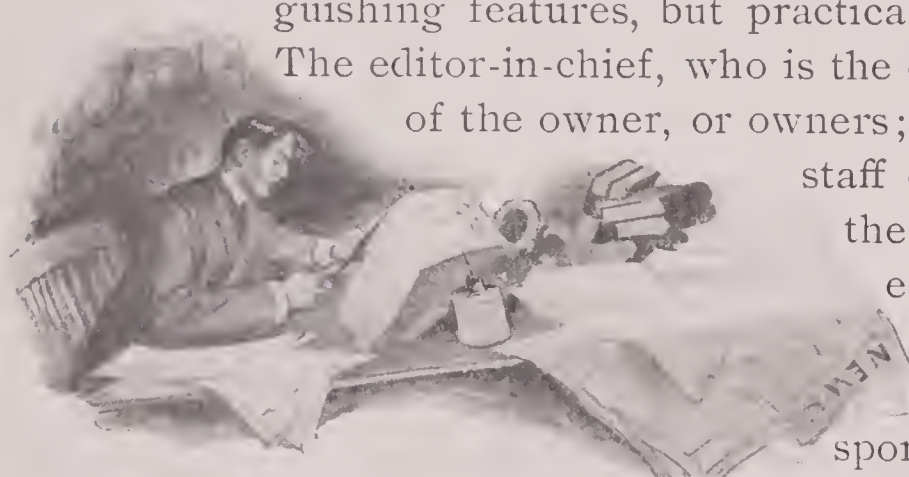


retail after a number of things have been done to it. Indeed, the work done in the editorial department seems the smallest and least intricate of all the departments called into active service, from the time the huge rolls of paper are unloaded at the door of the press room, to the time when it is sent out in sheets to the reader. The perfect system of the great mechanism, that illustrates its power in the apparently simple result that you find your paper at your door in the early morning, can no more be grasped by the casual thinker, than can an understanding of the gigantic presses of Robert Hoe, which have made the result a possibility. It is all a great secret which the general reader is content not to solve, nor to seek to understand, so long as the evidence, in the shape of the morning and evening papers, promptly materializes. There are more than 22,000 newspapers in the United States. One of the largest of these, a New York daily, employs 2,000 men and women every day. In one year this plant used 337,558 miles of paper, for which the bill was \$617,000. The expenses of this same paper for the year amounted to more than \$2,000,000. Of this sum, the editorial and literary matter cost \$220,000; local news, \$290,000; illustrations, \$180,000; correspondence, \$125,000; telegraph, \$65,000; cable, \$27,000; mechanical department, \$410,000; paper, \$617,000 and business office, ink, light, rent, etc., \$219,000. It is safe to say that there are three dailies in New York City to which these figures will approximately apply.

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

THE editorial staffs of the various dailies doubtless have their distinguishing features, but practically they consist of the following persons: The editor-in-chief, who is the owner of the paper, or the representative of the owner, or owners; the editor of the editorial page and his staff of writers; the managing editor, who is the executive officer of the paper; the news editor; the day city editor and his staff; the night city editor and his staff; the telegraph editor; the foreign editor; the sporting editor; the dramatic editor; the Sunday editor and his staff. All of these positions, with one or two exceptions, speak for the high-salaried, capable newspaper man.

There is no place in the world where the newspaper men receive such large salaries as they do in New York City, and there is no place in the world where the tenure of office of an editor employed by one of the great dailies is so precarious. However great may have been his achievements in the past, however profound may be his ability in the position he occupies, however great his influence with the "powers" of the paper, there is never a moment in his career when he is not in danger of being



superseded by any member of his staff who has for some reason attracted attention to himself from the proprietor. There are always office politics much more intricate in system and much more complex in adjustment than are the inside machinations of the great Tammany society; and it is rarely, if ever, that one editor is permitted to retain his prominence for a period sufficiently extensive to enable him to acquire more than their rudiments.

The man who has acquired a safe and sure position as the head of any staff connected with the working of a daily paper, and who has the steadfast courage to refuse all proffers of promotion to the incumbency of a "desk"—that is, who constantly declines to become an editor of any department, no matter what its emoluments may be—and who is content to remain in the unassailable position that he has earned for himself by reason of having become the best-informed man in his department, is the only man who is reasonably sure of retaining his position and his salary as long as the paper exists, or until he himself becomes too old to perform his duties.

### SALARIES

Now a word about specific salaries as paid in New York City. A managing editor receives a sum anywhere between \$5,000 and \$15,000 a year, according to the paper that employs him. There are two or three papers that employ men of marked ability, regardless of expense. There is probably no man on the paper who receives a larger salary than does the business manager. He is the man who may command his own price. The city editor receives anywhere from \$50 a week upward, depending on the man and the paper. A reporter who can earn \$80 a week by "space" writing—that is, when paid a given price per column—may have a salary of \$40, unless he has a specialty, and then he may receive twice that sum. Copy readers have from \$30 to \$40 a week. The reporter who starts in with no experience has sometimes \$15 a week, and sometimes less. It is often the privilege of members of the city staff to make extra money on the Sunday paper, and to their copy is always given the preference.

It is because salaries are high and promotions are speedy that New York City is the Mecca of the newspaper man, and the staffs of the Gotham papers are for the most part recruited from the men from western and southern towns. It is the young enthusiast with the western push and the southern enthusiasm, who goes east with a letter from his home newspaper, with his mind open to impressions, with eyes that see





where they look—he is the one who meets with intoxicating success. He had, perhaps, \$18 a week at the office of the home newspaper. In New York he finds an opening and goes to work with a zeal that surprises even himself. In two years, it may be, he has worked up to a position that commands \$5,000 a year. He never gets any higher, and the chances are that he runs his pace in four years. A successful newspaper career often does not last more than four years. During that time he may even receive \$10,000 a year. Five years later he may look for a position at \$20 a week,—and not be able to find it. He, least of all, is able to understand the situation, which is merely the working of the invariable rule.

The standard of the newspaper is constantly changing, and unless the editor lends himself to the change that is going on all the while, unless he continually adapts himself to new standards, he is not fitted to hold any position. Once out of the paper, he can reënter only by beginning over again—"at the bottom of the ladder"—and by working his way up. Where is the man who has the courage and enthusiasm to do this? He must seek work in other fields. Oftentimes it proves to be a blessing in disguise, for the real ability of the man is then developed. It was only two years ago that the most highly-paid artist on one of the large Sunday papers decided to resign in order to take a vacation in Europe. For two years he had received a weekly salary of \$250. He went to Europe, spent his money with the lavish hand of one who makes it too easily to understand its value, and finally landed in New York City, ready to replenish his depleted bank account. But during his absence, the paper had learned to do without him, and when he applied for his old position it was not to be had, but he was told that he might go to work on \$14 a week. He was indignant, but circumstances woke him up later, and he found that he had either to begin at the bottom of the ladder or to starve. The standards of the paper had changed during his absence, and it was not until he had assimilated the atmosphere of the new standard that he could produce what the paper wanted, for even \$14 a week.

#### REWARDS

IN NO particular do the rewards of journalism keep pace with the rewards accruing in other professions, and it is safe to say that with the same amount of individuality and zeal put into another enterprise, in the commercial world, for instance, the returns would far exceed any ever harvested in the fields of journalism. It is also safe to state that it is the love of adventure, and the desire to exercise what is known as gumption, that lure the alert young man to the fields of journalism when his time and attention might be more fruitfully devoted to another and more prom-

ising enterprise. The stepping-stone to a political career or to the publisher's business, is certainly to be found by the bright man at the end of the journalistic vista; but it is a question if the young man who starts out on the staff of a daily paper looks far enough ahead to see anything in the shape of a definite object. He doubtless leans to a literary career, but the more fortunate he is in the newspaper world, the farther retreat his opportunities for a literary life.

Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, gives it as his opinion that a man with journalistic training succeeds better in politics than in any other profession. In the biographies of senators and members of the House of Representatives, published from year to year in the "Congressional Directory," appear references to the fact that this or that senator or representative was at one time a printer or an editor. James G. Blaine always pointed with pride to the fact that he had been a newspaper reporter, and later, an editor. President Harrison's private secretary and President McKinley's first secretary were both editors of newspapers, and the secretaryship to the President is now one of the most important positions in the gift of the National Executive. In the McKinley administration, a greater number of appointments to responsible and honored positions was made from the ranks of journalists than from any other profession, and this was not, perhaps, because the men were more competent, but because of their influence and political experience.

### THE EVENING PAPER

THE greatest innovation in the newspaper world during the past five years has been the evening paper. It was the commercial journalist who discovered its value. As every business man would read a paper on his way home in the afternoon, it would prove an excellent medium for advertising, particularly as it would go into the family at an hour when every one had leisure to read it. It has proved a greater enterprise than the morning paper, doubtless because there are so many editions, and the possibilities for attracting the buyer are therefore greater. The first edition of the evening paper is put on the press as soon as the morning paper is printed, and it is on the streets soon after breakfast. By ten o'clock it is impossible to buy a morning paper from a newsboy.

Then there are editions sent out every hour, if there is news important enough to warrant it. The last edition, "The Sporting Extra," is printed about five o'clock. The "Extra" is decidedly a feature of this





new journalism. It is issued from the office with the least possible delay after the receipt of any news that is sufficiently startling in character to warrant its immediate publication. The "Extra" proper, here referred to, does not include the various regular editions brought out during the day. The first page stands ready to lend itself to change at any moment.

### THE SUNDAY PAPER

THE Sunday paper is a source of revenue to the free lance writer though it is more or less fluctuating as a market; there is scarcely any magazine matter of a personal nature that is not first worked up in the Sunday edition. It is a great source of revenue to the business department, and, indeed, if it were not so there would soon be a curtailing of its size. The management scarcely dares to make radical changes in the paper lest it might not prove so valuable as an advertising medium. But the Sunday supplement has practically killed the weekly illustrated paper and the comic or humorous weekly, so far, at least, as New York City sales are concerned. The humorous and illustrated publications are either a rehash of old matter, or else, as in the case of the comic papers, the latter gives so little for the money that the metropolitan market has been practically closed to them.

### ART DEPARTMENT

THE art department of the paper occupies its present popular place entirely to the detriment of the writer; it is often more profitable to be a good photographer than a good writer. This is the photographic era in the newspaper. No one can tell how long it will last—how long it will be before the writer may again have an opportunity. Good artists are not plentiful, and the good one, even the good photographer who has in addition to his art certain reliable traits of character, earns a large salary. If he can also write, then indeed is the field his own.

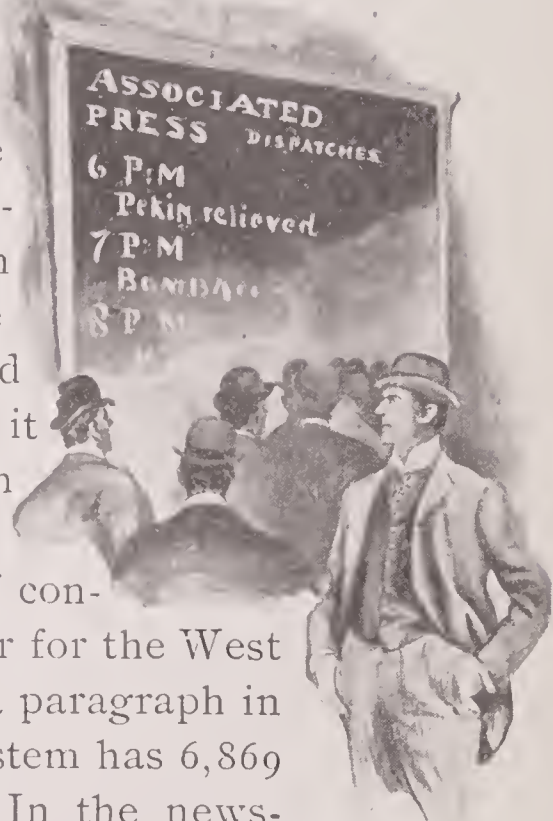
### ASSOCIATED PRESS

THE most remarkable and stupendous consequence of modern journalism is the Associated Press, whose ramifications extend to the most remote and inaccessible regions of the globe. It seems almost incredible that a mere association, forty years ago, of three or four newspapers in the city of New York, for the purpose of obtaining news at less expense, should have resulted in this all-powerful, far-reaching, never-tiring news-agent, which the world knows and recognizes as the Associated Press. Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley, the elder Bennett, and two or three other men equally prominent at that time in the newspaper world, real-

ized that there was a great mass of news which could not properly be classed under the head of "exclusive," even though one or two of them had it, and the others had not; they realized also that this particular class of news was costing them an exorbitant sum of money every day in the year, and they figured that if they could establish a joint office for the reception of such news, they would not only reduce the expense incurred in obtaining and transmitting it, but they would be enabled, by selling it to other publications not in their "combine," to realize a profit. Thus was born the Associated Press. To-day its influence and power have attained such enormous proportions, that should the Associated Press refuse to serve any newspaper in New York, that newspaper would have to go out of business.

There are now six hundred and eighty-four members of the Associated Press, and more than two thousand four hundred papers are served with its news. In order to handle the news expeditiously, the United States is divided into four sections, the Eastern, Western, Central, and Southern divisions. When an occurrence in a town has more than a local interest, the agent informs the division superintendent, who, after considering the relative value of the matter to his section and others, telegraphs back the amount he wants. As the news comes to him he transmits it over his own circuit and to the other division superintendents, who in turn send it through their own part of the country. News that is worth a column in one certain section may be of less value elsewhere, and the superintendent of each division has a staff of condensers who judge of its relative value. A column of matter for the West may be reduced to a half column in the Central division, a paragraph in the East, and to a line or two in the South. The whole system has 6,869 miles of leased wire by day, and 16,365 miles by night. In the newspaper office to which the "A. P." sends its news, by a messenger from the main office, the copy itself is known as the "flimsy," because it is printed on thin tissue paper. This is for the purpose of manifolding the copies, by which process a dozen copies may be made at the same time.

The Associated Press has correspondents to send to any remote locality where there are no newspapers, and it is also connected with European news associations. There is a division office in London, and there are agents in such out-of-the-way places as Adelaide, in New South Wales, Fez, in Morocco, and Persia. By a recent arrangement with the Navy Department, some officer on every United States war vessel is a correspondent of the Associated Press. Though this system is mutual, the newspapers are assessed at regular intervals, the total for one year being in the neighborhood of two million dollars.





Serving all classes of newspapers as it does, it is necessary that the news sent out by the Associated Press shall be absolutely colorless statements, nothing more. So great is its influence, and so essential is the service to the success of a newspaper, that it practically limits the establishment of any more newspapers. To quote its own description of itself, it is "a mutual organization of newspapers, having for its object the collection and distribution of the important news of the world." But on the outside it is often referred to as "the newspaper trust."

### YELLOW JOURNALISM

"YELLOW JOURNALISM" is now a phrase that is known the world over. It means simply sensational journalism. The term originated with the color press which came into vogue a few years ago, and which enabled the papers to issue their "valentine supplements." Any picture that could be painted was sacrificed to the color supplement. It is not right, however, to describe as a "fake" everything that is connected with so-called "yellow" journalism. That the glaring headlines which one encounters in the paper are often misleading in suggestion while not really so in fact, cannot be denied; but this too has its uses and serves to attract an otherwise careless observer so that he is induced to possess himself of a paper, and he thereby becomes acquainted with not only the subject of the headlines that attracted him, but with the general contents of the sheet. There is no newspaper in New York City, "yellow" or "white," the news of which is not absolutely reliable as far as the intent of the editor is concerned. What is known as "faking" is not tolerated in any newspaper office. It is a crime with a punishment that admirably fits it, and any reporter knows that when he commits the crime it is done at his peril.

### CIRCULATION AND ADVERTISING

THE newest thing about the new journalism is the variety of methods by which it builds its circulation. The scare head is one way, the "beat" or the "scoop" is another way of inviting prominence, as it inspires in its reader the pride that his own paper has scored a triumph over its contemporaries. Another method is that of printing, daily, the number of the circulation, which tends to encourage a personal interest in the progress of the paper. "Featuring" is another method. This consists of advertising conspicuously certain articles which are to appear in the immediate future; bill boards, street cars, and elevated stations, are utilized for this purpose. The posters with which the city is decorated by the newspaper is another innovation of the new journalism, and certainly no hippodrome ever announced itself with more garish advertising than do the New York Sunday papers on certain occasions.

The field of charity and philanthropy offers another of the fruitful ways and means of advertising, through which the public is benefited, both by personal giving and receiving, though primarily the object is to increase the popularity of the paper.

The Free Ice Fund, the Sick Babies' Fund, the Fresh Air Fund, the Christmas Dinner Fund, the Sunshine Society, the Maine Monument Fund, and similar enterprises, are all advertising schemes to increase the circulation of the paper. Whenever there is a great disaster in any part of the country, such as that which occurred in 1900 at Galveston, Texas, newspapers vie with one another in the effort to send out the first relief train laden with medicine, food, clothing, physicians, nurses, and whatever else may be donated to relieve the suffering. The prize contests that offer a trip around the world, the prize story, and the "chromo with every number" are all in the interest of circulation. The sporting page, now such a conspicuous feature in the newspapers, aims to attract a certain large class of people, and it is usually the case that the name of a well-known man of that fraternity is secured as editor, or to answer for the authenticity of reports.

The "Woman's Realm," a feature adopted to attract advertisers, did not increase the circulation of papers sufficiently to warrant the expenditure, and so it was dropped some time ago. The Sunday paper is the delight of the advertising manager, for if it were not practical it would be dropped very soon. An increase of circulation means an increase of the advertising rate, and the advertising is the very soul of the modern newspaper, for no newspaper could live a day without it. A circulation of 100,000 copies,—if a one-cent paper, is sold to dealers at fifty or sixty cents a hundred—brings in \$500 or \$600 a day, but this pays only for the white paper, the composing room and press room expenses, and part of the cost of delivery.

It not infrequently happens that the man who expected to make a hit in the editorial department of a newspaper finds himself involved in the advertising department; and it is no mean tribute to his ability that he is qualified for the work of meeting advertisers and getting from them what the paper wants. He conducts his business very much as the drummer sells goods, and the wider his personal acquaintance the more extensive the business he can command. Women are not often employed in the advertising department of the newspaper, although now and then a clever woman is sent to give an advertiser a "write up" that must not sound like an advertisement.

The following incident, related by a woman once prominent in the newspaper world, suggests the willingness of the business department, and shows how involved are its schemes to attract the advertiser. "It was in the day of the 'Woman's Page,'" she said, "and I was employed



by a paper that made a specialty of its Woman's Department. The editor-in-chief sent for me, and told me that he would like to have me call upon the heads of the advertising departments of the principal stores, and ask them to give him an idea that would be of service in improving the woman's page. I was told to say to certain of them that the chief had said that they were especially bright men, and as they dealt in novelties of interest to women, they doubtless knew more about what women liked than did any one else in New York. He impressed me with the fact that it was good ideas for the woman's page that I was in search of, and that I was to do my best to get them. If I succeeded in getting only one, he should consider that I had done a good week's work. In each case I was to write an account of the interview and submit the report to him.

"I worked very conscientiously that week, and called upon every man on the list of names the editor had given me. In each case I was assured that the woman's page should be examined at once, and that if I would call again, an idea would doubtless be awaiting me. On calling the second time, I was assured that the page had been examined and that it was considered very fine, that I was to present compliments to my editor-in-chief, etc. I bore the message with perfect sincerity. I was new at newspaper work at that time, was very much in earnest, and concluded that while the week's work had not seemed especially remunerative, inasmuch as I had not gleaned an idea, it was, doubtless, the ordinary experience of reporters.

"I did not see my chief in regard to the matter, but the managing editor assured me that my work had been satisfactory."

" 'But,' I said, 'I did not get an idea.' "

" 'No,' he replied, 'but you succeeded in attracting attention to the woman's page, and that was all that was required of you. You have been jollyng the advertisers.' "

"If I had not been perfectly sincere, the chief knew that I could not make the right impression. I fell into the trap set for me, and need scarcely add that the advertising manager of each store I visited also fell into the same trap."

#### REPORTING

THE newspaper reporter is created by force of circumstances. Every young man who finds himself suddenly face to face with the world and confronted with the word "necessity," may turn to newspaperdom. Either he has not sufficient means to prepare himself for one of the standard professions—that of doctor, lawyer, or preacher,—or he lacks the necessary energy and application. There is just enough mystery surrounding the making of a great paper to attract him. He has met and known newspaper men, and has found them fascinating,—young

men who seemed to him to live without the pale of ordinary laws and rules, and who could use, whenever occasion required, the magic "open sesame," "I'm Mr. Smith of the 'Herald,'" or "I'm Jones of the 'Tribune.'" "

It is in many ways a natural consequence of his bringing-up that the young man just out of college or the high school should turn to the newspaper for a means of livelihood. He has passed with credit through his studies; he has evinced, on more than one occasion, marked talent with the pen,—at least that is what his chums have assured him, time after time; his parents have "managed" to see him through his collegiate course, but he has reached the point where he must pick his own way onward. Now, at the age of twenty-one, or possibly a year or two more, he is suddenly made to realize that the old folks have done for him all that can be expected, and he must do the rest.

Perhaps in reality the father has had ambitions for his son. He has longed to see him take to the code, to the scalpel, or to the church. The lad himself may have had yearnings of that kind, but the impatience of youth cannot wait through the time of toil and trial for the diploma, and for the practice that is to follow. There must be another and a quicker method of earning a livelihood; and that other and quicker method, the only one at hand, the only one to which his talents are already adapted, is reporting,—and without casting any reflections upon the calling of reporter, it remains, nevertheless, true that he is fitted for that sort of work only because he is fitted for nothing else. The editor to whom he applies is ever on the alert for young and inexperienced men, who wear the light of genius in their eyes, and who have ambition to become journalists. Such young men write fairly good English; they are smart, bright, "cheeky," not to be put down, and are apt to be made of the stuff that does not know when it is down. They want to succeed, and their chief desire is to please the editor,—and what is more important still, they can, except on extraordinary occasions, do the work of high-salaried men for fifteen dollars a week.

It does not matter if the young applicant does not know the city,—he will soon learn that, and while he is learning it, he will be sent to police stations or be assigned to similar easy work until he "knows the ropes." If he is a stranger in the city, he is even better off in the matter of securing quick employment; but just why this is so, nobody, not even the editor himself, can tell.

If one should make a tour of the newspaper offices of New York City, and take a poll of the city staff of each paper in the metropolis, it would





be discovered that ninety per cent of the reporters hail from the country, and many of them from the south and west. "From the country" does not imply that they come from the really rural districts, but from smaller cities and towns, where many of them have now and then written a column or two for the local paper. Of the hundreds who annually migrate to New York in this way, and who succeed in securing employment on one paper or another, an exceedingly small percentage remains in the work for any length of time. The very nature of his work brings the reporter in contact with all sorts and conditions of life and employment, and sooner or later he is sure to find something that is more congenial, or to which he is better adapted, and the newspaper work is abandoned.

There is, however, now and then, a real reporter—the *simon-pure* article, who takes as naturally to the calling as a young duckling takes to water. He is, nevertheless, a *rara avis*, and the representatives of his kind engaged on the New York papers to-day, might be counted on the fingers of one hand. He is a young-appearing, clean-shaven, shrewd-looking man whose age it is impossible to guess, but which may be twenty-

eight or forty-eight years. Invariably he has been with

the same paper ever since he began his career as a reporter, and just as invariably he has had the same kind of reportorial work to do through the administration of half a dozen city editors. He has found that he has a "field," and he is smart enough to stick to it, and wise enough to decline promotion. He

draws a large salary, because he has made himself in-

dispensable. There are men who absolutely decline to be interviewed by the ordinary reporter, but who will talk to this one at all times. He knows everybody in his line. He has neither time nor inclination for other society.

He will not waste his time with anybody over a bar or a pack of cards, unless it is in the line of his work, or to secure his story in better shape. Whenever an important piece of news comes up, on which some one who is acquainted with the facts must be interviewed at once, he knows who to interview, and he has the address—and nine times out of ten, he is already so well acquainted with the person sought that the great man addresses him by his first name.

The real reporter is a methodical personage, and in that he is distinct from all others of his species. He reports at his desk in the office at a certain hour each day, and you may rely upon his being there neither early nor late, but on time. Usually, unless it is something of especial moment that has come up during the morning, the city editor permits him to take his own assignments, for the real reporter is careful to know more about the line he covers than can possibly be known at the desk,



and the schedule, therefore, after his name, exhibits only one word, which, for instance, may be Politics.

When this star man of the staff enters the room, he looks over his mail and glances at the several morning papers, exactly as if he were an editor; presently he strolls over to the city desk and seats himself upon one corner of it.

"How much will you want me to cover to-day?" he inquires, referring to space and not to territory. "Senator so-and-so is in town, or will be this afternoon, and I ought to get a good story out of him on that Kloorer bill; it comes up next week in the Senate."

"Will he talk to you about it?"

"Oh yes; he always talks to me; shall I look him up?"

"Yes; how many columns can you take care of to-day? Better make it as much as you can. Looks as though things were going to be slow. Better make it two and a half or three."

The real reporter strolls back to his desk, lingers awhile and smokes, chats with such of the "young 'uns" as may happen to be in the office and who view him with envious and awestruck eyes. Presently he closes his desk with a bang and departs in search of a hearty luncheon, and later in the afternoon he may be seen in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue hotel, or at the Democratic or Union League club, and doubtless he will be talking familiarly with a United States Senator from California, who calls him "Tom," and who supplies good cigars, and acts as though it were an honor to know him.

He does not waste too much time over the senator, either. He is too well posted in his business to cheapen himself, or to smoke more than one of the senator's cigars, and besides, there are other fish to fry; and so he goes from place to place, seeing everybody whom it is worth his while to see, and discussing different subjects with each one he interviews. But never once during all that day could you discover in his possession anything that resembles a notebook. He relies entirely upon his memory, and that serves him accurately; if it did not, these men would not permit him to interview them time after time. In the evening, if nothing new has occurred to alter his plans, he dines at his club, or with friends, and early finds his way to the office where the night city editor is now at the desk. To him he goes and briefly tells what he has and again asks the question, "How much space shall I cover?" He is told, and he goes to his desk, writes the required amount, turns it in, takes his hat and gloves, nods good night to those who happen to look up, and disappears. He has obtained a position of prominence in his occupation. He is often better informed upon the subjects upon which he interviews the great men who come to town, than they are themselves, and it is a



matter of frequent occurrence that he can give them information that they are very anxious to have.

Such a man will remain a reporter to the end of his days, but he will never look old, or worn, or *blasé*. He takes too good care of himself for that; his life is too methodical, and he never permits himself to indulge in excesses. You will find him at the great conventions when a President is to be nominated, and his face will be more familiar there, and better known to many or nearly all of the delegates, than are the faces of their colleagues. I have one in mind now, who for twenty years has not missed a state or national convention. He has seen many of the great leaders come and go; he has witnessed their rise to power and their fall from its dizzy height, and he has known and has interviewed them all. Now, he looks on as serenely as ever, as unmoved, and as uninterested. You might meet him in a drawing room or at a convention and you would describe him as a man of thirty. Well, I know that he is much older, but he could pass for even less.

It is not his business, and it is not his habits, that keep him young, but it is the serenity of his brain. He is a spectator where all others are participators. He looks on where others take part. He is passive while they are active. He possesses the reporter's brain, upon which no deep impressions are ever made,—which keeps only a temporary record of current events.

When the young and inexperienced reporter enters upon his duties, the word "assignment" has for him a portentous meaning, for it may send him anywhere at the will of the city editor, to glean from a mere suggestion, perhaps, enough matter to fill a column of his paper. I recall in this connection, an anecdote that was related to me by a gentleman who is now an editor on one of the great dailies of the city. He had joined the staff of an evening paper that is now extinct, or rather, that was absorbed long since by another. He was new, young, ambitious, and yearned for glory, and he had been in the employ of the paper only a week when the momentous event took place.

The city editor called him to the desk about seven o'clock in the evening and said:—

"Billy, Senator Conkling is in town. He arrived to-night and went at once to the house of Chester A. Arthur, on Lexington Avenue. The River and Harbor appropriation bill will come up in the Senate the day after to-morrow and I would like very much to get the senator to say something about it. Do you think you could interview him?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Billy, with all the confidence of the young reporter, who did not know that the great New York senator never permitted himself to be interviewed upon pending legislation.

The city editor looked at one of the older reporters who stood near and winked; then he added:—

“Well, if you can get the senator to say something about that bill, and about anything else of interest, you’ll secure a ‘beat,’ and I’ll agree to raise your salary. I want to tell you before you start out that he is not easy to interview. He may refuse to see you, and in that case there will be nothing to do but to report back; but if you can see him and get something,—well, this office will be proud of you.” Billy left the office, full of enthusiasm, to interview the great senator. The rain was falling in torrents when he started uptown for the residence of Chester A. Arthur, who was then Collector of Customs at the port of New York. He did not see why the senator should refuse to talk upon such a simple matter as the River and Harbor bill, which, by the way, at that particular time was attracting considerable attention in the newspapers. After leaving the car, he had some distance to walk in the rain before arriving at his destination. He was soaked to the knees and the rain was running in streams from his umbrella when at last he rang the bell. The door was opened instantly, and Billy dropped his closed umbrella in the vestibule and stepped into the hallway before the astonished negro who had responded to the ring could ask who he was.



“I want to see Senator Conkling!” he said, and at the same instant he was conscious that some person was descending the stairs and at that moment had paused on the bottom stair, not six feet from him. One glance told him, from the pictures he had seen—for he had never before seen the gentleman himself—that it was Senator Conkling. He did not bother any more with the negro, but, with every reportorial instinct awakened by finding himself so suddenly and so unexpectedly in the presence of the man he sought, he exclaimed:—

“Good evening, Senator. I’m from the ‘Mail.’ Mr. Blank, our city editor, asked me to call upon you about the River and Harbor bill, which is to come up in the Senate day after to-morrow. He thought that you would give me a few facts about it that we could use in the paper. It does come up day after to-morrow, doesn’t it?”

Everybody knows that the “Mail” was owned by John Kelly, and that it was a Tammany organ. Conkling and his adherents loved neither the paper nor its owner, and it was doubtless the very last paper in Gotham for which the senator would consent to talk in any event, even had it not been his inviolable rule not to talk for the press about pending legislation. He, therefore, made Billy no reply whatever, but stood there on the bottom step, looking down upon him with that pouter-pigeon, freezing glance that had frequently shriveled more important personages than



the young reporter. But Billy was not dismayed. He was only the more determined.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Blank, our city editor, I presume?" he said.

"I do not think I have the honor of knowing the gentleman," replied the senator in his coldest tones.

"Well, that doesn't matter. Will you tell me something about the River and Harbor bill, Senator?"

"I must decline to be interviewed on any subject whatever, sir."

"But, Senator, this is a public matter. The public is intensely interested in the appropriations. Will the bill pass the Senate without amendment?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Are you in favor of the bill, or are you opposed to it, Senator?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"The opposition to the bill is chiefly among the Democrats, is it not?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"What is the total amount of the appropriation asked for?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Well, certainly you are in favor of the improvement suggested at the mouth of the Mississippi?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Is this virtually the same bill that has been up in Congress several times before?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Can't I induce you to say something about the bill, Senator? Something, however little it may be?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Well, will you talk about some other public matter now before the Senate — anything?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Will you say something about the Senate itself?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Pardon me, Senator, but do you mean to tell me that you know nothing about the Senate?"

"I decline to be interviewed, sir. I know nothing about these matters."

"You have been quoted as opposed to the Ship-subsidy bill,— is it true that you are opposed to it?"

The Senator straightened himself until he was at least an inch taller, and then, with anger in his eyes, but in a voice that was as calm as ever, he said:—

"I have been subjected to this questioning long enough, sir. I will not be interviewed. You must excuse me. Please take your departure."

"But the Subsidy bill! Are you opposed to it?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"One more question, Senator, only one more, and I will go."

The Senator permitted his chin whiskers to touch his shirt bosom in something that resembled a haughty bow, evidently relieved that there was only one more question, and the next instant it was fired at him like a shot out of a gun.

"Is there anything, Senator, connected with the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Administration, or the public affairs of the nation that you do know something about?"

Only the Senator's unassailable dignity saved him from an explosion; but he prided himself upon never manifesting annoyance toward any person whom he considered an inferior, and although there was an angry glitter in his eyes, he replied as urbanely as before, and with another short nod of his head: —

"Nothing, sir."

Billy gave him one parting shot as he passed through the door which the negro had already opened and closed suggestively several times.

"Thank you, Senator," he said, genially. "You have given me a delightful interview. I hope you will take the trouble to read the "Mail" to-morrow. You have taught me one thing: A great man must know how to look wise, even if he is densely ignorant concerning public affairs."

When Billy reported back at the office, the city editor greeted him with a smile.

"Well, did you see him?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Billy.

"Get anything?"

"You bet! Just wait till I write it. Can I have two columns?"

"Two? You can have a dozen if you got an interview with Senator Conkling."

"Well, I had an interview, and a long one, and I can write it, too."

Billy went to his desk, and two hours later when he turned in his copy, the city editor was all expectancy. He began to read, at first with surprise, then with interest, and then with undisguised merriment. Presently he called others to his desk, and they all laughed together over Billy's copy; and it was sent to the composing room almost word for word as Billy wrote it. When the "Mail" appeared on the street, it contained nearly three columns about the great senior senator from New York, who, while posing as the oracle of his country and as the leader in



the Senate, confessed that he was absolutely ignorant of the business before that august body. The article was intensely humorous and intensely real, and it was reprinted and quoted in hundreds of papers, from ocean to ocean. There are many who read this who will remember it. Years afterward, after he had retired from politics forever, as it proved, Mr. Conkling admitted to the writer of this article that he had never read in any newspaper, an article concerning himself that stung him so sharply as that one did.

The point is this: Billy proved himself a good reporter; one who was equal to an emergency, and who could make the most out of an interview, no matter what the subject discussed might be, for the article he wrote was intensely more interesting than anything that the senator might have said about the River and Harbor bill could have been; and Billy did get a raise in his salary. A young man who would be a successful reporter, must be *sui generis*, ubiquitous, and quietly determined in whatever he undertakes. If he possesses sensitive feelings that are inclined to be hurt, he must leave them in his room when he goes to the office, for they form no part nor parcel of his business. Urbane, polite, insistent, determined, always, there is only one goal for him to attain, and that is to get what he is sent to get, no matter what it is, or where it is.

#### THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

THERE is a Mecca toward which the eyes of every young reporter turn longingly, and that Mecca is Washington. He believes that if some day he can become the Washington correspondent for his paper, the height of his ambition will have been attained: and indeed, there is much to be said in favor of that laudable ambition on his part. The Washington correspondent belongs to a class of reporters that is distinct from all other classes. He must know the value of news and he must be sufficiently familiar with the inner workings of the paper he represents to know about how much space a certain bit of news is worth. He must be, in a sense, an editor. He has a bureau in his charge, and often a staff of two or more reporters under him. He must know when to spend money for his paper in order to accomplish results, and when the time comes to spend it, he must have the courage of his convictions, and must not be parsimonious. It is better to spend a thousand dollars and win your point than to save five hundred dollars and come in second best. Always, he must have it in mind that it is his first duty to get ahead of every other correspondent at the capital, upon every possible occasion. He must possess the personal acquaintance and be on more or less familiar terms with the heads of departments, from the highest and most important down to the most insignificant,—and it is often in one

of the latter places that a correspondent gets upon the track of news that will give him the greatest "beat" of his life.

It is true that many of the great news "beats" come to a reporter by accident, but there is method even in the accident, for the recipient has taught himself to be around where "accidents" are likely to happen. He must manage to be friendly with the private secretary to the President, and he should have more than a mere speaking acquaintance with the members of the cabinet. He should cultivate assiduously the friendship of several members of Congress who are on the committees which are most likely to afford him the news he wants throughout the session, and he can always manage to win the good will of a western senator by saying something pleasant about him in his paper when it is least expected. Last, and most important of all, he must manage, through the friends he makes in departments and elsewhere, to be everywhere at the same time. There are methods of accomplishing this paradoxical condition, and of doing it unostentatiously; for the moment his "connections" are known to the other correspondents, much of its value is lost. Also, he should cultivate the representatives of two or three papers of cities other than his own, so that they may conspire with him to exchange important news, and if there is a "beat," one paper of each of these cities may have it, to the undoing of the others.

Frequently every correspondent in the city of Washington is on the *qui vive* awaiting the happening of some expected event that is sure to take place. Each is anxious that his own paper shall be first to announce the event when it happens, and all sorts of tricks and designs are resorted to in order to accomplish that result. Many may remember the time when James G. Blaine hung between life and death, and yet lived on from day to day. There was not a representative of a New York newspaper in Washington at that time who had not personally resolved that his own paper should be the first on the street to announce the dissolution of the great man when it took place. Lafayette Square, opposite the mansion where the Blaine family resided,—the same, by the way, before which General Sickles shot Philip Barton Key, many years ago,—was lined with cabs hired by the day, and each carriage contained a correspondent, or someone to represent a correspondent, awaiting the announcement of Mr. Blaine's death. Day and night those carriages stood there, always occupied by alert, energetic reporters who were prepared instantly to give the word to dash to the telegraph office with the all-important news. To illustrate how the "accident" of getting news will sometimes happen, this is how the news of the great secretary's demise first reached New York:

There was one correspondent who represented a New York paper that declined to go to the expense of hiring a carriage by the day;





he was also without a staff to assist him. He had, however, during the ten weary days that had passed in unceasing watching, called at the house several times, and had, each time, encountered the same maid, so that she had learned to know him. When the crucial moment came, this correspondent, having heard an hour earlier that the secretary was

better, had walked to the Arlington hotel for a bit of refreshment, and was returning, with the intention of going to the Press Club for a little rest. His route took him by the Blaine mansion, and as he was in the act of passing, the front door opened, and the maid to whom he had spoken several times before, came out on the steps and looked up and down the street. The correspondent turned and ran up the steps hastily, in view of all the cabs and their occupants across the street.

"How is Mr. Blaine?" he asked of the maid, in a low tone.

"He died ten minutes ago," was the startling announcement.

"You must not tell that I told you. The family do not want it known for an hour or two."

"Thank you," replied the correspondent. "I will not mention it in Washington."

He walked slowly down the steps, paused at the bottom to light a cigar, and then walked slowly, and apparently dejectedly, onward in the direction of the telegraph office, while the occupants of the several cabs who had seen him when he spoke to the maid, and who had thrust their heads out of their cab windows to observe if anything had happened, drew them in again and did not even take the trouble to inquire what the maid had said. Everything that had been said for ten days had been the same, and not one of them could imagine anything new.

The correspondent did not quicken his pace all the way to the telegraph office. He even wrote his wire leisurely, filed it, and walked out. The sigh of relief that he breathed then was deep and fervent. At the club, he whispered the information to a St. Louis man, to a correspondent from Cincinnati and to one from New Orleans. They filed their messages as leisurely as he had done, and then they all went out together. An hour later there was a cab race down the street toward the telegraph office,—for nothing. The news was on the press of one paper in New York, before the correspondents of the other papers of the metropolis had filed it in Washington. That was a news "accident," but it was also the result of not permitting an opportunity, however trivial, to escape.

#### THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE "Special Correspondent" is another genus of the same general family. Invariably, he is a graduate of almost every reportorial depart-

ment of a newspaper. There is nothing, there should be nothing, connected with writing for a newspaper, in which he has not had experience, and through it all, he has proved himself to be a man of ability, and above all, a good writer who knows what to say and how to say it. The "special" has at some time in his career been a Washington correspondent, and generally, he has had, while there, a *penchant* for foreign news, so that he has hobnobbed with secretaries of the legations. Frequently, he converses freely in two or three languages, and he goes in for the "dress-suit end of things." From Washington, he is more than likely to graduate to London or Paris, to represent his paper there, and if some little thing happens during his incumbency, for instance, like our recent war with Spain, he is ordered to leave his bureau in charge of one of his staff and to go at once to Madrid to see Minister Woodford, etc., etc. From that moment he is a "special." Like the caged tiger, once having known the taste of blood, nothing else will satisfy him, and he settles down no more to the humdrum life of an ordinary correspondent.

He has talked with princes and dukes; he has interviewed prime ministers of different courts, and he resents the imputation that he is any longer a reporter, in any sense of the word. He is more autocratic than the managing editor, more unapproachable than any of the great men he interviews; and in fact, he is really a great man. If a war breaks out in Afghanistan, he is sent to the front as a war correspondent, and he sends by cable what he can and writes long letters covering the particulars that he cannot transmit by wire. He becomes familiar with generals and staff officers, and he is the most independent man in either army, since he is not subject to orders from anybody, so long as he does not transcend the general orders under which they all live.

As the representative of his newspaper in this capacity, he has almost unlimited power of expenditure to obtain given results. He can hire special trains at will, charter steamboats and tugs, or engage the services of a telegraph operator and hold him just as long as he can keep his copy going. It is related of the great war correspondent of the "London Times," when reporting the Franco-Prussian war, that on one occasion he held one wire during an entire day, filling in the breaks in his news with such irrelevant matter as "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and all that at six or eight cents a word. The other correspondents kicked their heels vainly against the wainscoting while they waited to get the wire; but the fortunate man grimly held it





and his paper got the news of the battle far in advance of every other paper in the world, for that was the only telegraph office near the scene of conflict.

There have been very few, and there are now fewer, great special, or war, correspondents. There have been many who have appeared, meteor-like, for a time, and then disappeared; there is only now and then one who is really great in his profession, and he must perforce be especially adapted to the work. He must have graduated through all the ramifications of his career, and have been found especially proficient in each.

#### THE WOMAN REPORTER

THERE is one branch of reporting of which mention should be made, and that is, the reportorial work that is performed by women. Not many years have passed since woman was unknown in journalism, but the work she has done in the last few years in that line deserves attention. She was taken first into the newspaper world in connection with the "Woman's Page," which was supposed to be devoted exclusively to the interests of women. But the newspaper speedily discovered that the things that interest women were not sufficiently distinct from general news to warrant setting aside a page for their especial attention. However, the woman reporter who came in with the Woman's Page, remained after the page was relegated to the past; and in many instances she has proved herself a more versatile and ubiquitous gatherer of news than her male competitor. Wherever she is employed in that capacity now, it is not because she is a woman, but because she is a good reporter, and because, like the political reporter referred to, she has a field which nobody can take from her. Her work must stand on its own merits, and she is regarded just as much a part of the general machinery of a paper, as is the best paid reporter on the journal. There is no one who can compete with her in reporting fashions and social functions. The man has never been born who could describe feminine costumes to the satisfaction of feminine readers; a woman always can do so. She sees an infinite variety of things that the eyes of a man would never discover; she gathers, intuitively, gossip and spicy matter which a man would never notice, and which insures to the paper she represents a circulation that otherwise it never would have.

The woman reporter has reached the place she now occupies only after many and varied experiences. When she first came before the public it was to write such features as "Through a Woman's Eyes," "The Woman about Town," and similar work of a personal nature representing the woman's point of view. The editor was anxious to know just how things looked to a woman, and she brought such a graphic and versatile pen to the work, that her field at once enlarged and there was

scarcely anything that was beyond her ability. For a time she was the bright particular star in the newspaper office. She was sent to interview prize fighters and report prize fights. She was sent around the world in eighty days, on an assignment, and she did slum work and sweat-shop work; she did all sorts of detective work; she exposed all sorts of wrongs in prisons, asylums, and almshouses; she taught in Sunday Schools, in the Chinese missions; she went up in balloons, she slid down fire escapes; almost anything that was novel and unusual for a woman, she was asked to do.

Women made a great deal of money at that time, and they might have made a great deal more had they possessed sufficient foresight, for the era was to be a short one. Like all other things, the woman in journalism became an old story as soon as the sensational field into which she had made her way was exhausted. Later came the war, and as peace is more in a woman's line of writing than is war, she found herself crowded out. During the height of her popularity the newspaper woman had looked down upon the society reporter, the fashion writer, and the woman who was authority on complexions and hair renewers. The women who were smart enough to cultivate a specialty are now the only ones in the field, with the exception of a very few who belong to the regular reportorial staff, for the reason that they do the same kind of work that the men do, and perhaps have *entrée* to some particular field. The work they do is taxing in the extreme.

There is also the woman writer who has made a reputation in the book field—a poet, perhaps, or a literary light whose name attracts the reader, or rather attracts the editor. She is having her day at present. The newspaper woman who did her work so well a few years ago is, as a rule, now employed on the magazines. Her training in the newspaper world is of value to the magazine, and even if she is not employed regularly, by keeping her eyes open and familiarizing herself with the quality of matter used in the various magazines, she makes a fairly good living as a “free lance.” The field of fiction is open to every one, and for the good short-story writer there is always an income. When she has reached this reservation there is a certain sparkle in life which is the result of successful effort, the reward of achievement. She is then a graduate of the school of journalism, and she is in the way to do great things some day. She has reached a standard where she receives pay for the quality instead of the quantity of her work, and now and then she receives orders by mail, and checks come by the same mail, and the days are crowded with work which she may do at her own sweet will, or she may “work like a beaver”—as she usually does. So long as the achievement is greater than the effort she is on the high road to development. There is no woman in all New York who enjoys life more than this



"free-lance" writer. But she has reached this plane by passing through much tribulation. The road leading to it is by no means a rose-strewn path.

### THE STEPPING-STONE

A REPORTORIAL career cannot be said to be of any value as a profession, for at the best it is the most uncertain and thankless calling to which a young man can aspire. Viewed from the standpoint of being a stepping-stone to something better, its value cannot be overestimated, for there is no occupation in the world where a young man can acquire such a vast fund of general knowledge as through his daily search for news, and in his daily lesson of its application. One may look over the field of journalism generally, and find that the great journalists who have been in their day great reporters are very rare. In fact, it may be said that not one of them really becomes great unless he manages to obtain an interest in a paper and so controls its policy and politics. Charles A. Dana was assistant secretary of war; Horace Greecley ran for President; George Jones refused a million dollars in cash to suppress the *exposé* of the Tweed ring; and James Gordon Bennett created the greatest newspaper the world has ever known. Other great reporters of the past, whose names might be mentioned here, have become special writers, or have given up the calling entirely, and are now teaching journalism to others.

The reporter's career, is more than likely to lead to something that will prove to be his life's work, whether it be in politics, diplomacy, or general business. He makes acquaintances, while he is a reporter, that he could make in no other way; he makes friends of men of affairs who will be of inestimable benefit to him when that other occupation does come. It will teach the boy to be a man more quickly than anything else could; it will imbue him with a degree of self-reliance that is not to be found elsewhere; it will sharpen his wits, give him self-possession, alertness, penetration, and above all, a quality of courage to face the world, without which no young man can achieve success.

Walk through any one of the newspaper offices of New York shortly before midnight, when the members of the staff are at their desks, and count among the scores of heads bent over the rapidly-growing copy, the gray crowns that you can see. If you find one out of every score you will make a discovery. Even the editors are young. Where, then, are the men who sat at those desks two, three, five, ten years ago?

They are no longer newspaper men. You will find them in the Assembly Chamber at Albany; you will find them in the House of Representatives at Washington; you will find them in the Consular service across the seas; you will find them in the advertising departments of the

great stores; you will find them in charge of literary bureaus for railroads; you will find them in the editorial chairs of magazines; you will find them in the theatrical profession, acting as advance agents; you will find them anywhere and everywhere except occupying a chair at one of the editorial desks in the office where they began their career. But all that experience has been a necessary part of their development. Because a young student teaches school for a time, it does not follow that he expects to remain a school-teacher throughout his life.

Active, outdoor newspaper work, such as that of the city reporter, has a strong fascination. The general utility man, whose work is not confined to certain specific lines, is liable to be sent anywhere, on any mission, at a moment's notice. It may be a conflagration, a great disaster, a murder or other crime, that he is commissioned to "write up." Often the greatest haste is necessary—to beat rival newspapers or to avoid being beaten by them—and a general reporter makes himself valuable to his employer in proportion as he can gather facts quickly and intelligently and put his "story" into good, smooth, readable shape with rapidity and correctness. A piece of work of this kind well done always brings to the reporter a genuine satisfaction, and rarely fails to elicit the commendation of others. The reporter who would succeed must not shirk hard work. At times the strain will be severe, for many hours together, but employers are usually considerate and give the faithful servant an opportunity to rest after the stress has passed.

There can be no education for the work of reporting. There is only one place to acquire it, and that is in the city department, under the basilisk eye of the potentate who sits at the desk and chills you with his freezing glance; and under the hatchet of the copy reader who "edits your story with an ax," and who "kills" the very part of it you thought the best. But there the young man will find an education that he will never forget, and one that he will delight to talk about years afterward—when he is a member of Congress, or minister to the Court of St. James.



## SUGGESTIONS AS TO HABITS OF READING

TO SPEAK of the habit of reading is to speak at first personally. The world of books lies outside of us. It encircles us. It invites us. It is ours to approach at will, to enter and to deal with as we please. It is a world of beauty, of strength, and power, but as we enter, it is well to see that the quiet figure of *Reason* goes before. For we begin not simply with this world of books, but in a more complex way, with our own minds and with our own especial habit of mind. And here it would seem that we should be very much at home, for whatever books may be in their own sphere and in their own character, our habit of reading them is our own, and in the region of our own minds it would appear that any process so intimate and so oft repeated as to have become a habit must be entirely familiar to us. But the wise saying "Know thyself," has its value to-day as ever. If we inquire with sincerity into our habit of reading, are we not almost sure at the outset that, as we turn from the world of books without to the world of habit within, we shall discover, first, that we are almost wholly ignorant as to what our habit of reading is; and second, that this habit, whatever it may be, when brought into the light, will fall far below our own ideal of what it should be?

There is a Persian saying, "A wise man knows an ignorant one, because he himself has been ignorant; but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise, because he never has been wise." When we realize our ignorance we are inclined to seek wisdom; and in this question of habit of reading, we come face to face with our need whatever it may be, and at the same time, become conscious that we can train this habit into a power that in the end will lead us.

In the world of to-day, books have become as daily bread, and they offer themselves as the one great and principal means both for the growth of what we call knowledge, and for the production of that higher and more delicate grace of mind that is known as culture. As flowers respond to the tendance of the skilful gardener, so our own powers of thought, our perceptions and consciousness of beauty, arise and blossom within us, beneath the stimulus and vivifying influence of books.

Professor Atkinson says:—

"Who can over-estimate the value of good books, those ships of thought, as Bacon so finely calls them, voyaging through the sea of time, and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation? Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of lifetimes of patient thought, imaginations open to the beauty of the universe."

When we realize what place books occupy in the world, we most fully appreciate the need of rational habits in regard to our relation to them. The gracious influence of these silent ones has come down through the years, molding the different ages of man. Take books from the make-up of the world and we have lost the mental and moral compass of time. Realize, therefore, first and for all time, the greatness of books, and give diligent training to the mind you bring to them.

As books multiply and come pouring out of the press, and as most people desire to read something during a part of every day, it is plainly a duty that the reading faculty should be trained with judgment in order to fully utilize its rights and privileges. As the powers of nature react to destroy, in accordance with ignorant use, so habits of reading react upon human intelligence, reducing it to low conditions by the reading of unworthy writings, overstraining its power by too heavy and urgent demand, or scattering its force by turning in too many directions. "Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body." Just as the body is stimulated and kept in strong physical condition by exercise, so the brain cells are stimulated and energized by regular thought exercise. It is a well-known scientific fact that when brain cells do not perform their natural duty, they fall into negative conditions, and in the end are incapable of answering a sudden call to activity. A very small amount of brain exercise is necessary, but if it is given daily, the thought currents can go on independently, and in the end you have strength instead of weakness.

This is a power to be understood, a force to be perceived, in order that it may be disciplined and controlled. There was a time when men were not called upon to think of these things. History tells us of the days when reading was an art unknown to the people; when book-making was a slow, laborious process, done by the pens and hands of a few who knew the craft of copying letter by letter, and putting the precious manuscript into its single binding—a whole edition in one, representing time, knowledge, care, and skill; the training of eye, mind, and hand; a work done for the love of doing and having, a work to pass slowly from hand to hand among the very few who could read it. What were they doing, those early bookmakers? They were finding a way to preserve and to give to their limited clientele the knowledge of some other human mind; finding the way to catch the elusive thought and to preserve it for future generations. And this is what, in the most apposite fashion, is being done among us here to-day.

Underneath all printed words lie the thoughts of men. Every line we read leads back to some human brain for its origin. It is an offering of thought to thought. John Milton said, in a way the world may not forget:—



"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that Soul whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous Dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men."

Francis Bacon said:—

"The images of men's wits and knowledge remain in books exempted from the worry of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still and cast their seed in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages."

And therefore it is that choice is vital to us. Thought is of every quality. It touches every subject. It is produced and printed for every possible end, and in justice to our own intelligence, whatever portion of the thought of others we accept for our own use should be taken knowingly—with conscious, deliberate intention.

For these reasons have wise minds emphasized the needs of well-ordered habits in relation to the reading of books. They set before us first the idea of what we are to do in the book world, and what use we shall make of its riches. The starting point is personal. It is a most interior requirement. It is the pursuit of culture. It is examination, guidance, training, and self-control. "Whatever the world of books may contain, we are to set sail with our own thoughts, for that land of divine truth which ever awaits those who have the seeing eye and the hearing ear." There are three great divisions of this subject, three clear and separate points that make it easy for us to set out along our way.

First, ourselves; our own intelligence, the mind within us. Next, the books themselves, the reading matter of the world—for what is true in regard to the principles of habit in one place and in one language, is true also in others—and finally, the putting together of these two, the mind and the book. This third and last step is the reading. It is the process which, by our own habit of choice and through the methods we pursue, reveals the temper, the action, and condition, trained or untrained, of our minds, and shows the influence that other minds exert upon our own, and makes definite the purposes for which we read.

The first question for us then is, not our own taste, our own thoughtless wishes in relation to ourselves. It is the question of what lies within us as an endowment of mental power, and how, by reading, we can increase that power and use it to serve our best desires and to further our progress in life. This is then the question involved in our habit of reading. Here each one sits at home in his own mental kingdom. The

literature of many languages await his choice. If, of ourselves, we do not know how to read wisely or well, is there to be found any principle of order and method in reading that we can keep in mind and follow as we go? By a principle we mean some line of absolute truth and right that belongs naturally to a subject, and that being known, enables us to understand how to carry out an action or a process.

Principles do not change. They are of equal value at all times, in all places, and under all conditions. To know these things is to know how to think and act in relation to them. Emerson says, "The value of a principle is that it explains so many things." We might add, to what variety of action does one's knowledge of principle enable us to attain.

The first thing is to understand the principles by which any subject is to be explained, for having these we can interpret what we see and can work out the solution of problems for ourselves. For we are independent only when we have knowledge of the law and are willing to work by it. In the world of nature, the principles of science, once discovered and made clear, have been readily accepted and acted upon. By this means, the mechanical progress of the world is achieved. In the world of conduct and mental action, principles are not so readily seen. The study of literature is not an exact science. It offers to the individual no absolute and steadfast rules by which to educate and control the mighty force of his own power of thought. Here each must to some extent feel his own way, must consult his own desires, make his own mistakes, and learn his own lessons as to his needs and how to meet them. It is, however, because of this personal independence that the suggestions of general principles in reading have great value.

## PRINCIPLES OF READING

### THE LOVE OF BOOKS

FIRST of all among words of guidance come the praise of books, and the love of reading them as a chief means of mental growth.

"You only, O books, are liberal and independent. You give to all who ask . . . you are golden urns in which manna is laid up. The four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered; fruitful olives, vines of Engedi, fig trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand, The library of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whoever, therefore, acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a Lover of Books."



This was written in Latin, in 1344, but is equally true to-day. To be by nature really fond of reading, to feel joy at the sight of a book, to be eager to hold it in your hands and hopeful as to its value, and to be able at all times to find comradeship, consolation, and delight in the books that one may learn to know and to gather about one—this cast of mind has always been regarded by those who have possessed it, as a mental characteristic for which to be devoutly thankful. Fenelon said:—

“If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all.”

In earlier times, to own books and to read them continuously was in a sense a new-born joy in the world. It was the satisfying of a long-felt need and craving. It was the opening of wide opportunities for knowledge and mental culture, and as books were collected, and read and re-read, they became even more than living masters, powerful to influence and instruct their readers. The love of reading led men to practise all possible economies so that they might own books. Even so late as 1820, Charles Lamb in “Elia’s Essay upon Old China,” gives a tender picture of this love of reading overbalancing all other pleasures.

“Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher which you dragged home late at night. . . . Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase? Was there no pleasure in being a poor man?”

In these things we see the habit of reading based upon an intense and natural love of books. It was a simple and sincere love of reading in itself, and beyond that it was delight in the knowledge, that gave to those who read with such rejoicing, the impulse to become authors themselves. In our own day the market value of a book is reduced to the least that has ever been known. Still, the profusion of books has not destroyed the love of reading. Still is it born in many ardent minds; and apart from those who give their lives to books, in these days of general education, the love of reading is almost universal. It is at least fair to suppose that all who have any interest in the question of habits of reading have at heart some love of books. The first question should be as to what books one does love. We should begin with what we enjoy, and should take our most positive inclination as the foundation of what we propose to read.

The use of reading is to develop character. It is to inform, and to arouse our own thoughts and ideas, and to touch the springs of action, so that in consequence of reading we shall better understand life, and be able to fill more perfectly our own places by using the power that was born

with us. Our reading should be a training in speech, in manners, in understanding of others — a drawing nearer to the center of all beauty.

The peril that besets the reader who confines himself to fiction, is a certain weakening of personal character. If the reader finds it hard to return to life as it is about him; if he is restless and irritable; if he is absent-minded, and out of heart with daily duty; if his ideas of right behavior have been lowered by the company he has been with, then his use of books is plainly not a stimulus to higher living, but a dissipation, a waste of energy, a weakening of his own mind, and through this weakness, an injury to other people. Then it is that the habit of reading needs reforming. Then it is time that the reader should give up his fancy and, for his mind's sake, should endeavor to choose and to love something else in the rich kingdom of books; something with the strong note in it, that he can put gratefully into the midst of his life.

#### THE HABIT OF CHOICE

IN THESE modern times, through the multitude of books that have piled up on the book-shelf of time, and that to-day come feverishly from publisher to public, a peculiar temptation assails the reader, and this is the sense of interest in many different subjects and the undertone of desire to know all things that concern humanity. This idea of universal knowledge is natural and attractive, but it is an effort to attain the impossible.

All departments of life, science, mechanical arts, sport, physical health, philosophy, creeds and religion, the drama and fine arts, music, painting, sculpture, romance, and poetry, all of these have libraries of their own, while twice a day, the newspaper with tremendous force beats like a great pulse at the heart of the world. Nothing happens that we are not told. All things that do happen affect our lives more or less, and in them all even the average reader takes a passing interest as he hears them alluded to by others. Yet to pay heed to all things is increasingly impossible, for, in accordance with the pressure of events and conditions, our own life hastens its pace, and an hour of leisure for reading becomes in itself a brief and precious thing. How shall we use it? Why should we not seek to know all that we can? Why should we not read for "information" merely; and why should not "the more, the better" be the rule to guide us? This is the temptation. The habit of choice saves us.

In general, we choose our employment for the return that it will bring. We may stand and watch a crowd as it leads our vision on from point to point, and this is very well for entertainment; but if it becomes our habit — if we are onlookers merely — what is our own gain when it is counted? What of our own faculties if we are simply surveyors of



what others are doing, and have no place or time for labors of our own, and what return have we, if we give nothing? It may seem that we are growing wise, that having seen all, we must know all. But this is a shallow notion. As a first principle, if we are to expect a return that we can rejoice over, there must be an investment of our own, and in this investment, selection is our safeguard, for reading means the use of power and the use of time.

In regard to this interest in all that comes and goes, Frederic Harrison says: —

“Are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining.

“Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts, is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent veracity for desultory “information”—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils, I prefer the former. At least in that case the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature. But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented—a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the books we are to read; in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless.

“The longest life, the greatest industry, joined to the most powerful memory would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and utterly of no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of.”

The first duty then is to understand ourselves, to protect ourselves from the happening of the moment, to measure our own ideals, to com-

prehend our needs, and to see what reading can best satisfy them. Our needs are points of growth. They make themselves known, these importunate voices, crying for that which shall sustain them. These needs are sometimes a demand for absolute practical knowledge; sometimes an appeal for entertainment; sometimes a thirst for beauty that lies in literature of fine and delicate order, especially in poetry. And all of these voices should be listened to and answered, for they are natural and good. But one's own choice should be as deliberate as possible. It is not enough to pacify the cry within until the moment of urgency has passed. Careful reading is that which helps us to steady ourselves, and to express ourselves.

“Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything, too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is by thinking about what we read that we personally profit. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.”

In the leisure hour, amid the companionship of books, half-animate thoughts may spring into being and startle us with their strength and beauty. At such a critical moment there should be no overcrowding from the mere desire to know. Congreve said: “Read and take your nourishment in at your eyes. Shut up your mouth and chew the cud of understanding.”

“But,” you say, “in this study of habit, how can I know my own needs, and how meet them until I find them out by reading?”

It is here that advice and help come to the reader from others. The choice of books has been considered from many points of view, and many guides are to be found that are an aid to first selection. But as a preface to reading, we should understand that as we go, over and above whatever we do, or rather beneath all, as a foundation, should stand the determination to be true to our own ideas of what we are, of what we want to be, and of what service books can be to us in the pursuit of this ideal. We must cherish our individuality, and though we go into the library with a guide to help us, it may prove to be quite as much our duty to do without such help and to insist upon choosing for ourselves. For, as a part of this habit of choice, we have to realize that we are free. The books are ours, all of them, and the use we make of them is the building of our own fortune. To follow a rule blindly is, in reading, to deny our own character and power of thought.

As to the library, it is the reader's Mecca. Emerson says:—

“Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in



a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. We owe to books those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us who will not let us sleep. Then they address the imagination. They become the organic culture of the time. . . .

"In a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends, but they are imprisoned by an enchanter in these paper and leathern boxes; and though they know us, and have been waiting two, ten, or twenty centuries for us, — some of them, — and are eager to give us a sign and unbosom themselves, it is a law of their limbo that they must not speak until spoken to.

"The atmosphere of a library is its own, and there is hardly an environment that man shapes for himself that holds refinements so uplifting and so noble. The simple rules,—"Speak low," "Walk softly," "Do not mutilate the books,"—that bring out the scorn of the careless visitor, have deep influence in the end and create and keep inviolate the spirit of the place. — Alas! that a stern law does not demand these sacred temples in all our overcrowded districts. There is a quotation from one Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland: 'I no sooner' (saith he) 'come into the library, but I bolt, as it were, the doors, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance, and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness.'"

You cannot gather together a few books without feeling their presence in the room. You cannot give up your mind to a short period of worthy reading without feeling the higher tone that it gives to life.

#### HABIT OF SYSTEMATIC READING

WE HAVE seen that the field of choice in books is boundless and that the first principle of choice is found in the character and tendency of our own minds, and in our ideals and desires as to what result we wish to attain through our reading. This brings us to the idea of reading books in regular courses, and to our own ways of reading them. The course itself, whatever it may be, whether of science, of history, of poetry, or of all these in connection, is to be held quite apart from the habit of mind with which we pursue it. We are still considering this personal requirement.

The books, in their order and arrangement, set before us a system of thoughts that in one way or another are related. They may be the authors of a given period of time, or the history, the religion, the learning and art of that period; or they may be a series of volumes relating to one subject. In any case, they are in an order of their own, and there is no danger of

their departing from it. But our own habits are not so manageable. If they are to be systematized *they must be held to serve some one intention* that shall go on persistently, in spite of delay or in spite of the opposition of circumstances.

If we can keep clearly in mind that we want to know some one thing, and can read comprehensively and continuously to gain what we do want, there will be no lack of system, no matter how we read. To many people who desire to read and through reading to gain the advantage of such training, the leisure hour never seems to come; but the old saying "No man is too busy to read Shakespeare" is but a universal way of saying there is time to read in the midst of the busiest life.

First, have your book ready and by a magnetism of its own, it will draw unto itself the peaceful moment. And this will serve us well, for in systematic reading, it is neither place nor time that needs to be so regular. It is the *habit of thought* that accustoms us to be always ready, at any moment's notice, to begin with the author or with the subject that we are reading, and make the precious moment of utmost avail. Such reading may be broken as to amount and time, but it is only in these regards that it is fragmentary. The principle of being systematic relates to one's regulated mentality, and if the reader understands this and clears his thought as he goes on, his reading, however interrupted, can never be disorderly, but will result in some degree of intelligence and culture.

#### HABITS OF CLEAR THOUGHT

To CLEAR the thought means to look back from a little distance of time at what one has read, and to gather out of it just the few salient points that we wish to keep as helps to our own progress. It is learning how to see what we do want, and how to drop into oblivion what we do not need to retain. To do this, we bear steadily in mind the end we are pursuing, and while we may follow an author into many byways, pleasant and good, we must continually get back to the highway that leads in the most direct manner, to the point we have in view. To quote Frederic Harrison again:—

"It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject."

This is especially necessary in any historic study. Subjects are very large. An author may write pages that are of excellent value as statements of fact but of no real use to us at the moment. So we clear our mental vision, and by its light discover that in reality we are using our minds in several different ways at once. We are at will remembering what we wish to keep, we are forgetting things that we do not need, we are reviewing and balancing the values of what we have read. And



we see that this power and habit of selection grows out of a certain process that has become natural to us and which we keep constantly repeating, — the process of comparison.

#### HABIT OF COMPARISON

As we read a book we form an estimate of it, of its vitality — its power for use and beauty. It takes on a character of its own and becomes of especial value to us, or perhaps is of no value at all. In reaching this judgment we see that the action of our mind is from the book back to personal thought and criticism. We compare one thing with another that bears upon the same subject, we compare each thing we read with the idea, the half-defined fancy or the desire within us, and finally, by taking these steps, we reach the point of decision and judgment.

This comparative faculty is constantly at work within us, no matter what we are doing. Even the housekeeper's "pinch of salt" is a quantity to be chosen regardfully. General taste sets a standard, and there must be neither too much nor too little. So judgment plays its constant part, from homeliest detail to the height of reason and of art. To the student of books, no greater help can come than through cultivation of this natural habit of comparison. Born within us, it needs only to be recognized and relied upon to become a rapid and powerful means of enlightenment as to our own real opinions.

All the fine qualities that go to make up criticism, perception, selection, discrimination — all the qualities that go to make a good and wise reader — are powers that lie dormant within us. Reading of the right kind develops them; well-ordered reading, reading after right principles. Here we have ancient instruction. Confucius said, "He who merely knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them." Under the leadership of right principles in reading we do honor to ourselves and to the book. Said Thomas à Kempis:—

"If thou wilt receive profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faith, and seek not at any time the fame of being learned."

And, to quote another master, Bacon said:—

"Read not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

Still one must not always be in a judicial state, of mind for in the cap and gown of such severity, we lose the essence of lighter effective thought in literature. It is indeed this gentle, candid, unprejudiced spirit, the love of principle, that as a talisman protects and guides us when with honest purpose we enter the high domain of books; and for all who can so pass its portals, it is the kingdom of delight. Here the author has done his work. He retires and leaves it in your hand.

You read it then, if you read it in the finest way, with regard only for the thought in the book and for the thought in your own mind. You take the book for its individuality and for its value to yourself, having neither that enthusiasm for a person that shall weaken judgment nor that perversity of temper that leads to impatient rejection of a subject as yet unstudied.

Readers frequently abuse writers, but what might not writers justly say of their readers? What poor, dull, indolent, feeble, careless minds do they bring to deal with thoughts whose excellence lies deep. Surely this side of the question should make an impression on the careless mind. We then have a duty to perform as the reader. Already there is established a code of behavior between ourselves and the book. With a little forethought, it is comparatively easy to go through this book-world with an open, alert mind, seeking quick sympathy and understanding with whatever author you meet. This does not mean that valuable time should be given to any book that may chance to come within the range of careless vision; but as we take up any book let it be held at least worthy of criticism. It is not the time you spend with a book, it is the spirit of your approach.

There is also a great deal to be said for the other side of the question, and we must not lose the good that a book, chosen in a listless moment, may bring to us. Sometimes you happen on the most occult medicine in this random reading. In the Bhagavat Gita there are these words, "Thou shouldst strive to raise thyself by thyself. Self is the friend of Self; and Self in like manner, is the enemy of Self." Herein lies the conclusion of this whole idea of habit of reading. With whatever dependence upon others one may begin to read in any definite way, as soon as that way becomes clear he should take to himself the largest liberty and choice. In his reading, he must be his own best friend, and the rules formulated for the best development of that reading should be his own.

Be free as to your ways of work. Pursue your own ends. The important thing is to have an end and the wish to attain it. Read for what you want — for facts, for theories, for language, for ideas. Read as you please — the middle or the end of a book before the beginning if so you please. Read fast or slow. Look into as many authors as you choose. Skim along until you find what you want, or read with rigid exactness if that gives you most satisfaction and help. For in all this, the only essential habit is the certainty that you know what you are reading and what you are reading for. Above all things, be honest with yourself if you would discover what you really enjoy.

As to remembering what is read, much depends upon the interest and attention of the moment, and also upon the habit of reading things



in connection one with another. If the first impression is keen and clear, it is likely to remain; and while with many, memory is an endowment of mind far removed from habit, concentration and absolute unwavering devotion to the subject in hand will bring a reward in our own increase of power.

In the progress of life, while reading relates to industry and study for practical results, it also, by its own character, leads us to the kingdom of the heart, where we read not for labor, but for love alone. Here, reading becomes an art, a gentle art, alluring and consoling. Here, books, when deeply read, become to us as so many pictures of humanity, or as mirrors where we see the past and catch glimpses of the heart of the day in which we live. Here are the works of those who with insight and consummate understanding of human nature have portrayed the heroism, the sympathy, the pity, the wit, the laughter of mankind. All great elements of life are there, each cloaked indeed with its own aspect, from the god to the clown, yet each one ready to drop his disguise and appear in his simplicity and greatness at the recognizing glance of a discerning eye. To this end, then, must all noble habits of reading lead us—to the power of perceiving the best and calling it to us to become our own.

It is a happy world, this realm of literature, whether one is a reader only, or, conscious of creative power, is stirred to become himself a writer. It is a world with its own laws, calling for the response of those who enter. It is the world of royal progress, and here to our refreshment after weary days, our minds, cleared by steadfast following of our best desires, become as sanctuaries into which enter the world's great writers, bearing with them priceless knowledge.

## THE CHOICE OF READING

### LITERATURE AS AN EXPRESSION OF LIFE

IT REQUIRES nothing out of our ordinary experience to teach us that books are a sign of human life, and that our interest in them is a sign of the life that is astir within ourselves. Immortality is manifest in the printed line, and the pulse of the writing beats continually with the spirit that produced it. Reading, then, is a living process. It is the power of some remote hour united to the living hour in which you read. It is a force mighty in its effect and influence upon the characters of those who read; and side by side with living souls, the books of our choice take part in directing our thoughts and, through them, controlling the actions of our lives.

Understanding this, as from our own experience we do, we see what many a writer has told us, that literature is a master key to life. Its office is to interpret and to reveal. Its power is to make significant and clear, things that without this word spoken might have been unseen, unfelt, unthought. It is the outpouring of the heart and soul and mind of humanity. It is the verdict of experience. It is the voice of man calling to his brothers, sure of their reply, and content that the word be spoken. The man himself may not be known to us historically, but books, in themselves, potently reveal the spirit of life. Apart from their respective authors, they have voice, sentiment, character of their own, and they appeal to us as companions and guides.

The friends we make in books go with us through life and form a society, strangely mingled indeed, yet having a harmony of its own. But before this intimacy, and before this enlarging of our world, comes the choice. A few great books, or indeed not so few, every one knows by reputation, or as slight acquaintances; and some are known closely and familiarly, through long continued and devoted reading. But every reader should look over the great plain of literature for himself and not depend upon a mere list of books chosen by some one else. However intelligent such a choice may be, there is the wonder back of it how it was thought out, how arrived at; and so, before any book is taken up by the suggestion of a book list, let the reader turn and look back along that old, old pathway worn by the traversing of many feet, the "perpetual priesthood" of literary men.

In an elementary way, at least, all readers should understand the great fusing of human thought and emotion that has been going on in the world from the early primitive days when men scratched their literature on stones, to the reciters of the Saga; to the wandering tellers of tales, "unweaponed save by their tongues;" to the troubadour through the medieval hush, when the voice of the world was a whisper; down through years ringing with beauty, to the full-blown rose of Elizabethan drama; and to our own day of the brilliant present, when the literature is of quicker breath and "the harpists we were wont to hear" are heeded not amid the excited clamor of modern thought.

It has been finely said by Mr. W. H. Crawshaw:—

"At the bottom of every true conception of literature lies the supreme fact that it is essentially a growth, and that it grows out of human life. True literature, like true art of whatever kind, can never be in any real sense an artificial product. It is rather a spontaneous and passionate utterance of the human soul. Man does not say, 'Go to, let us create literature.' He lives, and literature is one of the manifold results."

When man comes into this world, he finds it ready for him. He finds it a place where everything is at work, the elements of its unity ex-



panding into a diversity unlimited, yet maintaining throughout an order and harmony of relationship and labor that is an exposition of the presence and activity of law. He is not long contented to be a mere looker-on; he is filled with desire to become a worker himself; he seizes upon the wealth of material lying broadcast throughout the world, and by knowledge based upon, and conforming to, the laws that control that material, he becomes a co-worker, one of the weavers of the great and beautiful world-tapestry begun in ages past, of which literature forms so important a part. This idea of literature as an outgrowth from the heart and soul of man, leads the student back from books to the history of humanity itself, for thus we find the beginnings of literature.

### THE HISTORIC BASIS OF LITERATURE

ALL subjects of study have their explanation in themselves. Principles have no dates. They belong not to time, but to life. The key to the production and growth of literature, as a whole, lies in the rise and growth of nations. To comprehend this, look back through the vistas of the ages. In the clear perspective of time we see that from the ancient Asian era to our own day one movement has repeated itself. In each great country, as the early wandering tribes settled therein grew into a strong, united life, and, under one name, became one people — that is as tribes have grown to be nations — each nation has been found possessed of its own literary gift. Each nation developed a certain force in thought and expression, an innate temper and individuality of tone and spirit, that, molded into its own language, has attained the distinctive character that we call national. The steps that each great nation has taken in this progression have resulted in the formation of religion, government, language, and social order; while along the way, as an organic part of each country's growth, has appeared its own characteristic literature.

The Vedic hymn belongs to India. It could belong nowhere else. The works of Milton are a part of England's greatness of life, and in this first large view of the literature of any people, taking it as a whole, we see its nature as a living growth, and also that, in its range from early song to fierce struggles for justice, to calm, philosophical reasoning or to romance, this literature is for each land an expression of the nation's ideal life,— the inner voice of its soul and spirit. It is the outpouring of its hope, its imagination, and its love; the revelation of its struggles with life, and the uprising of its joy.

But this principle of nationality in literature is only the exterior sphere of its life. Within, stand the individuals, the authors whose works we seek, and as we approach them we find that, divided by their

writings, they stand apart in two distinct classes. First in order, generally speaking, come all works of a severe and practical character. Here the authors have been face to face with questions of the day. Their writings relate to government, to history, to law, to religion, to science, and industry. They have a direct purpose and appeal directly to judgment. Among these writings some attain to literary perfection. Oration and political speeches are often famous as models and are read for their masterly force and elegance of diction. Here, although in their use of thought and language these works relate to public affairs, the individual still claims his place. His name is written in the history of his times and remains, as Demosthenes remains with ancient Greece, or as Webster and Lincoln with the life-growth of America.

This class of authors we recognize readily. Their work has been for the state, or for church and state. If we wish to know what they have said, and how they have said it, their books are at hand. To these men of strong intellect and restrained power, we owe an homage we must not forget to pay. But this is but the outer circle of literary life. To find literature proper we must pass inside, to an inner field of growth. And here in the interior province, we meet a class of writers the members of which are moved by far different impulses, and who work to other ends.

This inner plane of work is the world of pure expression. Here awaits us poetry, plays, novels, and essays, together with all the lighter writings which the world might perhaps do without, but which the world would scarcely care to lose. Here are dreams, fancies, poetic visions, all flights of human thought, seeking to pierce the mysteries of life, to look into and to read aright the symbolic face of Nature. Here are all things fleeting and immortal, the airy shafts of words, the pages serious or whimsical, the hour as it circles by with its follies or its depths of feeling, all that the literary spirit, working freely in its own kingdom, produces at its will, from the iridescence of fantastic thought to the pastorals of prose, from the fugitive impression to the haunting word wisely set.

And here comes to the student the question of the choice of books. It is evident that to know something of history, will shed light on the work of individuals. For with all that is alike in human experience, literature gives the unlimited diversity of human expression, and the spirit of each age is both repressed and illuminated by its writers. The student of literature reads often of "the spirit of the age," of "the spirit of the times," as affecting the literary progress of various periods. By this is meant a larger influence than that exerted by the existence of the nation alone. It applies to movements of mind and thought, that, starting from some single point, have been woven in



threads of gold from nation to nation, producing a unity of thought as also of action. This is the breath of the world, the half-understood new note, struck suddenly. For familiar example, consider the rising of Martin Luther against the church of Rome. From man to man ran protest or repudiation, and history shows with what dividing, yet uniting, force, the lines of religious differences were drawn.

At that age of the world this upheaval of thought was possible. The time was ripe "For, in fact, it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. . . . If Luther had been born in the tenth century, he would have effected no Reformation."

And again in a large way, how great was the effect of exploration upon the people of Europe. The changing of the sea from a barrier to a highway; the sudden fabulous wealth of added dominion played a potent part in dreams of those at home, widening their imagination as no other cause could have done. Look to it that you understand these things before you try to follow the life of literature.

Interest in history is often aroused by the reading of a story, or a poem, or by a wise reflection quoted from ancient lore; and whenever this desire to know does awaken, it is well to satisfy it. For one can begin anywhere, here and now, five centuries before Christian Greece, or further east in Asia, where five thousand years ago, great peoples occupied the lands. But begin where we will, here is the chief thing to remember,—that the chain of life is endless. The power of Egypt on the Nile, the rising of monarchies on the Tigris and the Euphrates in Western Asia, the fusing there of many elements of life, the exchange from land to land of arts, industries, and captive people; the religious degradation, the successions of life culminating at Babylon with the rise of the Persians; all of these things were influential in preparing the way for the rise of Greece and Rome in Europe. So from any point in history, we may always look backward and forward. We read for our own interest, and no one lesson that history can teach is so great as the consciousness of the unity of human life that it arouses within us. Broken into many forms, set apart by differences of race, nation, locality, and time, all men have been pursuing one idea,—their own growth and development. All phases of life illustrate this and all have an interior connection, which the student, out of regard for his own mental clearness, should not forget.

History should come first on every list of books. Histories are the columns that uphold the delicate structure of literature. The beginnings of written histories are inscriptions that, with infinite scholarship, have been deciphered from moldering walls. Sargon says :—

"I besieged and took Ashdod. . . . I carried off captive his gods, his wife, his sons, his daughters, and his treasures, all the contents of his palace,

and the inhabitants of his land. I rebuilt again his cities and placed there the people whom I had conquered in the land of the rising sun. I gave them an officer of mine as governor, and treated them like Assyrians."

But the history that interests us, and especially the history that enlightens us as to times when poetry arose with the drama and the other more imaginative writings, begins with the authors of Greece and Rome.

So it is usual for book lists to give the names of Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, and Tacitus, as historians whose works are of especial interest and value to us as a record of early times in Europe. These books, apart from their information, are full of vitality. They are written out of an intense interest in life, and by their force, their naturalness, their incident and reflection, have a charm and an educating power which all readers should know in some degree for themselves.

Coming into later times, Grote's "Greece," Gibbon's "Rome," and Hume's "England," are standard works. To general readers, however, these books are rarely known except through reference and quotation. But for people of limited time, a large class unfortunately, books of history are now produced with care, and if one has access to a book club or to a library, a line of reading can be chosen that will give a rapid outline of the progress of the world, and enable the reader to comprehend enough, both of the spirit of the age and of the life of a nation, to serve as a foundation for the reading of other histories and literature.

In connection with history comes biography and letters. To many, the personal interest is the easiest beginning. Individuals are elements in the larger life. When read for personal interest only, biography has not so educating an influence as when it leads the reader to realize the times in which a man or woman moved. But the choice is open to all and, it is wide. In every department of life, some biography may be chosen, and with each, from St. Augustine to Franklin, one may enter an especial world and feel the throb of its interests and its joy.

In this class of literature, which includes autobiographies, journals, memoirs, and letters, there is the tremulous human note:—

"Every sensitive person is aware of mental atmosphere surrounding persons and places, just as the perfume emanates from and surrounds a rose. Wherever man has lived and thought, these atmospheres have been left behind him."

In book lists or in any library, biographies are classed under careful headings and can easily be selected. In a course of reading, a series of lives suggest the contrast of times, manners, and language in various countries; and a judicious personal selection from these may well be made to serve as an introduction to history.



## INNER WORLD OF LITERATURE

As we turn from history to enter the inner world of literature we come to what has been termed the pleasure ground of humanity. As its sunny fields open before us, our desires lead the way. We are free, we are no longer under severe guidance. We are not responsible except to ourselves. Here, in waiting, and as yet in disguise, stand those who upon acquaintance may become our friends. Our task is to discover our own likings and to find out ourselves. With what thought shall we enter this kingdom of the imagination?

A little searching shows how many a voice answers; a little wisdom shows the value of the "Choicely good." This company is made up of two sorts of people, authors and readers. They come to give and to take; their exchange is thought for thought, and joy is the heritage of both. The author seeks in creation his pleasure, his purpose, his life. For his own joy he makes his book. "Man creates because he has an instinct for action. The spirit within him is a restless spirit and will not be content in idleness." Independent in his labor, he chooses his men and women, the time in which they shall live, the setting for their passing.

At his command his people live or die, and under his control, they speak and act in revelation of the spirit within them. For books are the creation of human thought; when the thought from which they spring is vital and strong, and the language in which they are given to the world is worthy, their life is enduring. To quote De Quincey — himself a master of stately prose that will live: —

"At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equaled on this earth for the gayety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom."

Another has said: —

"Plato died about two thousand years ago, yet in these printed books he lives and speaks forever. There is no death to thought."

In this world of creation, the question for the author is, how nearly can he succeed in bringing out of his mind the thoughts that lie there. In his choice of subject and method, he alone is responsible. In his workmanship he does what he can. He has revealed his mind and thought. What no one knew of him as a man before, is incarnate in language which all men may read. And now comes the right of the reader. In pursuit of his own pleasure, he comes to make his choice of all that the author offers; and by his decision, his approval, or his rejection of what he finds, he, too, makes a revelation of his own thought and mind. It is by the power of the imagination that the characters and the

scenes of literature are produced. It is by that power that we behold and hear them. Whatever the character, we understand it. The clue to interpretation lies within ourselves, and by that personal relationship, we come through our own experience to see that the principles that guide us in our choice of human companionship, do in reality, apply in the world of books. Each well-drawn figure brings its own atmosphere, and because of this vitality of influence, we are led to be discriminating, for nowhere in life can there be an assemblage so varied in character, quality, and speech, as that which awaits us in literature.

"Thus the difficulties of literature are as great as those of the world, the obstacles of finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and as difficult to learn, as the art of right living."

Carlyle, in his famous Inaugural Address, says:—

"Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book . . . I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question, I even venture to deny that. It would be much safer and better for many a reader that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful. But an ingenious reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people—not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry. Do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls, divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward,—calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching,—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class. For the rest, in regard to all your studies and reading here, and to whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the aim is not particular knowledges,—not that of getting higher and higher in technical perfections, . . . there is a higher aim lying at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary pursuits.

"You are even to bear in mind that there lies behind that, the acquisition of what may be called wisdom, namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round you, and the habits of behaving with justice, candor, clear insight, and loyal adherence to fact. Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated, it is the highest achievement of man. 'Blessed is he that getteth understanding.'"



In the effort to "get understanding" we are led to the idea of standards in literature. In any reading, we immediately become aware that we are forming opinions as to the character and the merit of a book. We discover directly, that in regard to that same writing some one else has other ideas. The world will never be of one mind either about books or men. Among books, we must in freedom read that which we enjoy. Still we know that while individual opinions vary, certain ideals do hold. Some books take a high place in the world's estimation, others stand relatively low. With a little thought we see that these questions of quality, good, and bad, must apply to, and cover several leading points. There is the subject of the book, the method of treatment, the beauty or the poverty of its language, its moral sentiment. How are these things decided? What are standards in literature?

Naturally, these questions lead to the idea of criticism. As literary history shows, the criticism of literature in the hands of masters becomes an art. But a little knowledge of its leading principles belongs by right to every intelligent reader, and these can be briefly suggested. The establishing of critical standards in literature began with Plato and Aristotle in Athens. Plato thought that good art must spring from good morals. In his "Republic" he wrote:—

"Excellence of thought and of harmony, of form and of rhythm, is connected with excellence of character."

The "Spirit of Truth" was to be the leading influence in the production of literature; and good writing, as good art, must represent truth as it is known in the world. Aristotle, coming later, went beyond this limitation. "The business of the poet," he said, "is to tell, not what has happened but what could happen, and what is possible, either from its probability or from its necessary connection with what has gone before. Therefore poetry has a wider truth and a higher aim than has history, for poetry deals with the universal, history with the particular."

The author is not restricted, but from this high point of view, all elements of existence are his to choose from. In the days of Aristotle, the forms of writing were oratory, philosophy, the drama, and poetry. To-day, the novel and the essay hold a great place in literature, the novel, especially, being a popular and a powerful form of literary art. In this progress, life and literature have unfolded together. The writer of to-day may say to himself, as in "Faust" the manager of the theater says to the poet:—

"With resolute courageous trust  
Seize every possible impression  
And make it firmly your possession.  
You'll then work on because you must."

And it is a matter of "impression." The impress that life makes upon the author will lead him to present the things of life, not as they actually appear, but rearranged in the light of his own imagination, and set forth idealized, transfigured, and made suggestive to the imagination of the reader. When this is accomplished, literature is art work.

In England, early in the eighteenth century, Addison wrote the "Pleasures of the Imagination," an essay relating to the subject of elements of literature and its criticism. First, he says, that as the human mind "can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers its highest ideas of Pleasantness," the author has the pleasure of "adding greater Beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a Fiction. . . . In a word he has the modeling of Nature in his own hands and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much and run into absurdities by endeavoring to excel."

The second "pleasure" which is the deeper one, is the power in man to turn away from that outer view, to the world of his own thought, and, still keeping the forms of Nature for the forms of his work, to infuse into his writing the power of his own spirit, and to set forth in words the world of his imagination. "Words when well chosen possess such force that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves."

For the sake then of more lively ideas, ideas of beauty and greatness clearly defined, so that they can be followed out into life, it is well for us to have some knowledge of the principles that underlie good judgment. Let a man say to himself, What is the nearest need in my life? There is no such need, apart from the need of man to man, that some book will not meet, and in a degree, content. To some temperaments the first finding and communing with Carlyle means new life, unlimited growth; to another mind, Charles Dickens makes a clear sunny space in the midst of depressing influences. Or to stand on stronger ground, there is the insistent demand of your mind to know how to place people and events, how to understand what the great processional of life means; and then we turn to such teachers as Emerson, Ruskin, Browning, and ask them to teach us how to hold "the league of heart to heart."

"The clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers—which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading, to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things in which you have a real interest, and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in."

It is not necessary, however, for one to be technically critical of an author in order to enjoy him. Books appeal to the heart, and without a



thought of history, of the laws of criticism, or of being learned in regard to them. Many a life is uplifted by a love of reading, and a nice sense of choice as to what is clean and good.

If is not necessary, either, to be too severe. There are light ways of reading even serious books. It is well to remember the story of the fanatical old gentleman who, from too serious a point of view, gave up reading at eighteen because Becky Sharp disappointed him. The kingdom is one's own. One should not be afraid of greatness nor daunted by antiquity. A wise word from Epictetus may befriend a drooping spirit; a page of "Faust" may suggest "the stars at last"; an idle glance into Homer may remind one of the near presence of the gods: —

"A great scholar, in the highest sense of the term, is not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the Resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life."

In literature, the oldest form is poetry. Matthew Arnold says in his essays on criticism: —

"We should conceive of poetry more worthily and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses and called to higher destinies than those which, in general, men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more, mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us."

As to the power of poetry and its effect upon its readers, Arnold says that it is "the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full and intimate sense of them and of our own relations to them." By this means poetry becomes interpretation. It connects nature with life. Its substance is the life of man idealized. It is thought using the universal. Its spirit is the drift of cloud, the perfume of the rose, the night, with its stars and the dawn used symbolically as signs of human life. Its means is language held in control by the law of rhythm.

As Victor Cousin says: —

"Speech is the instrument of poetry; poetry molds it to its uses and idealizes it that so it may express ideal beauty. It gives it the charm and majesty of meter, it turns it into something that is neither voice nor music, but which partakes of the nature of both, something at once material and spiritual; something finished, clear, and precise, like the sharpest contours and forms; something living and animated like color, something pathetic and infinite like sound. A word in itself, above all, a word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the most powerful and the most universal of symbols."

Poetry has a long history of its own. The earliest writings, rhythmic in form, were at once poetry, religion, and history, however fragmentary.

The *Rigveda* of India is an example. A sacred book of the oldest, symbolic in character, mythological in form, to the Hindoos it is the earliest phrasing of wisdom. In it, as in other books of the ancient East, including the Hebrew Bible, we meet the essential element of poetry, the spirit of nature in relation to the spirit of man, untouched by methods of modern thought. Translations by Max Müller, Monier-Williams, and others, have put these characteristic Oriental writings within reach of all readers.

Passing westward, the student finds Grecian poetry developed and divided as to form, into the epic, or "story telling in verse," which was the oldest form, and later, into the elegiac and lyric poetry, for the expression of personal feeling and emotion, and dramatic poetry which was written for acting. Here arose the writings that are now "classic." To know nothing of this work, which was first Greek, and then Greek and Roman, is to leave out of your reading a knowledge of the beginnings of European literature and of the great influences that have followed and produced undying effect upon the work of the world from then until now.

The need of the general reader to be acquainted with the genius, the ideas, the methods of this literature, has led to abundance of translation. Jebb's "Greek Literature" gives a concise historic outline of the periods and character of this remarkable achievement, and its most important works are in every library.

#### MODERN LITERATURE

THE classic literature of Greece and Rome arose in freedom below the Danube, in a world that was its own. Roman dominion extended east into Asia, south into Africa. Alexandria, founded for commerce and power, was the seat of scholars. Eastward, Constantinople, designed for imperial glory, was to be the essential home of Greek life and culture, and to stand as a bulwark against Asia until the New World should be found; and in this southern land, in the fifth century, A. D., the old gods had passed into the realm of poetry and art before the power of Christianity, and Rome was the head of the Roman Catholic Church. And now, let the student of literature observe, it is the day of the North. Into this civilized South come the Teutons, the barbarians,—Goths, Vandals, and Lombards,—to shatter the old life, too weak to resist, and to rear the new; and, after their earliest inroads, the atmosphere clears, and we see these Teutons at home in the land of their invasion. A thousand years are darkened by battle for territory and the crude ignorance of a transition period; but by the fifteenth century, the mighty forces of the South and North have become welded together.

The religion, language, and cosmopolitan influence of Rome had been absorbed by the Teutons, for their coming, "did not in any way kill what



possessed life." On the other hand, as Guizot says further, "It was the rude barbarians of Germany who introduced the sentiment of personal independence, the love of individual liberty into European civilization; it was unknown among the Romans, it was unknown in the Christian Church, it was unknown in nearly all the civilizations of antiquity." So arose the new nations—Italy, Spain, Germany, France, and England—leading in the new life, a life that the fifteenth century brought into the sunlight of free expression. "For the first time," says Taine, "men opened their eyes and saw." The restive spirit of man expressed itself in the new literature.

"Personal independence"—the love of liberty—this was the keynote, the deep leading motive of literary production. Added to that new estimate and science of individuality, was the Teuton's love and respect for woman and for home. It was an elevating and softening influence in literature. The family had a new recognition in art, in poetry, in philosophy, and in romance. For a time, in the early days of the world, metrical movement was the only form of expression of life. The prose that followed, arose from the writing down of oral tradition and from the innate desire of man to tell the story of his own experience. The source of prose is hidden in the mountains of myth, its childhood is cherished in the tenderness of the fairy tale. As the student of literature pauses to look back, he catches the drift of song, the telling of the tale that has been going on through the dark age—fitful yet persistent.

To understand all later writing, fix in your mind the beginning. During the Dark Ages, books and culture belonged to the monk in the cloister. Society was catholic, feudal, and chivalrous. Touched by the impulse of growth, it now took to itself the grace of popular song. The Troubadour was abroad. He was a "finder of songs" who for awhile sang delightfully, and passed, with his soft Provençal tongue, giving way to the growth of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and England, with their fully-formed languages and writings. From this point the interest of English readers most naturally turns for its first choice of reading to English literature.

Epic poetry is most popularly known through the *Nibelungenlied*, which has been brought into our own lives by the translations of Carlyle and the genius of Wagner; through the English *Beowulf*, and at length, along this line of sustained thought, through Milton, who, in *Paradise Lost*, "went out of this lower world in search of the sublime." But the heart of the world sang songs, and lyric poetry has been the accomplishment of modern life.

In a choice of modern reading, the fifteenth century stands as a point of observation for the reader. Life then was enlarging. The nations, having become established, began to exert influence one upon another,

The lessening power of the Roman Catholic Church, the growing power of individual states, the idea of balance of power between states as individual factors, in distinction from the old idea of Europe; the differences in religion which, in spite of intolerance, led to freedom of thought; the many industrial pursuits and the wider knowledge that, with the fall of Constantinople before the Turks in 1453, and the consequent westward migration of many scholarly Greeks, came through commerce, printing, and travel — these things mark the beginning of international life.

In England, in the fourteenth century, the language was freed from other tongues and became national in character and form. At that period came Chaucer, "who made our tongue into a true means of poetry . . . all our prose writers and poets derive their tongue from the language of the 'Canterbury Tales.' " For this reason, as well as from the fact that he wrote out of the poetic nature and that his poetry appeals to that nature in his readers, a liberal choice from Chaucer has interest.

Following English poetry since that time, and seeing how the world has loved and repeated its songs, we may read Arnold's words once more, and so be led to choose from among our poets and their work, according to our taste; yet with intelligent judgment, as to what poetry is, as part of a nation's literature.

In this time of world's growth, and as a sign of the spirit of the age, themes multiplied and literature appeared in all its now familiar forms. Philosophy, the study of the nature of man's being, took a large place. Breaking away from the control of old classic theories, and also from thinking closely with the church, "the sentiment of personal independence, the love of individual liberty" led men to assert their opinions in freedom. The writings of Spinoza in Holland, of Lord Bacon in England, of Montaigne in France, and of Descartes, whose starting point was "I think, therefore I am," are illustrations of this new period of metaphysical study. A choice of reading among philosophers may be aided by reference to George Henry Lewes's "History of Philosophy," in which are given brief outlines of leading systems.

As to Bacon, his work emphasized the necessity of observation and experience as the basis of knowledge. His clear method of thought, his power to use illustration and symbol, yet in brief terse sentences to give "the most matter in the fewest words," produced a work valuable both for its character and its form. His writings should be known to all lovers of English who desire uplifting influences — as he says, "when the mind goes deeper and sees the dependence of the causes and works of Providence, it will easily perceive according to the mythology of the poets, that the upper link of nature's chain is fastened to Jupiter's throne."



## CLASSICAL AND ROMANTIC LITERATURE

OUT of this growth of the world, the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, two literary movements, the Classical and the Romantic, take their rise. The first was the Renaissance — the revival of the beauty and power of older work in literature — and writers looked back for models in method and style, and “the transcendently powerful influence of Greek literature began to work upon the world.” The Romantic movement of thought led forward. It was the impulse of new life, interest in new ideas, the sense of new power in society. Mankind took the place of the gods, and Teutonic speech prevailed above Latin.

In England the two elements worked together. In a choice of reading, the essays of Addison, marked by clearness and elegance, touching social themes with, as Thackeray said, “a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy,” illustrates this classical influence that affected many writers of the time. In Shakespeare, who went beyond limitations, we find the swift, forcible words of life used to express deepest experience. Humanity became the theme and the impulse of modern writing, and vigorous English, tempered by usage, grew into the essay, the drama, and the novel.

## THE ESSAY

THE essay is written from the contemplative point of view. It is social in character. It deals with men and life. It belongs to cultivated, developed literature, not to rude sessions of life. The writer has the perception of the artist. He keeps within the court of language. He follows one thought through a maze of suggestion, or he sets a number closely together to cover much ground in little space. A single man, a cavalier, rose-scented from the folded years, a gray and dusty book lover, or a simple soul in homespun, may be the subject of the essay; or it may be “A Rainy Day.” Perception and insight are at work. The essay stands on the border line of philosophy, but is restrained by art instinct from being too long, too heavy, too documental.

Art, morals, manners, mark the field of the essay. The attitude of the reader toward it must not be severely critical as far as mere statement of fact, history, philosophy, character, or life are concerned; but must have regard rather to the personal expression of all these, “embodied in the mystery of the words.” The essay appeals to the heart and deeper thought of people and has been chosen since the days of Seneca and Cicero as a favorite form of literary expression. In England it has been used by Addison, Steele, Coleridge, Lamb, “the last

true lover of antiquity " with his " aroma of old English," Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Landor, Carlyle with his studies of German literature and authors, the brilliant Macaulay, Walter Pater, Stevenson, and our well-known Emerson, whose phrase is the very touchstone of thought and imagination. The list of latter day essayists is long, and the form is in constant use.

### THE DRAMA

THE place that the drama has held in literary history can scarcely be fairly presented in this brief survey. Human nature in its relation to itself is dramatic. Man's interest in himself is intensely personal, and because of this sense of individuality, and the intimate relation of each person to others in society, nothing has been more natural than that from Asia to America, the world through five thousand years of its literary and social history, should have found a never-ceasing pleasure in the writing and the acting of its plays.

Life shapes itself in episodes, and it is as a reflection of this natural life movement that we have a play upon the stage. Man stands centrally in creation. All elements of human character are active or dormant within each soul. All emotions are in some degree common to all men. The subjects of the drama, therefore, have been taken from life and taken with the certainty that if, by means of fair language and adequate acting, the dramatist's conception can be made clear, there will be no failure of response.

How great a resource has been the writing of plays, how great a love and how great a labor has been the acting, and with what throb of joy the world's great audiences have gone to see a play. The whole of life has entered into this world-drama. Tragedy the deepest, comedy the gayest, the plays of religious experiences, mysteries, miracle plays, the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, *The Masque*, the laughing farce,—all these are but so many phases of human existence, idealized, epitomized and set before us for recognition. The drama, therefore, must be very fully represented in every complete selection of books. For while theater-going is frequently impossible, the pioneer may have Æschylus and Shakespeare in his cabin.

The reader of dramatic literature has at command translations of the old Greek plays, and, to begin at Athens, with the *Eumenides* or *Furies* of Æschylus, or the *Ædipus* or the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and to follow this line of human expression through European history, is to realize the majesty of dramatic thought, and to get the deepest conception of the drama's place in literature. The dramas of Calderon, Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Dumas, show that dramatic art was a living need, the need of the dramatist to express himself, the need of the actor to



create the part, and, underneath it all, the strong love of humanity to see life reflected.

In England we pass rapidly from *Ralph Royster Doyster*, the first English comedy, to the plays of Peele, Green, and Marlowe, and so on to the luminous name of Shakespeare, where we pause in the presence of a great single personality. The time of Shakespeare is that of a settled and accepted monarchy, a point that helps us to understand the man. The only way to know Shakespeare is to read him for himself, by himself, all alone. After that, know what others say about him. There is something precious in one's own first impressions, and when the author is great, they should never be lost. Shakespeare is universal. His themes are Life, Love, and Law. His characters are realities for all who meet them. He teaches the great commandments of Christianity. He says, "Forbear to judge for we are sinners all." He sends through all his work a tender humanizing influence. To Shakespeare the long lines of historic growth lead up; and, reaching him, we open his books for our own life reading.

All of his power as a master, all of his dramatic force, all that makes him especially great in his profession, remarkable and varied as it is, is altogether secondary to the fact that over and above the form of his work is the power with which he appeals to the individual mind and soul; and for this reason, if for no other, read Shakespeare. Set apart with reverence a place in your mind for his everlasting holding, and hang therein a little lamp that shall signal you back, if through the mean companionship of careless writers you stray too far afield. With this wise and great one in your temple you cannot be long misled by false teachings in the market place.

#### THE NOVEL

THE novel is distinctly a modern form in literature. Since its first appearance, over two hundred and fifty years ago, it has developed with increasing power, and to-day fills a preponderant place in the book world. "We cannot say that the novels of 1740 legitimately developed into the novels of 1780; that the novels of 1780 logically developed into the novels of 1820; that the novels of 1820 legitimately and regularly developed into the novels of 1850; still, as the influences of life are continuous, and as the novel is the closest expression of individuality, so these life influences have had formative power and the development of the novel has followed the development of life."

F. H. Stoddard in his valuable *Evolution of the English Novel* gives five specific kinds of expression in novel form:—

"The novel of personal life, of individual, separate, domestic life, is the basal form. A novel is a record of emotion; the story of a human life touched

with emotion; the story of two human lives under stress of emotional arousement; the story of domestic life with emotion pervading it; the story of a great historical character in his day of aroused emotional activity; or the story of the romantic adventures of some person in whom we are forced by the author to take an interest."

The novel began in England with a few strong stories that took modern human life as their subject. Richardson with *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*; Fielding with *Tom Jones*; Sterne, Goldsmith, Fanny Burney with *Evelina*, are the leading names in the early life of the novel. Eighty years later, Walter Scott opened the era of the historical romantic novel.

In the meantime, the French Revolution had occurred and had dramatized literary feeling. Out of this came an unsettled period in which Jane Austin "produced the best novel we have of every-day society of 1811-17." Following this, arose the work of Scott. With the truer perception of the time, romance made approach to life. History had been written and read, and its verity cultivated imagination. Between these wide points, Scott stood in a high light. He took the movement of history and combined with it the spirit of romance.

"In the historical novel there may be foreshortening, picturesque grouping, design; but it is in the interest of the completeness of the picture. The historical novel is not mere history, it is rather magnetized history, in which every fact is quiveringly tendent toward some focal pole of unity." In France, this spirit was strongly productive, as the works of Victor Hugo and Dumas show. Here, as in England, the novel moved toward the expression of individuality.

In the history of the novel, all good work, however varied, is a link in the chain. Out of the past, grows the present. As Edmund Gosse says, "We owe much to the strenuous labors which made George Meredith, and, later, Thomas Hardy and Robert Louis Stevenson, possible." The richness of literature to-day is the culmination of the bloom of these great years.

In America, the world movement is everywhere apparent. American literature is an expression of the life of the country. Between America and England, national differences exist and have their effect upon literature; but the laws of literary development are the same. In this country, early seriousness passed from theology to the historical works of Prescott, Motley, Parkham, Bancroft and others; to Cooper with his novels of American life; to Washington Irving with his sketches and short stories, and his life of Washington; to the poets, Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell; to the romances of Poe and Hawthorne; to the novels of Mrs. Stowe, Miss Phelps, and Mrs. Burnett. The new note struck in America has been strong and vital. The studies of local character



and environment have made a unique addition and have been brilliantly done by Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), Miss Kate Chopin, Thomas Nelson Page, and John Fox, Jr., in the South, and by Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett in the East; while, constant as life itself, comes the succession of popular and frequently admirable short stories and lyric poetry of the present day.

In all of this, choice is the reader's privilege. The highest idea that can be offered for guidance is the idea of the progress of life, the evolution of the individual, and the choice in reading that shall minister to the highest needs of the hour.

### A LIBRARY OF HOME CULTURE

THE following list of one hundred books is a suggestion rather than a guide, toward the formation of such a library in small space and at small cost, as may serve as a means to the vital end of self-culture. In the main, it is probably adequate, but in many details, it may well be altered to meet the requirements of individual tastes. A list of this sort should be elastic, that it may take in some degree the personal impress of each reader. Yet it should be borne in mind that in a fairly close adherence to this list the reader may feel secure; for these books are almost all stamped with the approval of time, or sanctioned by a consensus of trained opinion.

The Bible is not included, because it stands apart; its preëminence is so overwhelming, that to have included it among a hundred others would show a lack of the sense of proportion. It is essential and inevitable, a library in itself—itself the whole literature of a race, a compendium of power, beauty, and conduct. The list is made up of books that belong essentially to the literature of power. For purposes of reference, there will be needed to supplement it, certain convenient repositories of fact, books that are tools. Such are a good dictionary, an atlas, and a series of compact popular handbooks, such as are now so abundant and cheap.

Out of the hundred, it has seemed well to depart from precedent and to devote nearly a third of the number to the works of contemporaries. The first seventy are selected from what are acknowledged to be standard works. The remaining thirty are chosen from the compositions of those writers who are most closely in touch with us, and give expression to the aims and tendencies of our own day. These are most deeply significant to us, out of all proportion perhaps to the rank which they may come to take at last on the roll of the accepted great. A choice of reading which binds one too exclusively to the past is not that which will best fit the reader to play his part in life. The list is made for the reader who will read the masterpieces of foreign languages in translation. It, there-

fore, seeks to limit to the last degree the choice from foreign literatures, because of the loss which all great works must suffer in the process of translation. It is for this reason, for instance, that Heine, who subtly eludes translation, is omitted; and Horace, whom the most skilled translator succeeds only in disguising. But there are translators who add to the beauty and distinction of the original, among whom Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, stands preëminent.

#### POETRY AND DRAMA:—

Homer (preferably in the prose translation by Butcher & Lang and Lang, Leaf & Myers); Æschylus's "The Prometheus"; Sophocles's "The Œdipus Trilogy"; The Greek Anthology (translations collected in the Canterbury Poets Series); Catullus; Firdausi's "Shahnamah"; Omar Khayyam; Dante; Chaucer's "The Canterbury Tales"; Spenser's "The Faerie Queene"; Milton; Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"; Shakespeare; Goethe's "Faust"; Burns; Wordsworth (Arnold's Selections); Byron; Shelley; Keats; Emerson; Poe; Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"; Browning; Tennyson; Matthew Arnold; Rossetti.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY:—

Herodotus; Plutarch's "Lives"; Livy; Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; Lockhart's "Life of Scott"; Carlyle's "French Revolution"; Green's "Short History of the English People"; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"; Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolf."

#### PHILOSOPHY, ETC.:—

Locke's "The Conduct of the Human Understanding"; Darwin's "The Origin of Species"; Spencer.

#### ESSAYS AND CRITICISM:—

Montaigne; Bacon; Addison; Macaulay; Lamb; Emerson, De Quincey; Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship"; Matthew Arnold; Robert Louis Stevenson.

#### FICTION:—

"The Morte D'Arthur"; "The Arabian Nights"; "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Robinson Crusoe"; "Don Quixote"; Balzac's "Le Père Goriot"; Dumas's "The Three Musketeers"; Scott's "Ivanhoe"; Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"; Dickens's "David Copperfield"; Hugo's "Les Misérables"; George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss"; Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter"; Pater's "Marius the Epicurean"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

#### MISCELLANEOUS:—

Marcus Aurelius's "Meditations"; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying"; Marco Polo's "Travels"; Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and "Sesame and Lilies"; Lubke's "History of Art"; Hammerton's "The Intellectual Life."



## READING

IN THIS age of abundant literature, reading is a matter of importance to every life. One who has a keen appetite for good books has a mine of spiritual riches which Cræsus might covet. In solitude, sickness, misfortune, age, books are a solace, an inspiration, a means of companionship. Other friends may turn away, or may die; books are always faithful. To the young, in particular, they are mental food. They nourish the thoughts as meats nourish the blood. Good blood means a healthy body; bad blood means a diseased body. So good thoughts mean a strong and useful character, while bad thoughts mean intellectual and moral degeneracy.

The boy Lincoln nourished his patriotism on Weems's *Life of Washington*. He also read two infidel books which influenced him to such an extent that he wrote a discourse against the Christian religion. Happily he soon recovered from this blunder, but the fact shows what dangerous power lurks in an evil book. On the other hand, the boy criminal, Jesse Pomeroy, one of the most brutal characters of the last century, confessed that he had always been a great reader of "blood-and-thunder" stories. He had read, even at his early age, no less than sixty dime novels of the bloodiest description. One cause of his monstrous career is not far to seek. Marryat's novels have sent thousands of boys to sea, and the various lives of Napoleon have turned an equal number to a military career. Other books have had an influence less startling, but not less real. One's thoughts, hopes, emotions, and resolves, are colored, if not caused, by early readings.

A prominent writer declares, "there is explosive material in most of us, if we can only reach it. A book often serves as a match to light the dormant powder. Books should be wisely selected and be read with care. Desultory reading is bad. An indifferent plan is better than no plan. The indifferent plan will surely exclude the worst, even if it fails to include the best. One who accepts everything will get not a little intellectual garbage and moral refuse. Passive reading is worse. In this, the reader surrenders himself passively into the hands of the author. It is a mild species of mental hypnotism. There are few people to whom one would wish to give hypnotic control of one's soul. But worst of all is the eager reading of vicious books. The taste for such "literature" is to be likened to nothing less than the drunkard's appetite for the drink which curses him; or the opium fiend's insane craving for his deadly drug. This particular topic needs no further elaboration.

There are other mischievous books, which are exceedingly harmful even though they are not classed as vicious. For boys, these are mostly

stories of lurid adventure. For girls, they are the merely sentimental, hysterical class. They not only crowd out the true intellectual food and destroy the taste for it, but they positively injure the reader. They leave the mind in a fever or in a state of imbecility. They paralyze the power of the will for all that is good. A useful book will stimulate the brain and inspire the purpose. To say of a book that it is easy reading is not necessarily praise. Reading is a task of the brain, an exercise, and should not always be made easy. It is not a substitute for thought, it is a stimulus to thought, and a guide to the more useful paths of thinking. The mischievous books are those that make the reader peevish, and discontented with the daily routine of life. He was a great man who wrote "Blessed be drudgery." The wise Creator has ordained that the major part of the work of this life should be drudgery. The brave and true heart cheerfully takes up the daily tasks. The book that interferes with the proper contentment of the boy or girl, does irreparable damage to the character.

The test of all work is its effect. A brilliant painting may attract momentary admiration but, later on, become positively tiresome; while Millet's *Angelus* grows more beautiful the more it is seen. As with painting, so with books. The book that stands the test of time is the great book. The book that makes you permanently better — either stirring you to good impulses, or furnishing your mind with useful facts, or giving you the restfulness and calm needed for future work — is the good book. Its permanent effect is good. In selecting books, one is guided largely by the judgment of one's friends, and by the published book reviews. When these command your confidence, you may get much benefit from their opinions. Emerson's three rules are good to ponder even if they be not entirely practical. They are: "Never read a book that is not a year old; Never read any but famous books; and Never read a book that you do not like."

Read newspapers, but read them gingerly. The head lines are full and usually give an excellent summary of the news of the day. Specific articles need to be read in detail. Such editorials as meet the reader's needs will be read with care. But all of this should occupy only a little time. The excessive reading of the daily paper will leave no time for more extended reading and study, nor will it accomplish permanent benefit. It is well to have one good magazine every month and to look over several. In almost every magazine there is at least one article that is well worth the reader's while. But the culling of these is a very different matter from reading the publication from cover to cover. Even though the ablest writers of the day are contributors to the magazines, the latter should not be allowed to crowd books out of one's life.



The books that are suggested in this article are intended only as a suggestion as to the sort of books which may be helpful to any boy or girl. The authors here named are but few of the many that have won their place in the confidence of the best judges; they are mentioned to give the reader a definite starting point. Boys like a flavor of excitement. This taste is natural and legitimate, and books for boys should have a healthy, vigorous action. The appeal of the writer, implied though not expressed, should be to the inherent manliness which is found in the nature of every healthy boy. A good specimen of such a book, one that is almost ideal, is *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, by Thomas Hughes. Girls like a flavor of sentiment. This is their nature and the taste should be met. But it should be met in a natural and healthy way, not by maudlin or hysterical emotion. A type of the healthy book for girls is Miss Alcott's *Old Fashioned Girl*.

Many of the best books in the world's literature are equally good for both young and old. Kipling's *Jungle Books* are of this sort. The works of Ernest Seton-Thompson and of John Burroughs cannot be too highly praised. Among the works of history may be named the writings of Edward Eggleston, and those of John Fiske. Also *Boy's Froissart*, and *Boy's King Arthur*, both edited by Sidney Lanier; Dickens's *Child's History of England*, Lord's *Beacon Lights of History*, and some volume in the series of the *Stories of Nations*. It is well to keep at hand several of the best collections of poetry.

The three volumes of *Open Sesame* and Whittier's *Child Life in Poetry* are adapted to younger persons; but Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*, and Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* should also be within reach. These should not exclude the separate volumes of favorite authors.

In biography, a good start may be made with Mrs. Bolton's *Boys Who became Famous*. Thomas Hughes's *Alfred the Great*, and Southey's *Nelson* are excellent. The biographical list should include Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and, in fact, all the formative men of our country. The books of travel for young people are very numerous. *The Zig-Zag Journeys* of Hezekiah Butterworth, the *Bodley Books* of Horace E. Scudder, and the series of *Boy Travelers* by Thomas W. Knox, are enough to furnish a small library. When to these are added the accounts of various attempts to reach the North Pole, the exploration of Africa, the journeys through the less-known parts of Asia, and the voyages of R. H. Dana, Mr. Darwin, and Professor Agassiz, it is seen that there is no lack of material in this department. There are various primers of science, issued by leading publishers, some of which are fascinating. There are also larger works, like those of Miss Arabella B. Bulkley.

Among story-writers, Hawthorne stands easily at the head. Mr. Mabie's *Norse Stories* are valuable. Mark Twain's *The Prince and the*

*Pauper* deserves special mention. The list that includes the names of Miss Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Edward Everett Hale shows that there is no excuse for bringing up children on goody-goody, wishy-washy, hysterical, criminal, and altogether abominable stories, such as cause ruin to the mind and damage to the soul.

The young reader will not long be young. He should, therefore, continually look to the great authors with determination to enter into their fellowship as early as possible. As soon as you can do so with pleasure, read the great poets: Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Milton, Tennyson, and the American poets. Cherish an ambition to read the great novels: *Romola*, *The Newcomes*, *Lorna Doone*, *John Inglesant*, *David Copperfield*, *Griffith Gaunt*, and *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. Try to love the books and the authors you read. The author whom you prefer is likely to be your most potent teacher. Read, therefore, with enthusiasm, with energy, with the whole mind. Absorb the mental and moral life of a book. Assimilate it into your life. It will increase your mental stature and strengthen your moral vitality. There is danger of cramming the brain and starving the mind. The best reader is not the one who merely appropriates knowledge, but the one who converts it into character.

#### HOW TO READ A CLASSIC

A CLASSIC is a writing that by the supreme standard of worth and beauty has received from each age the highest tribute. Men have turned to these writings for mental discipline, for inspiration and refreshment, and have been repaid from an unlimited source of high excellence. The classics have taken their place in the literature of the world by virtue of their own quality; they stand preëminent and fixed—

“Constant as the Northern Star.”

To understand what constitutes a classic, we turn to literature itself. The word implies comparison. In meaning, it stands for the very best of all. A classic is that which belongs to the best class, to the first class, to the highest class. Applied to literature, the word signifies that we have standards of excellence in writing; that these standards are clear to us, and that by reference to them we are able to select and to bring together, in one class, writers whose works are distinguished for their intrinsic worth and excellence. At first glance it would appear that to different readers different things must seem to be the best, and it would be impossible for the mind of the world to be agreed as to what should be selected as worthy to represent the highest rank in literature. But our standards grow out of general life; they exist as a



sign of general experience; they take their place in general intelligence, and rule our judgment and action with little doubt or question. In the world of literature, these standards of excellence exist as a sign of time and experience, and of the unity of life and thought in man. The old literature of the world has for centuries been subject to criticism, and history shows with what agreement of heart and head, works have been selected from the old and from the new to be called the best, the classic.

All minds select more or less, and selection runs naturally along two lines; either on that of our critical judgment, or that of our natural love. Like two pathways, these lines of thought and feeling lead direct from any book to the mental vision of the individual. The pathway of critical judgment is often but slightly used. Love alone leads many a reader to a book. But in the decision of the world as to what is classic, these two, love and judgment, have run side by side and have met in one conclusion.

The history of the classic begins early, and is continuous. It is an expression of a chief joy in the world, for, as its history and interpretation show, it is the deepest expression of the human heart set forth in the best literary form. This we appreciate fully only by reading for ourselves. In this matter of standards by which critics have helped to establish the order of classic literature, Matthew Arnold stands as a leading English authority. This is because he sets before us as a ground for judgment a few simple points that with a little thought become clear to all who have first realized that literature is loved because it is an expression of life.

The classics of the world are both poetry and prose. Apart from their form, however, their theme is life, and expression in either form is reached by means of perfectly chosen language. Thus the rules of criticism apply equally to either form of literature. If a poem is old, we can take its "historic estimate." If it appeals to our feeling, we can consider that "personal estimate." But "the real estimate" lies in the study of what is "the really excellent." This real estimate "we must employ if we are to make poetry yield to us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of feeling clearly and enjoying deeply the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets and poetry." For the attainment of that enjoyment, one must first of all look candidly at what is read, without prejudice, without too much veneration for greatness, but with an open and clear mind. And here keep two points in sight; one the desire to know what other people have regarded as "the really excellent," the other to know if what has been so chosen seems excellent to us.

It is by this means that we come to comprehend the standard of greatness. From a study of the classics, we learn to know the spirit of noble and beautiful writing. "Indeed, there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, than to have always in mind the words of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry.

The classic in literature, that is, whatever belongs to the class of the very best, will always have its own complete and definite form. It may be an epic, such as Milton's "Paradise Lost"; it may be lyric poetry, as Robert Burns's "Bonnie Doon"; it may be drama, as Shakespeare's "Macbeth"; or prose, as an essay by Addison; but whatever the theme, or the placing, the language will be always noble—always the triumph of the word. For this reason, the student in classic work finds models for technical study.

In his analysis of masterpieces, the student will find motive and movement; the arrangement and succession of scenes; the speech of the characters; the relationship, the appearance and the grouping of persons, introduced with some peculiar quality of power. In this pursuit, technical study will of itself suggest comparison. The value of one great composition makes the mind observant and inquiring as to others; and the student is naturally led from one point to another, to see by what methods the great masters have done the work that bears their names. In this way, the reader's mind is trained to a comprehension of the mechanism and method of the best, and he will gather, and hold in his mind, models for guidance in his own workmanship.

Many readers do not pay heed to this close technical study; they read emotionally under the teaching of life. They read to find an outlet for their own sense of the inexpressible, to find the best they know in themselves and in their dreams, set in some other light, in other scenes, with other words, distant by any length of years, illuminated by sympathy, and so made an enlargement of life. In short, they read for pleasure, and with desire for the "highest quality" of literary art in its expression.

The classic is majesty of thought, and illumined insight, which of itself has led to the setting together of words harmonious and clear. All of the qualities that make life sweet, strong, and true, all the elements that make it bitter and sinister, are used to give rank to literature. All that gives grace, brilliancy, power, and charm, to human society are the qualities that enrich the written word; and the highest literature is that which, on the plane of art, removed from literal relation to place, people, condition, and circumstance, makes manifest by its own "high beauty, worth, and power" the ideal of the soul.

So then we turn with human interest in search of some illustration of what the world has agreed to call the classic works of literature. With-



out regard to older writing, however worthy, the reader knows that in Greece and in Rome, a field of classic study awaits him. Indeed, so great, so varied, so original, and so finished, are the writings of these ancient nations, that formerly they held a place apart from modern literature, and were regarded as being the classics of the world.

At the beginning, in an enchantment of youth, stand the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the two Greek poems that founded epic art. In the question of their classic value, their history and their authorship are set aside. All that relates to those questions is readily learned through the ample commentary of such books as Jevon's "History of Greek Literature," Jebb's "Homer," Gladstone's "Homer," Mahaffy's "History of Greek Literature." These Homeric writings "belong to the end, not to the beginning, of a poetical epoch. They mark the highest point reached by a school of poetry in 'Ionia,' which began by shaping the rude war songs of Æolic bards into short lays, and gradually developed a style suited to heroic narrative." This epic verse is written for recitation. As culture advanced, "when lyric songs set to music were called *melê*, 'things sung,' all poems that were not accompanied by music, but were merely recited, were distinguished as *epê*, spoken verses. Now the chief kind of poetry that was thus merely recited was, like the Homeric, narrative poetry in hexameter verse. To this kind, therefore, the name *epê* was especially given, and it came to be called *Epic* poetry. Hexameter verse—called by the Greeks 'Heroic' verse, because it was used in epic poetry, which tells of heroes," is retained in many of the metrical translations.

The *Iliad* relates certain events in the ten years' siege of Ilium or Troy, by the Greeks. It opens with the wrath of Achilles, the Greek hero-warrior, son of Peleus. Affronted by King Agamemnon, Atreus's son, Achilles had withdrawn from the fight, and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided in counsel, whether to draw his keen blade, set the company aside and slay Atrides, or to assuage his anger and curb his soul. While yet he doubted thereof in heart and soul, and was drawing his great sword from its sheath, Athena came to him from heaven, sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, whose heart loved both alike and had care for them. She stood behind Peleus's son and caught him by his golden hair; to him only was she visible, and of the rest, no man beheld her. Then Achilles marveled, and turned him about, and straightway knew Pallas Athena; and terribly shone her eyes. He spoke to her winged words, and said:—

"Why now art thou close hither, thou daughter of ægis-bearing Zeus? Is it to behold the insolence of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Yes, I will tell thee that I deem shall even be brought to pass; by his own haughtiness shall he soon lose his life."

Then the bright-eyed goddess Athena spoke to him again:—

“I came from heaven to stay thine anger, if perchance thou wilt hearken to me, being sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, that loveth you twain alike, and careth for you. Go to now, cease from strife, and let not thine hand draw the sword; yet with words indeed revile him, even as it shall come to pass. For thus will I say to thee, and so it shall be fulfilled; hereafter shall goodly gifts come to thee, yea in threefold measure, by reason of this despite; hold thou thine hand, and hearken to us.”

And Achilles, fleet of foot, made answer and said to her:—

“Goddess, needs must a man observe the saying of you twain, even though he be very wroth of heart; for so it is the better way, whosoever obeyeth the gods, to him they gladly hearken. He said, and stayed his heavy hand on the silver hilt, and thrust the great sword back into the sheath, and was not disobedient to the saying of Athena; and she forthwith departed to Olympus, to the other gods in the palace of ægis-bearing Zeus.”

A single passage gives but faint suggestion of any great work; still, in any selection from the *Iliad* one comes immediately in touch with the great pulse of its life, and recognizes its essential characteristics. There is the simple directness of its writing, as when Hector summons his brother to leave his house and come into the battle.

“Then in reply to his brother, thus spoke Alexander, the godlike,—

‘Hector, indeed you reproach me with justice, no more than I merit.

Therefore to you will I speak, and do you give attention and hearken;’”

and where Hector replies to his wife when she implores him to stay with her:—

“I too have thought of all this, dear wife, but I fear the reproaches,

Both of the Trojan youths and the long-haired maidens of Troy,

If like a cowardly churl I would keep me aloof from the combat.

Nor would my spirit permit; for well have I learned to be valiant.”

In the *Iliad*, the author does not appear. The story is told with deep enthusiasm for heroes and honored gods, yet in the manner and with the restraint of the artist dominating the narrative. The landscape limits the scene, “the bright sea” with “many-ridged Olympus” overshadowing, the “saffron-colored dawn” bringing the day; and the west, where “the sun’s bright light dropped into Ocean, drawing black night across Earth, the grain-giver.”

Genius unsurpassed—and that in an age when there were no masters—produced the *Iliad*. Pure unity of place and plan, of scene and action, beauty, grace, grandeur, and pathos, all are here in the simple narrative of the *Iliad*. Still the reader realizes that with all of its greatness and restraint, this ancient writing stands far from the literary work of to-day. The world of society has undergone a tremendous change. In its development, man has grown conscious of his threefold relations



to Nature, to God, and to Man; or as Wordsworth says, his thoughts have dwelt —

“On Man, on Nature and on human life,”

until all of these have entered into his literature, and in the highest work, the three in this unity and correspondence are ever present.

In the reading, therefore, of the earliest classics, the historic position of society is very plainly suggested, while, also, in the right reading, the literary spirit leads the way; teaching the student to keep the mind clear to the actual merit of the work. This is its highest value. It is for this gift of the best that we read,—

“The classic comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what, a long experience has shown, will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of ardor in beauty which they possess, indeed, in a preëminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them. The charm, therefore, of what is classical in art or literature is that of the well-known tale, to which we can, nevertheless, listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form is added the incidental, tranquil charm of familiarity.”

The literature that came after the *Iliad* was a sign of new growth. “Now the private citizen begins to think and to act more independently. He has wider influence, higher work, finer pleasure,—more to stir his mind and warm his fancy. Knowledge is widening its circle, the fine arts are slowly ripening, science is struggling to its birth, life is growing eager and full. . . . And now, about 700 B. C., in this dawn of large promise, the poet comes forward with his first distinct attempt to interest other people in his own thoughts and feelings.

“Spirit, thou Spirit, like a troubled sea  
Ruffled with deep and hard calamity  
Sustain the shock, a daring heart oppose.”  
— *Archilochus*.

Or the well-known words from Alcæus:—

“What constitutes a State?  
Not high-raised battlements nor labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;  
No;—Men, high-minded Men.”

Out of this new political and individual life, rose the new lyric poetry, and we hold the names of Sappho, Anacreon, Simonides, and Pindar, whose odes, even in translation, bring visions of the “cadenced step” with which the glad procession sought the temples of the gods.

"O lyre of gold,  
 Which Phœbus and that sister quire,  
 With crisped locks of darkest violet hue,  
 Their seemly heritage forever hold:  
 The cadenced step hangs listening on thy chime  
 Spontaneous joys ensue;  
 The vocal troops obey thy signal notes,  
 While, sudden from the shrilling wire  
 To lead the solemn dance thy murmur floats  
 In its preluding flight of song;  
 And in thy streams of music drowned,  
 The forked lightning in Heaven's azure clime  
 Quenches its ever flowing fire."

These lines are history, but they are also far more. They hold the spirit of poetry, and so sincere is it, and so strong, that at its touch

"Spontaneous joys ensue."

The sense of power awakening in the reader responds to their "signal notes" and the mind, inspired, stands alert and poised through that "preluding flight of song" ready to follow it forth with harmonious movement into life. When this sense of greatness is roused in the mind of the modern reader, he forgets the passage of time. What was ancient is his to-day, and the gift of the old author is as fresh as were the flowers that blossomed when he wrote.

From this early lyric poetry, the course of the classic is to Greek drama. The tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, hold high place in the kingdom of the classic. In form, these dramas are simple; in theme, they interweave mythology and human life; in intention, they are ethical; in spirit, they seek the ideal; in their influence, they were strong to educate and refine society. Thus drama became of the deepest interest to the people. It was the expression of life. It was action in place of narration. Its effect depended upon its unity, upon its action, upon its revelation of the depth of human nature. Its appeal was to the people; its response is from all time.

The "Agamemnon" of Æschylus is the first of a majestic trilogy. Its theme is the death of the great King of Argos. The second play, the "Choëphori," tells of the vengeance of the King's son Orestes; and the third of the series, the "Eumenides," relates the trial of Orestes, his final deliverance from the Furies, the culmination of doom, and the attainment of peace for the house of Atreus.

In the "Antigone" of Sophocles, the sister gives burial to her brother and for her deed is herself condemned to death.

"So it is to me to undergo this doom  
 No grief at all; but had I left my brother,



My Mother's Child, unburied where he lay,  
 Then I had grieved; but now this grieves me not.  
 Senseless I seem to thee, so doing? Belike  
 A senseless judgment leaves me void of sense."

The great themes and heroic ideals of early dramas, stand in literature as prelude to the warmth and grace that have been added to later writings.

Among classics, these old writings "stand preëminent." "They are in every respect models, admirably fitted, by presenting high ideals of excellence, for imitation and for study, and calculated to exercise a molding influence on the mind, and to produce that culture which is an important element in education."

In reading the Greek classics, we observe that their elements are peculiar to their time. Their great theme is man, under the dominion of the gods, facing the problems of existence. Their conceptions are of titanic grandeur. They give intensity of suffering, wild effects of the forces of earth and air, and the uttermost of doom. Yet independence of thought and force of character are present, adding to all that is external, powerful and decided actions in individuals. Circumstance, the external world where the law of fate is visible, is shown to be subject to change. Upon the inner world the burden rests. Here these classics show the power of man to struggle against fate, and even through adversity to conquer; and the undertone of the great masters of Greek tragedy is the source of law, moral and divine. These things touch us nearly. Unity of religion and unity of science, with the coming into history of the Teutonic mind, have carried the world on from the Greek period with mighty strides. Yet the seeking is still for "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge" and the fulfilment of dreams. We read these classics for the vital and lofty note; for their style, severe and elegant; for their swift, light shafts of comedy; and we are grateful to those

"Olympian bards who sang  
 Divine ideas below,  
 Which always find us young  
 And always keep us so."

Turning to Rome, one perceives that the Latin literature has not a simple history. It represents the strong and accurate forms of Latin illuminated and expanded by the pliant, cosmopolitan genius of the Greek mind and language.

Here the great epic is the "Æneid" of Virgil (75-19 B.C.). Its theme is the sacred origin of Rome and its divinely preordained destiny. Tennyson called Virgil:—

"Weaver of the stateliest measure  
 Ever molded by the lips of man."

The work is great in its refinement and elegance of language, in its lofty conceptions of character of human life, and in its tenderness and loving appreciation of nature. Beauty he found among those —

“Unto humble ways  
Attempered, and patient in their toil; and still  
The old have honor of them and the gods have praise.”

Virgil wrote as the gods were about to pass away in the breaking up of the old tradition.

The work of the Romans has behind it the long line of Greek ancestry from Homer, Herodotus, and Thucydides, to Plato, Aristotle, and Plutarch. This Latin work is not a new note, yet under Greek culture it adds to the classics of the world by the writings of Cicero,—his rhetoric, orations, and philosophy; the poetic work of Catullus, Horace, and Ovid; the histories of Livy, Cæsar, Sallust, and, in later days, of Tacitus.

The “Course of Empire” leads ever westward, but Italy detains the reader by claims that are all her own. From Rome, the ancient city, literary history leads to Florence. There, through the growth of centuries, new life arose upon the foundations of the old. There, out of a great fusion of elements between the old Italy and the new, was born Dante, a poet with vision for the invisible; a thoughtful, educated man who could take up the dialects of his time and with consummate skill weave them into a written language. In the work of Dante, the classic has a large gift. Born in Florence in 1265, in the midst of stress and tumult, he took his place and part in the vigorous life of the world of men. That he had time for the great work of the *New Life* and the *Divine Comedy* is the marvel. “There are few other works of man, perhaps there is no other, which afford such evidences as the *Divine Comedy* of uninterrupted consistency of purpose, of sustained vigor of imagination, and of steady force of character, controlling alike the vagaries of the poetic temperament, the wavering of human purpose, the fluctuation of human powers, and the untowardness of circumstances. This poem stands at the beginning of modern literature. There was no previous modern standard of style; the language was molded and the verse invented by Dante. He did not borrow his style from the Ancients, and when he says to Virgil, ‘Thou art he from whom I took the fair style that has done me honor,’ he meant only that he learned from him the principles of noble and adequate poetic expression. The style of the *Divine Comedy* is as different from that of the *Æneid* as it is from that of *Paradise Lost*. . . . The *Divine Comedy* is the expression of high character and of a manly nature of surpassing breadth and tenderness of sympathy, of intense moral earnestness, and elevation of purpose.”



But with all the wealth and beauty of literature that arose in Europe, giving to the world some writings classical and immortal from every country, even Iceland, the heart of the English reader turns to England. There, at the close of the sixteenth century, we find Shakespeare; and for illustration of an English classic, we will consider *The Merchant of Venice*.

The plot of *The Merchant of Venice* runs along two lines distinct in character, yet harmonized in dramatic unity; one being the uttermost demand of revenge, the other the noble love of a lady:—

“Fair and, fairer than that word, of wondrous virtue.”

By a few extracts taken in order from the play, its chief elements and its story are to be seen. There is first the character of the Merchant engrossed with large affairs. He has “Argosies with portly sail.” He has business on the Rialto. He has large means and leisure. He is of a noble cast of mind and soul. Not in love, and not a business man merely, he cherishes a strong and manly friendship for Bassanio. Bassanio is in love with Portia, the gracious lady of Belmont. He has need of means that he may press his suit in competition with other lords. Antonio replies when told of this need:—

“I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honor, be assur’d  
My purse, my person, my extremest means  
Lie all unlock’d to your occasions.”

But because his fortunes are just then all at sea, he bids Bassanio

“ . . . Go forth;  
Try what my credit can in Venice do.”

They seek Shylock, the Jew. He will lend the money on Antonio’s bond, and he says:—

“If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place . . . let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.”

This agreed to, Bassanio seeks Portia. She and her waiting maid, Nerissa, have already been introduced in the play. In her home stand three caskets. To the suitor that shall choose the right one, the lady Portia, by her father’s will, must give her hand. Bassanio hastens to this ordeal. As the play shows, Portia already loves Bassanio, who

“ . . . from her eyes  
Did receive fair speechless messages.”

With Bassanio goes his friend Gratiano, who is in love with Nerissa. Among Bassanio's friends is Lorenzo, a Christian who is in love with Jessica, the Jew's daughter. She consents to an elopement. Shylock, discovering this, is thrown into utter agony of spirit. In the meantime Portia's royal lovers, one after another, fail to open the right casket. Bassanio in turn arrives, eager for his fortune, and by happy choice, fairly wins the "thrice-fair lady."

At this juncture Lorenzo and Jessica enter again upon the scene at Belmont, happy in their love but bearing ill news to Bassanio. Through the loss of his ships at sea, Antonio is reduced to debt and forced to pay to Shylock the forfeit—the pound of flesh demanded by the bond.

Portia asks:—

"What sum owes he the Jew?"

Bassanio replies:—

"For me, three thousand ducats."

Portia answers:—

"What, no more?"

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double six thousand and then treble that."

At her wish, they arrange a hasty marriage and Bassanio goes quickly to Venice to relieve Antonio. In Venice, Antonio faces Shylock:—

"Hear me yet, good Shylock."

Shylock replies:—

"I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond."

Antonio says again:—

"I pray thee, hear me speak."

But Shylock says:—

"I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak."

Antonio asking no more "bootless prayers" turns aside saying:—

" . . . Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not."

And now arrives Portia, disguised as a lawyer come from Padua to decide the law. She is accompanied by Nerissa, disguised as a clerk. Bassanio has already offered Shylock payment in the Court:—

"For thy three thousand ducats here is six."

And Shylock replies:—

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them; I would have my bond."



Portia having entered, the Court asks Antonio:—

“Do you confess the bond?”

Antonio replies:—

“I do.”

Portia says:—

“Then must the Jew be merciful,”

and follows with her exquisite plea for mercy. It falls dead upon the unrelenting Shylock, who, by refusal, overreaches himself and puts himself in the power of the Court. Portia reminds him:—

“Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.”

Still he replies:—

“No, not for Venice.”

The scene moves now to its powerful conclusion. Antonio is told to lay bare his breast. Shylock cries:—

“A sentence! Come, prepare!”

The climax is reached when Portia, suddenly interposing, says to Shylock:—

“Tarry a little; there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the State of Venice.”

Shylock says:—

“I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice  
And let the Christian go.”

But Portia says:—

“ . . . soft! no haste:—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.”

The Duke then passes sentence upon Shylock, giving him his life but dividing his wealth between Antonio and the State. Shylock replies:—

“Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that;  
You take my house when you do take the prop,  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.”

Portia asks:—

“What mercy can you render him, Antonio?”

Antonio asks that the fine be reduced by half, but adds that Shylock shall become a Christian and shall bequeath his possessions to Lorenzo and his daughter Jessica. Shylock, broken by defeat, says:—

“I pray you give me leave to go from Venice,  
I am not well”—

and with this, the tragic strain of the play is over. Portia will accept no fee, but still unrecognized, begs from Bassanio the ring she herself has given him.

The play passes over now to Belmont. The last scene is one of great beauty. In the moon-lit garden, with soft music playing near, Lorenzo and Jessica await Portia, who arrives just in advance of Bassanio, Antonio, and Gratiano. And now Portia, surrounded by them all, produces the ring and reveals herself as the young Doctor who pleaded for Antonio. Lorenzo is told of his “deed of gift”; Antonio hears that his argosies

“Are richly come to harbor,”

and as the day breaks, Portia, saying,

“It is almost morning.”

turns and leads them within the portals of Belmont.

“The Merchant of Venice” is an English classic. It is one of the great productions of the greatest master. As a drama, it belongs to the class of the very best. How then shall it be read? First, as a whole. In approaching a painting, one sees it first as a whole. After swift recognition of the subject, catching salient points, the impression of the whole remains. The study of detail, in justice to both painter and student, comes later. In the same way, the mental vision of literature should first gain an impression of the whole. This is easily done with “The Merchant of Venice.” The play leads the reader naturally through its episodes to its conclusion, and sends him back to its close study with the knowledge that it will repay him richly.

The plot of the play was taken by Shakespeare from old sources. The story of the three caskets and the story of the Jew who demanded the pound of flesh, and who, losing it, was compelled to become a Christian, has been found in the tales of India; and the right to take payment in flesh of the insolvent debtor was admitted in the Twelve Tables of ancient Rome. In Italy, the tale was told in the collection *Il Pecorone* by Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, published in Milan, 1558. The same story appeared in French as *The Orator* by Alexander Silvayn. This was translated, 1596, in London; and there is also in Percy’s “Reliques” an old ballad, *Gernutus* which is held to be older than the play.



"In Venice Town, not long ago, a cruel Jew did dwell  
Which lived all on usurie, as Italian writers tell."

The interest in these details lies in the fact that Shakespeare had the literary genius to take these old tales and give them a higher and more human character, charged with the color and life of his own day. The time covered by the play is variously estimated. It gives the general impression, however, of a period of three months to the maturity of the bond. This quickness of movement adds to the force of the play. The play is written in iambic pentameter, the blank verse broken now and then by prose dialogues. One of these occurs between Portia and Nerissa, a merry comment on the unfortunate lovers. In the meeting between Launcelot and his father, a rapid prose dialogue ensues; and again, in the street of Venice, when Shylock hurls the full invective of his revenge against Antonio.

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?"

"If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

Often, at the close of earnest or impassioned passages, the speaker falls into the gentleness of rhyme. In many cases this is but a couplet, as Jessica to Lorenzo:—

"If thou keep promise I shall end this strife,  
Become a Christian and thy loving wife."

Or Portia to Nerissa as they set out for Venice:—

" . . . and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day."

In other instances the form is lyric, as at the moment of Bassanio's choice he finds the scroll and reads:—

"You that choose not by the view  
Chance as fair, and choose as true  
Since this fortune falls to you;  
Be content and seek no new,  
If you be well pleased with this,  
And hold your future for your bliss:  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss,"

And as he turns to Portia he still speaks in rhyme:—

“A gentle scroll,—fair lady, by your leave  
I come by note, to give and to receive.”

These changes of form, skilfully used, give variety, grace, and strength to the construction of the play.

The elements of this play are the highest of the time. Portia moves through the scenes with great dignity and charm, raising to her height of character all those near her. In her determination to follow out her dead father's wish in the choice of the caskets, she shows steadfast adherence to duty, love, and honor.

“If I live to be as old as Sibylla  
. . . I will be obtained by the manner of my father's will.”

And again she says, in fear lest she lose Bassanio:—

“. . . I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.”

Portia possesses strong individuality, buoyancy of spirit, and sweet, womanly tenderness. “These are innate; she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures has ever waited around her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly, there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all she does and says, as one to whom splendor had been familiar from her very birth.

. . . She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the somber or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.”

Jessica makes a rich line of color with her Eastern beauty, and her romantic love for Lorenzo is a charm of the play. Her elopement calls for small condemnation, since in her words to Gobbo, she shows the spirit of Shylock's home,

“I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so!  
Our house is hell,—”

The romantic character of the play is strongly marked. Delicate song holds a measure here and there.

“Tell me where is fancy bred.”

Music and the love of music; its power and spell and welcome are woven as an accompaniment to its sweetest scenes.



"Here will we sit, and let the sound of music  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

[*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress's ear  
And draw her home with music."

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted —

Mark the music."

Music! hark!"

Says Portia to Nerissa as they near Belmont, returning from the trial

"It is your music, madam of the house."

The strife of the play is a moral strife. It is the clash of ideas and tradition; a passage in the drama of history. The position of the Jew is wonderfully illustrated in Shylock. His character is depicted with unerring skill; still it requires more of imagination to enter deeply into his life than into that of any other member of the company. Antonio's relations and words are simple. He is devoted to his kinsman, Bassanio, to whom he says: —

"You know me well; . . .

Then do but say to me what I should do,

\* \* \* \* \*

And I am prest unto it; therefore speak."

And in court, prepared for death, his message to Portia is: —

"Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death,

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a lover."

Courtesy and tenderness are native to Antonio. With a brave spirit, he looks into the face of death, hastening the decision of the Court, while upon his release, his controlled behavior and his mercy to Shylock bespeak the gentleman of high degree. Earlier, he has heaped insult upon the Jew, but in the Venice of that day, Catholic Christians had gone no farther in ethics than to hold such conduct honorable and right.

Portia, with her noble dignity and sweetness, holds high ideas within her soul. These, however, touch our sympathy and admiration easily. She is of our own race, as, except Jessica, are all her companions.

But the Jew is alien, and only by true sympathy, both literary and human, can we enter into the depths of his passion and his suffering. In Europe, the Jew, neither Teuton nor Christian, was shut out from politics and from religion. But while Church and State refused him, the University and the Bank were open. With highest gift for scholarship and for "thrift" in finance, learning and money became his ways of power. By inheritance, the Jew had his passionate Oriental nature and the deep-hearted traditions of his race. Once his nation, the bright star of history, stood with God above, and the family, the tribe, the nation in unity below, led by the law. In Venice his resource was still the law. This gives the thread by which we follow Shylock. His movements are methodical, not erratic. The Christian has treated him with brutal disdain. Naturally, Shylock says:—

"I hate him for he is a Christian

\* \* \* \* \*

. . . and he rails

\* \* \* \* \*

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!"

The loss of his daughter was his greatest heart sorrow, touching the love of family that belong to his race. Jessica has taken a ring and Shylock cries:—

"Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."

Thus for a moment he shows his heart. The wealth his daughter has taken touches his greed, and between the two sorrows we see the man Shylock. His passion culminates in revenge, but in revenge within the letter of the law:

"Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause  
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.  
The duke shall grant me justice."

In the court he says to Bassanio:—

"I am not bound to please thee with my answer,"

And to the duke:—

"If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
\* \* \* \* \*

I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?"

Strong in the law, he whets his knife and coolly replies to Gratiano:—

" . . . I stand here for law."



Portia, in the court admits to him:

“ . . . the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed ”—

and when directly she says he must be merciful, he exclaims,

“On what compulsion must I? tell me that.”

Mercy he puts aside.

“ . . . I crave the law.”

This is his reiterated and only reply to argument, taunt, or beseeching. When at last Portia forbids him in his last hope he asks,—

“Is that the law?”

and finally in his humiliation, to Portia's hard question:—

“Art thou contented, Jew?”

he bows before the power he had invoked and says,

“I am content.”

Whatever classic you take up for special reading, first place it. Know out of what great historic phase of life a writing comes. Learn what you can of its origin, form, and purpose, as a means of comprehending it yourself: Follow always the comparative method of reading. Realize the spirit of it, and from that point of view look to the greatness of other ages. Read with a clear, inquiring mind. Read to find and keep what you want, what you need as an illustration and expression of the heart and soul of life—your life and the life of others. In the passage of time, certain writings have survived migration, alien tongues, and ignorance. These are the classics of the world and the years bring them to the very threshold of to-day.

## THE USE OF A LIBRARY

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in an article on Free Libraries, claims “that a great part of what the British spend on books, they save in prisons and police.” In thus advocating the moral and ethical importance of a library he gave to the world a thought which finds its greatest force in the undoubted truth of his statement. If it be true that “of the making of many books there is no end,” it is equally true that because of the stress and tension of life one cannot keep a-breast of the stream of current literature, nor can one follow the stream back to the original source of classic writings. Were reading and study man's life work, he might contemplate this Herculean task; but most of us are compelled to recog-

nize and give place to urgent demands which crowd out the systematic study of books; thus, lack of time rather than lack of interest proves a bar to extensive reading.

The advance of progress and learning since the powerful impetus given by the invention of printing in the fifteenth century, forbids ignorance in the wide-awake men of our day. Notwithstanding hundreds of immediate demands, they must comprehend the subjects that occupy the attention of the world. For their own protection they must have a keen interest in all movements that tend toward man's improvement. The acquisition of knowledge and the ability to use it skilfully, is part of the essential equipment of a man of affairs and he should be trained to utilize the works of the world's great thinkers as a stimulus to his own powers. This thought or some modification of it, established the libraries of the past, and will found others in the future.

J. H. Burton said, "A great library cannot be constructed, it is the growth of ages." True as this is, one cannot wait for the ages to complete the library in order to revel in its delights. From the first the library must be complete to meet the daily demands of its readers. A small circle is as perfect geometrically as one of a greater diameter, and the young library must sustain the same relative completeness to the older one. For instance, every library, whether in a busy metropolis or in the smallest hamlet, should be furnished with standard books of reference, the latest and most authentic dictionaries, the best books on the common-school studies, and volumes dealing with the illustrations and descriptions of the Fine Arts, before its shelves are stacked with fiction and the literary fad of the hour.

A library should be a workshop for the intellect, and its volumes, pamphlets, and magazines, should in every convenient and accessible way provide the reader with the information he desires. Some one has said, "A library should supply the best reading for the greatest number at the least cost." If this simple yet ideal condition could be effected, it would prove a potent factor in the lives of men. The common school has gradually become a power in every community. The library should be used to reinforce and amplify the knowledge already acquired in the school. If teachers and parents would use their influence to impress the importance of this idea upon the minds of young people, the path from the school to the library would be well beaten and the habit thus formed could not fail to exert a marked influence throughout life. Teach a child to know books not merely as sources of daily information, but as friends who are worthy of sympathetic study and constant companionship; teach him to become familiar with books and to handle them not gingerly, as a stranger, but with intelligent fondness; and you will equip him with an armor that will defy the assaults of ignorance and corruption.



Standard literature comprises the best thoughts of the noblest minds. In erecting and founding libraries, men place these thoughts within the grasp of their fellow creatures. We, who find books everywhere, cannot appreciate the passionate eagerness with which the clerk in Chaucer's band of pilgrims cherished his few volumes.

"For him lever have at his beddes heed  
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed  
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,  
Than robes riche, or fithele or gay sautrye.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

But al that he mighte of his freende hente  
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente."

It is interesting to note that the founding of the first American library practically coincides with the date of the first permanent English settlement. In 1621 the colonists of Jamestown, Virginia, were the recipients of a gift, from an unknown gentleman in London, of several books for the Henrico College, organized by the townsfolk. The unknown donor sent across to his courageous brethren "a small Bible, with cover richly wrought; a great church Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, St. Augustin's 'De Civitate Dei'; Master Perkins, his works; and an exact map of America." This unique collection was unfortunately burned in 1622 when the town and its inhabitants fell under an attack of the Indians.

The second library established in the New World, and hence the oldest to-day, was founded at Harvard College in 1628. Philadelphia was not slow in following so worthy an example, for in those early years Franklin with his energetic "Junto"—a club of progressive boys—started the Philadelphia Library Company, which to this day bears testimony to his activities. The foremost municipal library in the world at the present time, is the Boston Public Library, with its 750,000 volumes.

The history of the library, back to the origin of the first collection of manuscripts, runs in the same geographical direction as the history of civilization; for in Asia and Africa investigators have found the earliest recorded collections. The clay bricks of Babylonia and the papyrus rolls of Egypt form the earliest monuments of written records. The first authentic library, according to Diodorus Siculus, was established by the Egyptian king, Rameses I., B. C. 1400, and bore an inscription, meaning "a storehouse of medicine for the mind." Even the Ancients realized that a well-trained and healthy mind was a necessary complement to perfect physical training. For a long time the existence of this early library was considered fabulous, but modern investigation proved the contrary. In 1850, the archæologist Layard discovered at Nineveh an extensive collection of clay bricks covered

with cuneiform characters which represented some ten thousand distinct works. An Assyrian monarch who lived about 1650 B. C. was the collector of this valuable library.

The earliest record of a library dedicated to the public was the one Pisistratus collected at Athens. It was subsequently conveyed to Persia when Xerxes conquered that city. This so-called tyrant was the first Grecian to collect the songs of Homer and to have them preserved. When Rome conquered Athens, the seat of learning was transferred to Alexandria, where under the sway of the Ptolemies was gathered a priceless and precious collection of books. The library Cleopatra received as a gift from Mark Antony is said to have been the 200,000 rolls of the kings of Pergamus. Although the Greeks were not noted for the documents they collected and bequeathed to the world, yet it was a Greek, Aristotle, who inspired the Ptolemies to enrich the Alexandrian library until it contained 700,000 volumes. All of these books were burned by the barbarous Saracens, under Omar, 640 A. D. The earliest Roman libraries were collected by one Lucullus and his fellow-worker, Asinius Pollio. Although it was not the inclination of the Roman to spend much time in reading, while the attractions of the forum, the arena, and the rostrum could allure him, yet when his taste turned to books he knew how to indulge it.

The Vatican Library—the typical library of Italy—has been described as a “modern antique,” and, with its busts, the old presses or “Armara” in which the rolls are kept, the antique vases and mural decorations, it is almost an exact reproduction of the library of a wealthy patrician of the Roman era. During the next period of the world’s history, the learning, as well as most of the books, was confined to the monasteries. The monks had the time, inclination, and opportunity not only to consult, but moreover to reproduce the rare works of literature of which they were the custodians. The revival of learning, coincident with the invention of printing, loosed the bands of restriction and privilege and opened the road to knowledge to all the world.

In 1608 at Norwich, a small English town, a library was started that has continued to the present day. The example was a good one and many towns and cities followed it until the year 1759, which marks a new epoch in the library history of the world. On the fifteenth day of January the British Museum consisting of four important collections was opened. The trustees of the museum laid their foundation upon the following libraries as corner-stones: the Royal Library, which had existed since the reign of Henry VII., was the first valuable contribution; the Coltonian which had been acquired in the year 1700; the Harleian collection, begun by Robert Harley in 1665, and a Sloane collection that contained 50,000 medical works and books on natural history.



Let us now turn to the practical side of the library. It is astonishing that so many intelligent people are hopelessly "at sea" if they are required to consult the works of a public library. They may know all about the particular book they wish to consult, but how to secure it, is quite another question. In the best libraries the catalogue card system is used. To explain briefly, the names of books, authors, and subjects, are arranged alphabetically on cards, made secure in long, narrow drawers by means of a brass rod running through a hole in the center of the lower edge of the cards. On the front of each drawer the respective letters of the first and last card inclusive are pasted, so that the reader at a rapid glance can select that drawer in which he will find the cards dealing with his subject. Should he know the author he desires, but not his works, he can easily find the latter tabulated next to the card bearing the author's name. Often colored cards are used for different phases of the subject. For instance, in the Columbia Library, green cards are used for biographical books, yellow cards for books of criticism, and white cards for the authors' works. Thus in looking for a special volume of Lowell, say "My Study Window," the reader can rapidly pass over the colored ones without stopping to note the inscription of all cards under that author's name. If, the reader desires only the subject, for example, chemistry, he would select the drawer lettered "Che" and under the general topic find all the books treating of that science. To prevent confusion and avoid imposing too great a task upon the helpers at the loan desk, slips are provided, upon which the reader writes the title of the book, the date of publication, and the shelf number, together with his signature, as in the Astor Library, New York; or he gives the catalogue number and his name, according to the rule and custom of a circulating library, as at Columbia. This done, he hands his slip to a librarian who, in turn, consults the record cards to ascertain whether the book is in or out, gives it over to an attendant to hunt up and bring to the reader's desk.

Unless special requests are made, and with the exception of common reference books, it is no longer the custom to allow free access to the shelves in large public libraries. This privilege is still an open question on both sides of the Atlantic. In a recent congress of librarians, the subject received most thoughtful consideration. In most of the large libraries it was found that the loss by theft and mutilation overbalanced the cost of an additional corps of attendants necessary to hunt up the books.

King George III. is credited with saying that "lawyers do not know so much more law than other people; but they know better where to find it;" which reminds one of the proverb that "Learning is, after all, mainly knowing where to look things up."



















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